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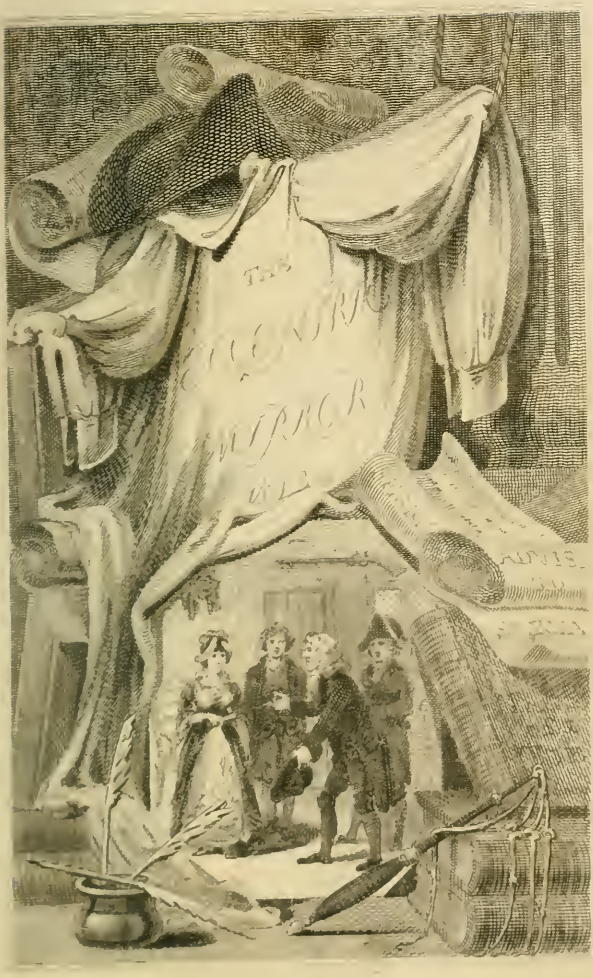

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THE

Eccentric Mirror:

REFLECTING

A faithful and interesting Delineation of

MALE AND FEMALE CHARACTERS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN,

Who have been particularly distinguished by extraordinary

QUALIFICATIONS, TALENTS, AND PROPENSITIES,

Natural or Acquired.

Comprehending singular Instances of

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CONFORMATION,
BULK,
STATURE,
POWERS OF MIND AND OF BODY,

WONDERFUL EXPLOITS,
ADVENTURES,
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PROPENSITIES,
ENTERPRISING PURSUITS,
&c. &c. &c.

With a faithful Narration of

EVERY INSTANCE OF SINGULARITY,

Manifested in the Lives and Conduct of Characters who have rendered themselves eminently conspicuous by their Eccentricities.

The whole exhibiting an interesting and

WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF HUMAN ACTION

IN THE

Grand Theatre of the World.

Collected and re-collected, from the most authentic Sources,

BY

G. H. WILSON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:

PRINTED FOR JAMES CUNDEE,

Ivy-Lane, Paternoster Row.

1807.

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THE

ECCENTRIC MIRROR.

THOMAS TOPHAM.

"IT is curious," observes the venerable and ingenious Mr. William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, "to observe Nature step out of the common road and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual track excites no admiration; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O'Brien of eight feet, and a Boruwlaski of three, an admirable Crichton with every accomplishment and a thousand other men with none, 'tis by these deviations that she raises astonishment."

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about the year 1710. His father who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same profession. Though his stature was not remarkable, being, at his full growth, five feet ten inches in height, yet he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed any thing of the kind on record.

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He followed the profession of his father till he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted; for we find that the house he first took was the Red-Lion, at the corner of the City Road, nearly opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgelling, wrestling, backsword and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which he performed in Bath Street, Cold Bath Fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity and who were themselves eyewitnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desa-

guliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats: With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham. He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundred weight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions probably, took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Golden Lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now

began to spread all over the country, and he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr. Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place.

"We learnt," says he, from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broomstick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

"He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well-made but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three

horses could not draw him from a post, which he should clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

" The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter-dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arm's length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation—He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight; lifted an oak-table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity: a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

" Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a

solo to the organ in St. Werburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform, with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist, would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of shewing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public house in Chiswell Street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.

On another occasion, having gone on board a West Indiaman lying in the river, he was presented with a cocoa-nut, which to the no small astonishment of the crew he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors, with the same facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed that, if he had pleased, he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

Topham having one day gone to witness a race that was run on the Hackney road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavored to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder and laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

Notwithstanding his superiority, Topham seems to have been a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and never to have made a wanton or improper use of his extraordinary strength, to the detriment of his fellow-creatures. He even possessed a greater share of patience than falls to the lot of the generality of people. While he kept a public-house he was visited by two men who were so exceedingly quarrelsome, that though Topham quietly put up with their humor for a considerable time, yet, at last, nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. They probably mistook his forbearance for cowardice, but they were soon undeceived: for Topham, finding it impossible to appease them in any other way, seized them both by the neck as if they had been children and knocked their heads together, till they asked pardon with as much abject submission as they had before shewn of insolence in giving offence.

Topham however was not endued with fortitude of mind equal to his strength of body. A faithless woman embittered the concluding portion of his life, as it did that of his prototype of old. Unable to endure the reflections occasioned by his wife's inconstancy, Topham, at length embraced the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life in the flower of his age.

ELEANOR GWYNNE.

THIS celebrated female, better known by the familiar appellation of Nell, was of the lowest extraction, and at her first setting out in the world, sold oranges in the play-house. Nature seems to have qualified her for the stage. Her person, though below the middle size, was well-turned; she had a good natural air, and a sprightliness that promised every thing in comedy. Under the instructions of Hart and Lacy who were both actors of distinction, she in a short time became eminent herself in the same profession. She acted the most spirited and fantastic parts, and spoke a prologue and epilogue with admirable address. She rarely appeared in tragedy, but is known to have acted the part of Almahide, and to this Lord Lansdown alludes in his, "Progress of Beauty," when he says:

"And Almahide once more by kings ador'd."

Her profession as an actress was the means of introducing her to the notice of the great, and her charms made such an impression on Lord Buckhurst that a connexion ensued, which was only interrupted by the more flattering solicitations of a royal lover. She is said to have been introduced to King Charles II. by the duke of Buckingham, with a view of supplanting the duchess

of Cleveland. If any credit may be given to a manuscript lampoon dated 1686, Lord Buckhurst refused to part with his mistress till he was reimbursed the expence he had lavished upon her. The King, at length as the price of his compliance, created him earl of Middlesex, or in the words of the satirist,

[Gave him an earldom to resign his b—tch.

The immediate cause of her becoming the object of Charles's affection is, however, related in a different manner, as follows:—At the duke's theatre, under Killigrew's patent, the celebrated Nokes appeared in a hat larger than that usually assigned to Pistol, which diverted the audience so much as to help off a bad play. Dryden, in return, caused a hat to be made of the circumference of a large coach-wheel, and made Mrs. Gwynne deliver an epilogue under it, with the brim stretched out in its utmost horizontal extension. No sooner did she appear in this strange dress, than the house was convulsed with laughter. Among the rest, the King gave her the fullest proof of his approbation, by going behind the scenes after the play, and taking her home in his own coach to sup with him. The pert and vivacious prattle of the orange-wench, had been by degrees refined into such wit as could please the monarch. After this elevation she still continued on the stage, and shewed great talents in exhibiting the airy, fantastic and sprightly productions of the comic muse.

Nell, who knew how to mimic every thing ridiculous about the court, presently ingratiated herself with her merry sovereign, and retained a considerable place in his affection to the time of his death. It could scarcely be supposed that Charles would have given her a place about the person of his queen, but nevertheless such was the fact. "I am ashamed," says Mr. Pegge in his Curialia, "to confess I find Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne among the ladies of the Privy Chamber to Queen Catherine. This was barefaced enough to besure! Had the King made a momentary connection with a lady of that denomination, the offence might have been connived at by the queen; but the placing one of the meanest of his creatures so near the Queen's person, was an insult that nothing could palliate but the licentiousness of the age, and the abandoned character of the lascivious monarch."

Mr. Pennant, in his account of London informs us that Mrs. Gwynne's residence was in Pall-Mall, and that, within memory, the back room on the ground floor was entirely of looking-glass, and the ceiling was said to have been composed of the same material. Over the chimney was her picture, and that of her sister decorated another room.

The royal favorite after her elevation betrayed neither ostentation, avarice nor pride. She remembered all her theatrical friends, and rendered them services, generously discharging her debt of gratitude to Dryden, and proving a zealous

patroness to Otway and Lee. Dr. Burnet, bishop of Salisbury mentions that the duke of Buckingham told him, when Nell was first introduced to the king, she asked a settlement of 500l. a year, which Charles refused; but he adds from the same authority that, in the space of four succeeding years, the king had lavished on her no less than sixty thousand pounds. Nor was this large sum dissipated entirely in useless purposes. She was most munificent in her charities, and the single act of instigating the King to erect Chelsea Hospital, as an asylum for disabled soldiers, must entitle her memory to no inconsiderable respect. The ground on which it stands is generally admitted to have been given by her as an encouragement to the design. A public house in the vicinity of the Hospital, frequented by its tenants, still exhibits a rude representation of her head; and one of the first toasts drunk after their dinner acknowledges their gratitude to their patroness Nell Gwynne.

She either was or affected to be extremely orthodox, and a friend to the clergy and the church. It is a known fact that going one day through the city, she saw some bailiffs hurrying a worthy clergyman to prison; on which she paid the debt and restored the captive divine to liberty.

Mrs. Gwynne possessed a great fund of wit and good-humor; indeed she sometimes carried them to extravagance; but even her highest flights were so natural that they rather provoked laughter than excited disgust. Being insulted in

her coach at Oxford by the mob, who mistook her for the duchess of Portsmouth, a French favorite of the King's, she looked out of the window and said: "Pray good people be civil; I am the protestant whore." This laconic explanation converted the execrations of the populace into blessings, and they suffered her to proceed without farther molestation.

Another anecdote of a similar nature is related by Mr. Pennant. "I remember," says he "that when I was a boy I was brought by my mother into a very great glass shop, a little beyond Wimbledon House, in the Strand (where Doyley's warehouse now stands). The keeper of it was an aged man full of the garrulity often attendant on the advanced period of life. He gave us the following curious anecdote of the lively Nell Gwynne. "When I was an apprentice, Mrs Gwynne came into our shop. She had not been there long before a violent noise was heard in the street. On enquiry it was found to proceed from a battle between Nell's footman, a country lad, and one of the mob, in which the lad got a bloody nose. His mistress asked him what was the cause of the quarrel—Why, my lady, they called your ladyship a w——e—Poh! Poh! you fool, said Nell, you should never mind that, for many people call me so—That may be, replied her champion, but they shall never call me a wh—re's man."

Mrs. Gwynne had by the king two sons, of whom the elder was successively created earl of

Burford and duke of St. Albans. Lord Beauclaire, the younger, died at Paris in 1680. It is reported that before the duke of St. Albans was ennobled, his mother, calling to him in the King's presence, said: "Come hither, you little bastard." For this the king gently reproved her, on which she replied with her usual bluntness, that she had no better name to call him by. He was soon afterwards created Baron of Hedington and Earl of Burford. A son of the duke attained to the honor of the prelacy, and became the inhabitant of the episcopal palace contiguous and nearly adjoining to the humble cot where his grandmother first drew breath.

This celebrated favorite survived her royal protector a few years, and died in 1691, a true penitent for the frailties of her past life.

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

SINGULARITY of manners and appearance has been assumed by some to excite that attention which they did not deserve, and to gain credit for qualifications they never possessed. By such this method has been employed to make themselves known and to acquire a reputation, which by the ordinary mode of conduct, unaided by talents, they could never have obtained. Such is not the case with Mr. Martin Van Butchell, one of the

most eccentric characters to be found in the British metropolis, and a gentleman of indisputable science and abilities, but whose strange humors and extraordinary habits, have rather tended to obscure than to display the talents he possessed.

The family of Van Butchell was originally from Flanders, and the father of Martin was well known at the beginning of the reign of George the Second, as tapestry-maker to the king. Martin Van Butchell, was born on the 5th of February 1735, in Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, but afterwards removed with his family to a large house, then called the Crown House, situated a short distance on the Surry side of Westminster Bridge. Having received an education suited to the circumstances of his parents, and disliking his father's profession, he obtained a recommendation to Sir Thomas Robinson, as a travelling companion to his son. On this occasion the candor, integrity and independent character, which have distinguished Mr. Van Butchell through life, were remarkably displayed; for hearing an unfavorable, and as it happened an unjust account of the temper and disposition of Sir Thomas, he declined the engagement. He soon afterward entered in the capacity of groom of the chambers into the family of Lady Talbot, in which he lived nine years.

The economy of Mr. Van Butchell, in this situation enabled him, on leaving it, to devote

himself to his favorite studies, mechanics, medicine, and in particular anatomy. Under the tuition of those eminent masters, the late celebrated Doctors William and John Hunter, he enjoyed an excellent opportunity of obtaining a competent knowledge of the various branches of the healing art. The latter gentleman he has thus commemorated in one of the singular advertisements, which he has for many years been in the habit of sending forth into the world.

"The first Magistrate
And other sincere lovers of this State
Are now informed most respectfully
That some years ago MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL
had an appointment to meet
(—At Lady Hunloke's house in Stralford Place—)
his able teacher JOHN HUNTER Esq.
Who overtook him in Grosvenor Square, and
bade him get into his chariot: Soon as he was
seated

John said: What mischief are you about now?

Martin. Curing the king's evil.

John. I can't cure the king's evil.

Martin. I know you can't cure the king's evil. If you could cure the king's evil, I should not trouble myself about the king's evil: but I want to do

What you cannot do!

John. That is right. Do you try to get first, we know nothing compared to what we are ig-

norant of) make yourself of consequence, and then every body will make you of consequence; but if you dont make yourself of consequence, nobody else will. I do assure you many are in very high esteem and very full practice that (comparatively) know no more about healing than dray-horses: they have not powers.

You try to be first!"

The first public appearance of Mr. Van Butchell was in the profession of a dentist, having been led to make human teeth a principal object of his attention, by the accidental breaking of one of his own. It is related that in a very early, and consequently not the most lucrative period of his practice, a lady being dissatisfied with some teeth with which he had furnished her, he voluntarily returned the money (ten guineas) she had paid for them. It was not long, however, before she came back, requesting as a favor, that she might have them again at the original price. So eminently successful was Mr. Van Butchell in this line, that for a complete set of teeth, he is known to have received so high a price, as eighty guineas.

Mr. Van Butchell next turned his attention to the treatment of ruptures; and in this practice acquired so extensive a reputation, that a Dutch physician paid a visit to this country, for the express purpose of placing himself under his care. In return for the relief he received, he instructed Mr Van Butchell in the art of curing fistulas,

which he has since practised with unparalleled success.

The numerous inventions of Mr. Van Butchell, are sufficient demonstrations of a mechanical genius. While he was engaged in the making of trusses for ruptures, he contrived what he denominated elastic bands, or braces for small clothes; but being necessarily of a high price, they have not come into general use. He is also the inventor of spring girths for saddles, of cork bottoms to iron stirrups to prevent the feet from slipping, and many other things of a similar description.

The ingenuity and eccentricities of Mr. Van Butchell, have often attracted the notice even of Majesty. He says of himself, in one of his curious advertisements, that "your Majesty's petitioner, about ten years ago, had often the high honor, before your Majesty's nobles, of conversing with your Majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag, in Windsor Forest."

It is said that at one time, this extraordinary character aspired to the honor of being appointed dentist to the king, and applied for that purpose, to the Marquis of Salisbury, then lord chamberlain of the houshold. His wish was intimated to his majesty, whose consent was obtained, when Van Butchell, from some unaccountable whim, wound up a public advertisment, with a notice, that Lord Salisbury, had no occasion to trouble himself, about procuring him the appointment of dentist to the King.

The conduct of Mr. Van Butchell after the death of his first wife, served to render him more than ever an object of public notice. We have heard of an Irish gentleman who was so distractedly fond of a beautiful wife prematurely snatched from him by death, that he had her embalmed, and kept her in a closet adjoining his room. He never sat down to table without having a chair and a plate, with knife and fork, placed for her; nay, so powerful was the effect of his grief on his intellects, that when he wished perfectly to enjoy himself, he would place her in a chair opposite to his own, and talk to her as though she had still been alive. Whether Mr. Van Butchell was actuated by the same feelings as this fond and unfortunate husband, we cannot pretend to decide, but certain it is that he had the corpse of his wife embalmed, and kept it for many years in a parlor in his house, where it was inspected by great numbers of curious visitors. This singularity gave rise to a report, that by a clause in the marriage settlement he was entitled to the disposal of certain property as long as she remained above ground.

Like the late Lord Rokeby, Mr. Van Butchell is a decided enemy to the razor, which has not touched his chin for sixteen years. It has been asserted that this singularity is not the mere effect of caprice, but the result of a philosophical conversation with Dr. John Hunter, in which it was agreed that this natural appendage is conducive to the strength and vigor of the human

body. His allusions to this ornament in the eccentric compositions, of which we have already given some specimens, are frequent and amusing. He is fond of using the following quotation from the entertaining Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature:

"*Beards the Delight of ancient Beauties.*

"When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion.

"To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Acquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself, by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and which cost the French nation three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of the fair Eleanor."

In another of his advertisements he says:—"Girls are fond of hair: (and love *comforters*.) See their *bosom friends*:—large waists—*muffs*,

tippets. Let your beards grow long, that ye may be strong, in mind and body." Again he exhorts his readers to " leave off deforming: each himself reform: wear the marks of men: incontestible. Jesus did not shave: for he knew better. Had it been proper our chins should be bare, would hair be put there by wise Jehovah, who made all things good?"

But the most extraordinary, and perhaps the reader may conceive the most unintelligible of Mr. Van Butchell's effusions on this subject, is the following: " Am not I the first healer (at this day) of bad fistulæ? With an handsome beard, like Hippocrates! The combing I sell one guinea each hair. (Of use to the fair, that want fine children:—I can tell them how; it is a secret.) Some are quite auburn; others silver-white:—full half-quarter long, growing—(day and night—) only fifteen months." This appears, from the concluding words, to have been written only a year and a quarter after he first began to cherish the excrescence, and when it had attained the length of half a quarter of a yard, or four inches and a half. About two years afterwards he describes himself as " a British Christian man, with a comely beard, full eight inches long."

The favorite exercise and recreation of Mr. Van Butchell is riding. The principle on which he retains his beard he extends also to animals, which, he contends, should never be docked, nicked, or trimmed. His steed is a grey poney,

which, it is said, he sometimes takes it into his head to paint with spots or streaks of purple, black, or other colors. The *tout ensemble* of the rider with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, nearly white with age, a venerable flowing beard, a rusty brown coat, and boots of the same complexion, and the poney with the above-mentioned whimsical decorations, has a most ludicrous effect, and often attracts a considerable number of spectators. (A striking representation of this singular couple is prefixed as a vignette to the second volume of our collection.) A bridle, which he occasionally uses, is a curious contrivance. A blind is fixed to the head, and this he can let down over the horse's eyes and draw up again at pleasure, in case the animal should take fright, or to prevent him from seeing any particular object.

Mr. Van Butchell has resided between thirty and forty years in the house he at present occupies in Mount Street, Berkley Square, the singular inscription on which often arrests the attention of the passenger. His success in the various branches of his practice has been very great, and the sphere of his utility, as well as his own profits, might have been much increased, had he not taken the resolution to which he has inflexibly adhered, of seeing patients only at his own house. On this subject it is related, that he was once sent for to attend a gentleman of eminence in the law, but he referred to the notice in his advertisement—"I go to none." Five hundred

guineas were offered to induce him to alter his resolution, but in vain. The sum was doubled, but with truly admirable consistency, he still replied, "I go to none."

From one of the whims for which Mr. Van Butchell is so remarkable, he used, a few years ago, to sell cakes, gingerbread, apples, nuts, and the like to children at his door. It has been suggested, that his motive for engaging in this line of business, might be to afford employment to his own children, of whom he had a numerous family.

In his domestic habits, he is said to preserve the same characteristic singularity as marks the rest of his conduct; making it an invariable practice to dine by himself. His wife and children also dine by themselves, and the only method in which he calls the latter is by whistling. It is likewise reported, that on his marriage with each of his two wives, he gave them the choice of the two extreme colors for clothes, white or black; and after they had made their election, never suffered them to wear any other. The first chose black and the second white, in which she constantly appears.

The political sentiments of Mr. Van Butchell may be gathered from the following facts. During the agitation produced in the kingdom by the writings of Paine and the artifices of designing men, he thus commenced one of his advertisements: "Corresponding Lads — remember Judas, and the year 80." At the same period,

he was a frequent attendant at the Westminster Forum, where he exercised the right belonging to every individual by reading a chapter of the New Testament, probably by way of antidote to the infidel principles which many of the visitors of that place had imbibed. He never failed to act his part with extraordinary gravity, and from this circumstance undoubtedly originated the report of his having occasionally performed the functions of a preacher. Nevertheless, so far is he from being bigotted to a party, and such is the humanity of his disposition, that he paid many friendly visits to Newgate while the persons apprehended for seditious practices were confined in that prison.

Mr. Van Butchell's good state of health at his advanced time of life, may perhaps be ascribed to his manner of living. He retires early to rest and rises betimes; takes no wine or strong drink, and eats but little flesh. The tea used by his family, a fragrant, wholesome beverage, is prepared by himself.

We cannot dismiss the remarkable subject of this article, without noticing the severe domestic affliction which befel him in the summer of 1806, in the death of one of his sons, an amiable young man, of twenty-two, while on a party of pleasure in a boat on the Thames. The same accident also proved fatal to two young ladies of the company. The premature end of the youth was the more deeply regretted on account of the act in which he lost his life. The boat was overturned,

and perceiving his mother sinking, he directed all his efforts to her preservation. Rising with her in his arms, he struck his head against the side of a barge with such force as to fracture his skull, which occasioned his immediate death.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER.

WE had recently occasion to notice a youthful character distinguished for extraordinary attainments, but many of our readers will probably be of opinion that the remarkable talents of the admirable Crichton were equalled, if not exceeded by the precocious acquirements of the subject of the present article. The following account, the most complete of any that we are acuqainted with, was collected by the celebrated Dr. Johnson from letters written by the father of young Barretier.

John Philip Barretier was born at Schwabach, January 19, 1720-21. His father was a Calvinist minister of that place, who took upon himself the care of his education. What arts of instruction he used, or by what method he regulated the studies of his son, we are not able to inform the public; if Mr. Le Fevre thought the method in which he taught his children, worthy to be communicated to the learned world, how justly may Mr. Barretier claim the universal attention of mankind to a scheme of education that has pro-

duced such a stupendous progress! The authors, who have endeavored to teach certain and unfailing rules for obtaining a long life, however they have failed in their attempts, are universally confessed to have at least, the merit of a great and noble design, and to have deserved gratitude and honour. How much more then is due to Mr. Barretier, who succeeded in what they have only attempted? for to prolong life, and improve it,are nearly the same. If to have all that riches can purchase, is to be rich; if to do all that can be done in a long life, is to live long; he is equally a benefactor to mankind, who teaches them to protract the duration, or shorten the business of life.

That there are few things more worthy our curiosity than this method, by which the father assisted the genius of the son, every man will be convinced, that considers the early proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive; such a proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous circumstance concurred.

At the age of nine years he not only was master of five languages, an attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his father, the holy writers, better in their original tongues, than in his own. If he means by this assertion, that he knew the sense of many passages in the original, which were obscure in the translation, the account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his correspondent

that his son was better acquainted with the two languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his son had somewhat neglected the study of his native language; or we must own, that the fondness of a parent has transported him into some natural exaggerations.

Part of this letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my incredulity may, perhaps, be the product rather of prejudice than reason, as envy may beget a disinclination to admit so immense a superiority, and as an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his father's relation, from his letter of the 3d of March 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, German, Latin, and French, equally well. He can, by laying before him a translation, read any of the books of the Old or New Testament in its original language, without hesitation or perplexity. He is no stranger to biblical criticism or philosophy, nor unacquainted with ancient and modern geography, and is qualified to support a conversation with learned men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh year, he not only published a learned letter in Latin, but translated the travels of Rabbi Benjamin from the Hebrew into French, which he illustrated with notes, and accompanied with dissertations; a work in which his fa-

ther, as he himself declares, could give him little assistance, as he did not understand the rabbinical dialect.

The reason, for which his father engaged him in this work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him hopes, that, if he should translate some little author, and offer a fair copy of his version to some bookseller, he might, in return for it, have other books which he wanted, and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this expectation, he fixed upon the "Travels of Rabbi Benjamin," as most proper for his purpose, being a book neither bulky nor common, and in one month completed his translation, applying only one or two hours a day to that particular task. In another month, he drew up the principal notes; and, in the third, wrote some dissertations upon particular passages which seemed to require a larger examination.

This copy was, however, far from being written with the neatness which his father desired; nor did the booksellers, to whom it was offered, make proposals very agreeable to the expectations of the young translator; but after having examined the performance after their manner, and determined to print it upon conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be transcribed, that the printers might not be embarrased with a copy so difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter end of his twelfth year, and had made great advances

in his studies, notwithstanding an obstinate tumor in his left hand, which gave him great pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troublesome method of cure; and reading over his performance, was so far from contenting himself with barely transcribing it, that he altered the greatest part of the notes, new-modelled the dissertations, and augmented the book to twice its former bulk.

What applauses are due to an old age, wasted in a scrupulous attention to particular accents and etymologies, may appear, says his father, by seeing how little time is required to arrive at such an eminence in these studies as many even of those venerable doctors have not attained, for want of rational methods and regular application.

This censure is doubtless just upon those who spend too much of their lives upon useless niceties, or who appear to labor without making any progress: but as the knowledge of language is necessary, and a minute accuracy sometimes requisite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in compliance with the particular bent of their own minds, make the difficulties of dead languages their chief study, and arrive at excellence proportionate to their application, since it was to the labor of such men that his son was indebted for his own learning.

The first languages which Barretier learned were the French, German, and Latin, which he was taught not in the common way, by a multitude of definitions, rules, and exceptions, which

fatigue the attention, and burthen the memory, without any use proportionate to the time which they require, and the disgust which they create. The method by which he was instructed was easy and expeditious, and therefore pleasing. He learned them all in the same manner, and almost at the same time, by conversing in them indifferently with his father.

The other languages of which he was master, he learned by a method yet more uncommon. The only book which he made use of was the Bible, which his father laid before him in the language that he then proposed to learn, accompanied with a translation, being taught by degrees the inflexions of nouns and verbs. This method, says his father, made the Latin more familiar to him in his fourth year than any other language.

When he was near the end of his sixth year, he entered upon the study of the Old Testament in its original language, beginning with the book of Genesis, to which his father confined him for six months; after which he read cursorily over the rest of the historical books, in which he found very little difficulty, and then applied himself to the study of the poetical writers and the prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an attention and so happy a memory, that he could not only translate them without a moment's hesitation into Latin and French, but turn with the same facility the translations into the original language in his tenth year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other studies, and, as his translation of Benjamin is a sufficient evidence, he read a multitude of writers of various kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the study of the fathers, and councils of the six first centuries, and began to make a regular collection of their canons. He read every author in the original, having discovered so much negligence or ignorance in most translations, that he paid no regard to their authority.

Thus he continued his studies, neither drawn aside by pleasures, nor discouraged by difficulties. The greatest obstacle to his improvement was want of books, with which his narrow fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest part of those which his studies required, and to return them when he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his memory should fail him.

It is observable, that neither his diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his want of books, a want of which he was in the highest degree sensible, ever produced in him that asperity, which a long and recluse life, without any circumstance of disquiet, frequently creates. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a temper which contributed much to recommend his learning, and which some students much superior in age would consult their ease, their reputation, and their interest, by copying from him.

In the year 1735 he published *Anti-Artemonius, sive Initium Evangelii S. Joannis, adversus Artemonium vindicatum*, and attained such a degree of reputation, that not only the public, but princes, who are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished, began to interest themselves in his success, for the same year the king of Prussia, who had heard of his early advances in literature on account of a scheme for discovering the longitude, which had been sent to the Royal Society of Berlin, and which was transmitted afterwards by him to Paris and London, engaged to take care of his fortune, having received further proofs of his abilities at his own court.

Mr. Barretier being promoted to the cure of the church of Stettin, was obliged to travel with his son thither from Schwabach, through Leipsic and Berlin, a journey very agreeable to his son, as it would furnish him with new opportunities of improving his knowledge, and extending his acquaintance among men of letters. For this purpose they staid some time at Leipsic, and then travelled to Halle, where young Barretier so distinguished himself in his conversation with the professors of the university, that they offered him his degree of doctor in philosophy, a dignity correspondent to that of master of arts among us. Barretier drew up that night some positions in philosophy and the mathematics, which he sent immediately to the press, and defended the next day, in a crowded auditory, with so much wit, spirit, presence of thought, and strength of reason, that the whole university was delighted and

amazed; he was then admitted to his degree, and attended by the whole concourse to his lodgings with compliments and acclamations.

His *Theses*, or philosophical positions, which he printed in compliance with the practice of that university, ran through several editions in a few weeks, and no testimony of regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his career.

When they arrived at Berlin, the king ordered him to be brought into his presence, and was so much pleased with his conversation, that he sent for him almost every day during his stay at Berlin; and diverted himself by engaging him in conversations upon a multitude of subjects, and in disputes with learned men; on all which occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the king formed the highest ideas of his capacity, and future eminence. And thinking, perhaps with reason, that active life was the noblest sphere of a great genius, he recommended to him the study of modern history, the customs of nations, and those parts of learning, that are of use in public transactions and civil employments, declaring that such abilities, properly cultivated, might exalt him, in ten years, to be the greatest minister of state in Europe. Barretier, whether we attribute it to his moderation or inexperience, was not dazzled by the prospect of such high promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with science and quiet, to leave them for such inextricable studies, or such harrassing fatigues. A resolution so unpleasing to the king, that his father attributes to it the delay of those favors which they had hopes of receiv-

ing, the king having as he observes, determined to employ him in the ministry.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever means these intentions were frustrated; Barretier, after having been treated with the highest regard by the whole royal family, was dismissed with a present of two hundred crowns; and his father, instead of being fixed at Stettin, was made pastor of the French church at Halle; a place more commodious for study, to which they retired; Barretier being first admitted into the royal society at Berlin, and recommended by the king to the university at Halle.

At Halle he continued his studies with his usual application and success, and, either by his own reflections or the persuasions of his father, was prevailed upon to give up his own inclinations to those of the king, and direct his inquiries to those subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new acquisitions to his learning, and to increase his reputation by new performances, till, in the beginning of his nineteenth year, his health began to decline, and his indisposition, which, being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at first sufficiently regarded, increased by slow degrees for eighteen months, during which he spent days among his books, and neither neglected his studies, nor lost his gaiety, till his distemper, ten days before his death, deprived him of the use of his limbs: he then prepared himself for his end, without fear or emotion, and on the 5th of October 1740, resigned his soul into the hands of his Saviour, with confidence and tranquillity.

LOUISA,

OR THE

LADY OF THE HAY-STACK.

ASSUMING as a fact, that the origin of this daughter of misery was such as is rendered extremely probable by the circumstances detailed in the following pages, her melancholy history holds out an awful and important lesson to all those whose hearts are not dead to the tender feelings of natural affection. It may operate on the one hand as a warning to the giddy and the gay against the indulgence of unhallowed love, or at least it should induce them to make a suitable provision, while they are able, for the innocent fruits of illicit passion. It is impossible to foresee the afflictions that Providence may have mingled in the cup of any individual, and it is consequently out of the power of man to provide against them: but it is the sacred duty of every parent to smooth, as far as he is capable, the path of life to his offspring whether legitimate or otherwise, and to neglect nothing which may contribute to render them useful and respectable members of society. We now proceed to

the truly remarkable history of the unfortunate Louisa.

In the year 1776, a young woman stopped at the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. In her whole appearance there was something that irresistibly engaged the attention of every one who beheld her. She was young and beautiful, and to a countenance highly interesting, she added graceful and elegant manners. She was alone, a stranger and in extreme distress, yet she uttered no complaint, and used no arts to excite compassion. Her whole deportment exhibited visible signs of superior breeding; but a certain wildness and want of consistency marked all her words and actions. As she could not be induced to make known even her name, she was distinguished by that of Louisa.

All day she wandered about in search of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night took up her lodging under a hay-stack. In vain the neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of such an exposed situation. Their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life, but neither threats nor intreaties could prevail upon her to sleep in a house. As she at times discovered symptoms of insanity, she was conveyed to Bristol, and confined in St. Peter's hospital, in that city. She was released: with all the speed her small remains of strength allowed, she hastened to her favorite hay-stack, though six miles distant from the place of her

confinement. Her rapture was inexpressible, on finding herself again at liberty, and once more safe beneath this miserable shelter.

Four years this forlorn creature devoted herself to this desolate life, without knowing the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardship, sickness, cold and misery, gradually impaired her health, and injured her beauty; but still she was an interesting figure, and had an uncommon sweetness in her air and manner. She was above the vanity so common to her sex; for she would neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hung them on the bushes as unworthy of her attention. Her way of life was the most harmless and inoffensive; every fine morning she walked about the village, conversed with the poor children, made them presents of such things as were given her, and received others in return, but would take no food except milk, tea, and the most simple diet.

No means were left untried by the neighbouring ladies to prevail on her to live in a house, but her constant reply was, "that trouble and misery dwelt in houses, and that there was no happiness but in liberty and fresh air." From a certain peculiarity of expression, and a slight foreign tincture in her pronunciation, and in the construction of some sentences, it was conjectured that she was not a native of England; and various attempts were made, but in vain, to draw from her some knowledge of her origin. A gentleman who went to see her, addressed

her in the languages of the continent, at which she appeared uneasy, restless and embarrassed; but when he spoke in German, her emotion was too great to be suppressed; she turned from him and burst into tears.

At length, but not without great reluctance on her part, the unfortunate Louisa was removed to the village of Bitton, in Gloucestershire. Here she was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house, and supported by a subscription under the management of the benevolent Miss Hannah More, and her sisters. By the attentions of a skilful physician, her health improved, but her intellects became more and more impaired; and she displayed more of idiotism than lunacy in her manners and behaviour.

As it had been concluded from her accent that she was of German origin, all the particulars that could be collected concerning her were translated into that language, and transmitted to the newspapers of Vienna, and of other large cities in Germany, in the hope that they might lead to some discovery. The narrative was likewise published in most of the great towns of France.

These precautions, however, reflected no certain light on the history of poor Louisa: but in the year 1785, a pamphlet, without either name or place, appeared in the French language, under the title of *The Stranger, a true history.* It was supposed to have been originally published

in some part of the Austrian dominions. By way of introduction, the author gives an affecting recital of the sufferings of the poor female stranger, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, translated from the account published in the English newspapers, leaving it to the public to determine, whether the unhappy Louisa and the subject of his narrative, were or were not one and the same person. The same question we shall leave to the decision of our readers, after they have made themselves acquainted with the circumstances of this extraordinary history, which we shall now present them.

In the summer of the year 1768, Count Cobenzel, the Austrian minister at Brussels, received a letter from a lady at Bourdeaux; in which the writer requested him not to think it strange, if his friendship and advice were eagerly sought, adding, that "the universal respect which his talents and his interest at court commanded, induced her to address herself to him; that he should soon know who it was that had presumed to solicit his good offices; and that he would perhaps not repent of having attended to her." This letter was written in very indifferent French, and signed La Frülen. The count was requested to return an answer to Mademoiselle La Frülen, at Bourdeaux.

Not long afterwards, he received a letter from Prague, signed Count J. von Weissendorf, in which he was intreated to give the best advice in his power to Mademoiselle La Frülen, to in-

terest himself warmly in her behalf, to write to Bourdeaux in her favor, and even to advance her money to the amount of a thousand ducats if she wanted it. The letter concluded thus: "when you shall know, Sir, who this stranger is, you will be delighted to think you have served her, and grateful to those who have given you an opportunity of doing it."

In his reply to the lady, the count assured her that he was highly sensible of her good opinion; that he should be proud of assisting her with his advice, and of serving her to the utmost of his power, but that it was absolutely necessary he should in the first instance, be informed of her real name.

After this, the count received a letter from Vienna, signed Count Dietrichstein, in which he was likewise requested to pay every possible attention to Mademoiselle La Frülen, and in particular to recommend to her the practice of frugality. This, as well as the letter from Prague, was answered by the count, but no notice was taken of the reply to either.

In the mean time, his correspondence with the young lady at Bourdeaux continued. Towards the end of the year Madame l'Englumé, the wife of a tradesman of Bourdeaux, went on business to Brussels, and that business having introduced her to Count Cobenzel, she spoke to him in terms of the highest praise of his young unknown correspondent. She extolled her beauty, her elegance, and above all, tha

prudence and propriety of conduct, which did so much honor to a person left at such a tender age, at her own disposal. She added, that the young lady had a house of her own; that she was generous, expensive, and even magnificent; that she had been three years at Bourdeaux; that the distinguished attention with which she was treated by the Marshal de Richelieu, the great resemblance of her features to those of the late emperor Francis, and the entire ignorance of the world concerning her birth, had given occasion to strange conjectures; and that though the young lady had often been questioned concerning her family, she persisted in observing the most scrupulous silence on that subject.

In one of her letters to Count Cobenzel, Mademoiselle La Frülen declared her readiness to inform him of every particular concerning herself; but as the secret was too important to be trusted to chance, she intended to visit the Austrian Netherlands, and acquaint him with her history. She meanwhile sent him her picture, which she desired him attentively to examine, as it might lead him to some conjectures concerning what she had to relate. The count saw in it nothing more than the features of a lovely woman, but Prince Charles of Lorraine thought the portrait bore a strong resemblance to the late emperor, his brother.

Count Cobenzel continued to answer her letters in a polite, and even an affectionate manner, but was particularly guarded in his expres-

sions. On one occasion she informed him, that she would send him two more pictures, with one of which, she requested him to compare her own. Soon afterwards, he received the portraits of the emperor and empress; the former of which was known by Prince Charles to have been painted by Liotard.

In the month of December, the count received an extraordinary letter, dated "Vienna—From my bed, two in the morning;" in which he was highly commended for the good advice he had given the young stranger, and requested to continue his attentions. He was likewise desired to inculcate economy, and particularly admonished of the importance of the secret. This letter was without signature.

In the beginning of the year 1769, Count Cobenzel received dispatches from Vienna, containing several extraordinary circumstances relative to the stranger. The court of Vienna had applied to that of Versailles to apprehend Mademoiselle la Frülen, and to send her to Brussels to be examined by Count Cobenzel, and the first president M. de Neny. At the same time Prince Charles received a letter from the empress, enjoining him to be careful that the prisoner should not escape, and concluding with these words:—"This wretch wishes to pass for the daughter of our late royal master. If there was the least probability in the story, I would love her and treat her like one of my own children; but I am convinced she is an impostor. I wish every pos-

sible effort to be made to prevent this unhappy creature from profaning any longer the dear and venerable name of our departed lord." Her majesty recommended the strictest secrecy, adding, that the adventure had already made too much noise, and that all Europe would soon ring of it.

The manner in which the affair had come to the knowledge of the court of Vienna was as follows. While Joseph II. was on his travels in Italy, the King of Spain received a letter purporting to have been written by his imperial majesty, informing him in confidence, that his father had left a natural daughter, whose history was known only to his sister, the Archduchess Marianne, himself, and a few intimate friends; that she had been most earnestly recommended to him by his father, and resided at Bourdeaux. The king was intreated to send for her, to place her with some lady of rank at Madrid or in a convent, where she might be treated with the respect due to her birth, till some plan should be adopted, for the future happiness of her life. This mark of friendship he requested of his catholic majesty, because he himself durst not undertake the office, lest the affair should come to the ears of his mother, the empress, whom he wished to remain in perpetual ignorance of the story. The King of Spain thought this letter so extraordinary, that he transmitted it to the emperor, requesting, some explanation. Joseph, who had not written it, and was totally ignorant of the affair, sent it to his mother, who made immediate

enquiries concerning the stranger, and dispatched a messenger to Bourdeaux to seize her. She was arrested in her own house in August, 1769, by M. de Ferand, lieutenant of the *marechaussée* of the province.

Fear and distress greatly impaired La Frülen's beauty. Continual spasms, attended with a spitting of blood, obliged her to travel very slowly. Just before she quitted the French dominions, a stranger, in the habit of a courier, put a note into her hand at the coach window, and retired with the utmost precipitation. She begged the officer by whom she was accompanied to read the note which contained only these words: "My dear girl, every thing has been done to save you; keep up your spirits, and do not despair." She afterwards declared, that she neither knew the courier, nor the hand-writing.

On her arrival at Brussels, she was immediately taken to Count Cobenzel's hotel. Her figure was sufficient to interest the hardest heart in her favor. She was tall and of an elegant figure, her air was simple and majestic; her complexion fair; her arms were delicately turned; her hair was brown, and calculated to display the embellishments of art to the greatest advantage. She had a freshness of colour, which art cannot imitate, fine dark eyes, and a look that expressed every emotion of her soul. She spoke French with a German accent, and appeared much confused, but betrayed no particular symptoms of female weakness.

Her alarm was soon dissipated by that confidence which the count well knew how to inspire. In her letters she had always called him father, and still continued to address him by the same endearing name. He told her to make herself perfectly easy, as she should experience the kindest treatment, if she would strictly adhere to the truth. All her distress appeared to arise from the circumstance of the debts she had contracted at Bourdeaux, which she considered as the sole cause of her being apprehended. She expressed no concern at being a prisoner, and only asked the count whether she might not remain at his house. This he frankly told her was impossible, at the same time assuring her, that she should be treated with the highest respect, in an apartment he had prepared for her at the fortress of Monterel, where she should be supplied with every thing she wanted. He promised to wait on her the next day; on which she took her leave, and was conducted to the fort by Major de Camerlang, and M. de Neny provided for her a female attendant.

The next day the count found her in good spirits; she seemed delighted with her apartment, and the treatment of those about her. The count offered her the use of any books from his library. She thanked him, but said, she never had a moment that hung heavy on her hands, so much was her time taken up with visionary projects for her future life. The fact was, she could neither read nor write, as M. de Camerlang

taught her to sign her name while she was in confinement.

The following day her examination commenced.—Count Cobenzel and Count de Neny repaired to the fort, and the latter, who had not before seen the prisoner, was extremely struck with her resemblance to the late emperor. They asked were she was born. She answered, that she knew not, but had been told the place where she had been brought up, was called Bohemia. She was asked if that place was a town, and what was the earliest circumstance of her life that she could recollect. She said the place where she was brought up was a small sequestered house in the country, with neither a town nor a village near it, and that before she inhabited this house, she had no recollection of any thing that had happened to her. In infancy she had been under the care of two women, one about fifty years old, the other about thirty: the former she called mamma, and the latter Catharine. She slept in the apartment of the first, and both treated her with great kindness and affection. An ecclesiastic came from time to time to say mass in an apartment of the house, and to teach her the catechism: and the person whom she called mamma had begun to instruct her in reading and writting; but no sooner did the priest know of this, than he opposed it, and she was taught no more. He, however, always treated her with very great respect.

She said that about a year afterwards a handsome man in a hunting-suit, accompanied by a gentleman dressed in the same manner, came to the house where she lived. She was called; the stranger placed her on his knee, caressed her, and exhorted her to be good and obedient. She supposed that this person had seen her before, as she recollected that he thought her grown taller and altered, but she did not remember to have ever seen him at any former time. In about a year and a half he returned, with the same attendant, and in the same kind of dress. At this second interview the features of her unknown visitor made such an impression on her mind, that, had she never seen him more, she should not have forgotten them. He was of the middling stature, rather corpulent, had an open countenance, a ruddy complexion, dark beard, and a small white spot on one of his temples. She observed that M. de Neny bore a distant resemblance to this person, particularly in the lower part of his face. At this second visit, she remarked something red about the stranger's neck, under his riding coat; she enquired what it was; he replied, that it was a mark of distinction worn by officers. Ignorant in every particular, she enquired what he meant by officers. He answered, "They are men of honour, gallantry and spirit, whom you must love, because you are yourself the daughter of an officer. She added, that at this visit she felt a strong attachment to the stranger, and when he took leave,

she burst into tears, at which he appeared much affected, and promised to return soon.

It was not, however, till two years afterwards that he returned, and when she reproached him for his long absence, he told her, that at the time he had fixed for coming to see her, he was very ill in consequence of over-heating himself in the chace. Prince Charles recollected, that, at a time corresponding with that above-mentioned, the Emperor was actually taken ill on his return from hunting.

At the third interview, the stanger desired to be left alone with her. When he informed her of his illness, she shed tears. He was himself moved, and enquired why she wept; on which she replied, " Because I love you." He declared he likewise loved her, that he would take care of her, make her rich and happy, and give her a palace, money, and attendants, who should wear yellow and blue liveries. He afterwards asked her if she should not like to see the queen, adding, " You would love her much if you knew her, but that for her peace of mind, you must never do." He then presented her with the two pictures she had sent from Bourdeaux to Count Cobenzel. She told the stranger, that one was his own picture, which he allowed, and bade her keep it as long as she lived, as well as that of the Empress, and a third picture, which he afterwards gave her, of a female whose features were partly concealed by a veil. This he informed her was her own mother. The pictures were

in a blue silk purse, which contained a great quantity of ducats. On quitting her, the stranger assured her that she should soon be happy, and all her wishes should be gratified; but she must promise him never to marry, and always keep that vow in her remembrance. He then took leave of her with the utmost tenderness, and she was herself extremely affected.

She related that, in the interval between the first and second visit of this stranger, a lady, accompanied by two men, came one day to see her. She was dressed with great simplicity, was of middling stature, fair, of a pleasing countenance, and rather inclining to corpulence. This lady looked at her very earnestly, and began to weep: she asked her several indifferent questions, and then kissing her twice or three times, said, "My child, you are indeed unfortunate!" Her emotion was so great, that she called for a glass of water to keep herself from fainting; and after drinking it, immediately departed. She could not positively say whether the picture the stranger gave her at his last visit, bore any resemblance to this lady or not.

When the examination had proceeded thus far, it was found that the young prisoner began to prevaricate about the circumstances of her history. Yet even after this was discovered, she persisted in solemnly declaring, that her narrative of the events previous to her quitting the house in which she was educated, was faithful in every particular; and though questions were put to her in every possible form, she always repeat-

ed the above facts with the same circumstances and the same simplicity.

She then related the story of her departure from the place of her education, to the following effect:—Soon after the stranger's last visit, the ecclesiastic who had attended her from her infancy, came to inform her that her protector was no more, and that before he expired, he had ordered her to be conducted to some convent in France, adding, that she must set out on her journey in a few days. A week afterwards he returned in a post-chaise, into which he handed her and Catharine, and then got into it again himself. She wept much at parting with the woman she called mamma; not entirely on account of the pain she felt at the separation, but likewise because she was terribly afraid of the convent; for the enquiries she had made in the week preceding her departure had given her the most frightful ideas of the life to which she thought herself condemned. She could not tell what towns she passed through; but on her arrival at Hamburg, the priest dismissed her attendant, and made her embark on board a vessel freighted for Bourdeaux. The moment she took ship, a man, apparently about fifty years old, offered her his services, and said that he would take care of her during the voyage. On their arrival at Bourdeaux, this man took her to the house of a German merchant; his wife placed her with Madame Guillaumot with whom she had lived during the whole of her residence at Bourdeaux. A fortnight after her re-

moval to that lady's house, a letter was brought to her, addressed to Mademoiselle Felicia Juliana de Schönau, which name the priest on her leaving Bohemia, told her she was in future to consider as her own. This letter Madame G. read to her by her desire. It contained directions for her conduct, and assurances that she should be amply supplied with money; she was advised to remain with Madame Guillaumot, and to persuade her to dismiss all her other boarders, and to devote her whole attention to her alone. This letter had neither date nor signature, and enjoined her to forbear making too curious inquiries. Some days afterwards, a gentleman called upon her, and without any preface, put into her hand a purse of a thousand louis-d'ors, which, he said, he was directed to advance her for the purchase of furniture. She asked whence the money came, on which he begged her to make herself easy, and not to be inquisitive. She now took a house, and furnished it; Madame Guillaumot went with her as her companion, and she lived at Bourdeaux among people of the first consequence, till the day of her confinement.

The manner in which she related the circumstances of her embarkation at Hamburg appearing improbable, Count Cobenzel told her, it was evident her story was untrue. He bade her to remember what he had before told her, that the only way to obtain the favour and protection of the empress, was to be ingenuous and sincere. On this condition alone, he had offered her his

best services, but having deceived him, he would now abandon her to the consequences of her imposture. She was much confused, and the Count having risen as if to depart, she held him by his clothes, threw herself at his feet, and with many tears, said she had much to relate, but could not proceed in the presence of M. de Neny's secretary. When that gentleman had withdrawn, she again fell on her knees, and entreated the Count to take compassion on her, confessed that she had deceived him in the account of her embarkation at Hamburg, but called heaven to witness, that all she had said concerning her residence in Bohemia, was true to the minutest circumstance. She then told anew the story of her departure, in the following manner.

When the priest came to take her from her house in Bohemia, he said he was going to conduct her to a convent in France. The little which she had heard from Catharine and her mamma, taught her to consider a convent as a frightful prison from which there was no escape; with such force did this idea operate on her mind, that she formed the design of delivering herself by flight from this captivity. No opportunity for executing this plan occurred, till her arrival at Hamburg, where her alarm was so much increased by the sight of the sea and the ships, that the night preceding the day fixed for her departure, she rose from Catharine's side as she slept, made a small parcel of some linen, took the blue purse with the three pictures, and one hundred ducats given her by the stranger, and

at day-break, left the city. She walked a long time, till, exhausted with fatigue, she took refuge in the barn of a farmer, and fell asleep. Here she was discovered by the owner, who, struck with her youth and figure, civilly offered her the use of his best bed, and a small room, which she accepted.

Her fears not suffering her to continue so near Hamburg, she quitted her host, who refused to accept any remuneration for his kindness. Mounting a wretched carriage, she then took the road towards Sweden, but, the third day of her journey, she fell from the vehicle, and received such a dangerous wound in her head, that it was found necessary to take her to a neighbouring inn, and to procure the assistance of a surgeon. A Dutch family happened to stop at this inn on their way to Pomerania and Sweden. These people defrayed the expences of her cure, and permitted her to join their party. She mentioned their names and likewise that of a Lutheran clergyman, who was with them, and who, when this narrative made its appearance, was tutor to the children of a merchant at Hamburg. Proceeding to Stockholm, she quitted her fellow-travellers, and took a lodging at the house of a German woman, whose husband held a small post under the government. Fortunately, this woman was a person of great integrity, and conceived the strongest attachment for her. During Mademoiselle La Frülen's residence here, she was one day informed by her hair-dresser, that the Count Belgioioso, the imperial ambassador at Stockholm, was making

strict enquiries after a young lady who had eloped from Hamburg. La Frülen, who began to form some idea of the consequences of her flight, and was more terrified by the apprehensions of poverty than the thoughts of a convent, declared that she was the person, and permitted her informant to make this discovery to the ambassador. The following day she received a note from the Count, inviting her to his house. This note was read to her by a girl who attended on her, named Sophia, and she hesitated not a moment to comply with the Count's invitation. He received her with great respect, enquired the circumstances of her departure from Hamburg, and conceiving from her replies, that she must be the person of whom he was in search, he told her that he was instructed to take the greatest care of her, and would call upon her to see whether she was in convenient lodgings. He offered her money, which she accepted, for the blue purse was empty; and visited her the next day, when he told her that he would procure her more commodious apartments near his own house. Two days afterwards she took possession of these apartments, which were in the house of a tradesman. Sophia continued with her, and the Count sent her a lackey, and furnished her with provisions from his own table. Not long after this, she removed by his desire, to his own house, having as he informed her, been still more strongly recommended to his protection.

She farther said, that while she was at the house of the Count Belgioioso, she was so affect-

ed at the sight of a picture resembling the stranger, whom she had seen in Bohemia, that she instantly swooned. (This circumstance was confirmed in a letter by the Count, who likewise, mentioned, that it was the picture of the Emperor Francis.) She was with difficulty brought to herself, when a violent fever succeeded, and nearly proved fatal. Her illness lasted six weeks, during which she grew taller, and was so much altered, that she appeared to be thirty years old, though she could not have been more than sixteen.

About the time of her elopement from Hamburg, the daughter of a merchant of that city had gone off with a young Englishman. This adventure coming to the ears of Count Belgioioso, excited suspicions in his mind of the truth of her story, and led him to believe, that she might be the merchant's daughter, and not the young lady who had been so earnestly recommended to his care. Accordingly, on her recovery he told her, he had received advice from Hamburg, that she had quitted that city in the company of a young Englishman. She most solemnly denied the charge, but the Count persisted in his accusation, till being wearied out with constant persecution on the subject, she confessed herself guilty of what she knew to be falsely laid to her charge. The consequence of this imprudence was such as might naturally be expected. The Count told her he was mistaken as to her person, and advised her to return to Hamburg. He gave her twenty five louis

d'ors, to defray the expences of her journey, and entrusted her to the care of a merchant, who was returning to that city. On her arrival at Hamburg, she anxiously inquired after the persons whom she had so abruptly quitted, and walked every day on the quay, and in the most frequented parts of the town. In one of these walks, a man, who appeared to be about fifty years old, and had followed her at a distance for several days, at length accosted her, and proposed to her to go to Bourdeaux. She consented the more readily, as this was the place for which the priest had wished her to embark, and she conceived that by following the plan originally laid down for her, she should the more easily meet with those who interested themselves in her fate. The man embarked with her, and attended her during the voyage, in the manner she had at first related. The prisoner always persisted in declaring, that every circumstance she had mentioned concerning her arrival and residence at Bourdeaux, was strictly true.

She then continued her history as follows;—Soon after she had taken a house of her own, to which she was accompanied by Madame Guillaumot, she received an anonymous letter, in which she was directed to go to the Duke de Richelieu, and ask that protection of which she stood so much in need. This the writer pressed her the more earnestly to do, as the duke was already acquainted with her history. She accordingly repaired to that nobleman, who in-

formed her that he had received a letter from the Princess of Auersberg, recommending Mademoiselle de Schönau, in the strongest terms, to his protection. He made her a thousand offers of service, and according to his custom, said more than a virtuous female ought to hear. She burst into tears, and on her knees implored his compassion; when the duke on his part, apologized for his imprudence.

A few days afterwards he called upon her, and earnestly recommended to her to learn the French language. He paid her several other visits, and always treated her with the highest respect. She was a constant guest at all his entertainments, and when questioned concerning her, he invariably replied: "She is a lady of great distinction."

During her residence at Bourdeaux, she had two very advantageous offers of marriage, one of which was from the nephew of M. de Ferraud, a counsellor of the parliament of Bourdeaux; but she refused both, conceiving herself bound to perpetual celibacy by the promise she had made to the stranger in Bohemia. As to her pecuniary circumstances, it has already been observed, that a person unknown presented her with a purse containing a thousand louis d'ors. Through the same channel she at different times, received about one hundred and fifty thousand livres (6250*l.* sterling) without being able to discover to whom she was indebted for this munificent allowance. These circum-

stances corroborated her supposition, that she belonged to a very wealthy family, and she spent the money as fast as she received it. Her remittances suddenly stopped, and as she made no alteration in her style of living, she soon contracted debts to the amount of sixty thousand livres, which remained unpaid at the time of her being arrested.

In the distress to which the threats of her creditors reduced her, she took the resolution of fabricating several letters, which, when read at her examination, she acknowledged to have been dictated by herself. These were, the letter to Count Cobenzel, dated "Vienna—from my bed—two in the morning;" that signed Count J. de Weissendorff; another to the emperor, directed to him at Florence; another to the Bavarian minister at Paris, and lastly the letter to the king of Spain, which had led to her apprehension. Though she frankly confessed that she had sent all these letters, she at the same time declared her perfect ignorance of that signed "Count Dietrichstein," and of several others which the Counts Cobenzel and Neny had received concerning her.

Such was her simplicity, that it was impossible to make her sensible how highly criminal she had been, in procuring letters to be forged on a subject of such importance.—Nay, she even persisted in declaring that she thought she had acted right, and defended her conduct on the following grounds. The extraordinary manner

in which she had been brought up, the conjectures she had formed concerning her parentage, the portraits which gave such weight to those conjectures, and the considerable sums that had been remitted to her, naturally tended to excite and confirm the suspicion, that she actually was the emperor's daughter. This suspicion she had never communicated to any person; but finding herself all at once entirely forsaken, she concluded that the person who had been commissioned to furnish her with money was dead, and that her supplies ceased only because her residence was not known, as he alone might probably have been acquainted with the place of her abode. As she, however, conjectured that her father might have intrusted more than one person with the secret of her birth, she hoped that by writing to all the most illustrious servants of the house of Austria, she should meet with some one acquainted with her history, by whom she might be placed in the situation originally designed for her by her father. These letters she did not write in her own name, being unwilling to expose herself to the troublesome curiosity of those, who not being in the secret, would immediately make inquiries concerning her birth. She concluded that if only one of these letters should fall into the hands of any person acquainted with her history, that person would know more particulars of her life than she possibly could: but in the mean time, as her suspicions were unsupported by positive proof,

all she could say would not prevent her being considered an impostor. She added, that a strong argument of her conscious innocence, and of her firm persuasion that she was the emperor's daughter, might be drawn from the circumstance of her having pointed out the place of her abode in all her letters; that all of them tended to put her in the power of the court of Vienna, which alone was interested in punishing any deception. She declared that she had never consulted any person concerning the steps she had taken, and particularly denied having sent the letter to the Duke de Richelieu, signed "The Princess of Auersberg."

It should be observed, that immediately on the receipt of this letter, the duke returned an answer to the princess, stating, "that in consequence of her recommendation, he would treat Mademoiselle de Schönau, with all possible respect, and would render her every service in his power." M. de Chatelet, the French ambassador at Vienna, delivered this letter to the princess, by whom it was not answered. Had she not written to the duke, it is natural to suppose, that she would have immediately replied, she knew no such person as Mademoiselle de Schönau. Hence it may be justly concluded, that the princess did write the letter of recommendation, and was consequently acquainted with the mystery of the stranger's birth. The presumption is confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the empress, who

expressly enjoined her ministers to ask the Princess of Auersberg no questions whatever on the subject.

The information given by the prisoner in the course of her examinations concering the late Duke of York, is likewise of considerable importance. On his arrival at Bourdeaux, his royal highness sent to inform Mademoiselle de Schönau, that he had something of great consequence to communicate to her, requesting her to appoint some time when he might see her without the knowledge of any other person. She replied, that as he wished for secrecy, she thought the most suitable hour would be at six in the morning, after a ball that was to be given by the Duke de Richelieu. His royal highness came at the appointed time, and told her, that the object of his visit was to enquire the amount of her debts, as he was commanded by a lady of distinction to give her a sum of money. She acknowledged, that her creditors importuned her greatly for sixty thousand livres. He desired her to make herself easy, and the same day sent her seven hundred louis d'ors; informing her that he would soon furnish her with a sum sufficient to discharge all her debts. The next day the duke left Bourdeaux.

Soon after this she fell sick: one morning, while her secretary M. St. Ger, was by her bedside, a letter was brought from the Duke of York, dated "Monaco." St. Ger began to read as

follows—" I was about to send you the remainder of the money; but after I had left your house, I received a letter which strictly enjoined me to give you only a part. I have written to the Princess of Au——," Here she snatched the letter from the hand of her secretary, and would not suffer him to proceed. Being asked the reason of her conduct on this occasion, and who was the princess mentioned in the letter, she replied, it was the Princess of Auersberg, that she herself did not know her, but the Duke of York had told her, that the princess interrested herself greatly in her behalf, and was acquainted with the secret of her birth. When she heard the first syllable of her name, she was apprehensive lest there might be something in the remainder of the letter more immediately concerning the princess, or lest it might betray her own story, with which she wished St. Ger to remain unacquainted.

She then took from her pocket the Duke of York's letter, which M. de Neny read aloud. The remainder was as follows: " I have written to the Princess of Auersberg, and have requested permission, at least to remit you the sum you want, to relieve you from the importunities of of your creditors, but—" Here the letter abruptly terminated. A few days after she received it she was informed of the duke's death. She sent to the persons appointed to examine his papers, requesting that her picture and her letters might

be returned. One letter only was found; it was transmitted to her, together with the picture, and a portrait, which she afterwards presented to M. de Camerlang.

Such was the substance of the information obtained in the twenty-four sittings occupied by the examination. The Counts Cobenzel and Neny now seriously considered what steps were to be taken, and they agreed that it would be most prudent to place the unfortunate girl in a convent, till time should throw some light on this mysterious affair. This opinion they were about to transmit to Vienna, when Count Neny received a letter from his father, who was private secretary to the empress, stating, that from the particulars of the examination, her imperial majesty had formed a very disadvantageous idea of the stranger, and was determined to treat her with the utmost severity.

Soon after this, Count Cobenzel was attacked by an illness which proved fatal. The day before his death, after he had received the sacrament, he told a friend who had been made acquainted with all the circumstances relating to the stranger, that he had just received dispatches from Vienna, charging him to acquaint the court with the prisoner's whole history, by no means to dismiss her, and not to take any step without fresh orders. He alluded to a letter he had received from Prince Kaunitz, which after he had read he immediately burned, ad-

ding, " You see an honest man's opinion will sometimes prevail."

The following day the count expired, and had it not been for this event, the affair would probably have taken a different turn. If similar orders were sent to any other person, they arrived too late, for four days after the count's death, the stranger was taken out of prison, and conducted by a sub-lieutenant of the *marechaussée* of Brabant to Quievraing, a small town between Mons and Valenciennes; fifty louis d'ors were put into her hands, and she was adandoned to her destiny. Such was the account communicated to the author by the Count Coroniny, nephew to Count Cobenzel, who was present at the twenty-four examinations, of which it is a faithful abstract. This narrative brings down the history of Mademoiselle la Frülen to the year 1769: if we suppose her to have been the same person as Louisa, there is a chasm of seven years till her discovery near Bristol in the year 1776, which it is more than probable will never be filled up.

Louisa as we have already stated, was placed under the care of Mr. Henderson, the keeper of a private mad-house at Bitton, near Bristol. From the accounts of different persons who visited her, the following particulars are collected. They contain so many striking coincidences with the foregoing narrative, as scarcely to leave a doubt, that the female who is the subject of it

was the same afterwards known by the name of Louisa. If this first conclusion be correct, a second which results from it is, that in all probability the wretched Louisa was a natural daughter of Francis I. emperor of Germany.

A gentlewoman, a native of Altona, and wife to the captain of a Danish ship, once went to see Louisa when she was under the hay-stack. With her she conversed in German, and told her she had lived at Sleswick, and had been in a convent, from which she had escaped with her lover. This foreigner, who was a genteel, well-bred woman, was by misfortune reduced to be a superintending servant in the very house where Louisa was confined, and had the chief care of her. Louisa recollecting the former confidence she had reposed in her, was offended at the sight of her, and could never be prevailed upon to renew the conversation, though she would frequently speak short sentences to her in German, particularly if she had any favors to ask.

She never could be persuaded to look in a book. Being once pressed to it, she exclaimed, "No, reading is study, and study makes me mad." Books were often left in her room, and though narrowly watched, yet she never was observed to open any of them.

Louisa had a particular passion for bracelets and miniature pictures, but shewed the utmost contempt for every other ornament. Of a Queen Anne's half crown she was extremely fond; she sometimes desired to have one sewed

on a black ribbon, said that it much resembled her mamma, would wear it on her arm, and kiss it with great delight. After the appearance of the translation of the French narrative, more particular attention was paid to search her person for the scars described in the account of Mademoiselle la Frülen. It was found that she had a very large one on the lower part of her head behind her ear; another on her breast, which appeared to have been occasioned by a very considerable wound, was suspected to have been a mark of violence.

She seldom rose from her bed of straw, on which she lay very quietly, and was perfectly harmless and stupid, except on any attempt to dress her, or to put her on a comfortable bed.

Notwithstanding the injuries which her situation and mode of life must have occasioned to her looks, she had still a very pleasing and interesting countenance. She had fine, expressive, black eyes and eye-brows; her complexion was wan, but not sickly; her under-jaw projected a little, and some even fancied they could distinguish something of the Austrian lip, but it was not decidedly marked. Her nose had nothing particular, being neither aquiline nor *retroussé;* her hair was very dark, if not black; not thick, but coming down on her forehead; her arm and hand were delicate, and her fingers small and long.

On being addressed, says a gentleman who went to visit her, she raised her eyes, and having

uttered a few incoherent words, again composed herself. Being told that we were friends who had come to see her, she smiled, and moved her under lip for some time without pronouncing a word. This action, which exhibited more of the idiot than any other part of her behaviour, she soon left off, when we began to draw her into a kind of conversation.

We first requested her to reach out her hand, that we might have an opportunity of observing the grace with which she had been said to move it. Her manner of giving it was attended with a certain delicacy, and we had likewise occasion to remark, that as far as her posture would permit, her motions and attitude were those of a person of a superior rank in life.

Instead of giving a direct answer to the questions that were asked, she more usually talked of mamma's coming to take her away, and used other expressions which we were informed she was in the habit of uttering. Some other questions, with her replies, were as follow :

We are your friends; we are come to take you from this place; will you go with us?---*Louisa*. Yes; (with emotion), but mamma must come and bring me clothes, and I must be dressed (pointing towards her neck and shoulders, and moving her fingers about, as if describing the finery of female dress.)

We shall go in a coach with four horses, and we will make them gallop, and the people shall admire us as we pass.---At this she burst into a

fit of laughter, and manifested a kind of exultation, as if enjoying the idea of parade.

And we shall let all the glasses down.---*Louisa.* No, that will be too cold.---From this answer, and other minute circumstances, she seemed to have a correct notion of a carriage, and to have been accustomed to one.

But where shall we drive to?---*Louisa.* Home. But where; to what home?---*Louisa.* O! here and there, backwards and forwards, all round about (waving her hand). Shall we, Louisa, (*pointedly*) shall we drive to Bohemia?---*Louisa.* That is papa's own country.---It is worthy of remark, that this answer came from her in a perfectly fair and direct manner, after she had been talking and laughing, and when she might be supposed to be off her guard. We joined in her laugh, and seized the opportunity of asking other questions before her spirits should subside, or her wariness return; but our design was not successful. Whenever she thought our enquiries impertinent, she would instantly assume a grave, and even a sullen look. She talked much about a sister, whom we offered to call, and asked: But how shall we address her? What is her name?---*Louisa.* She will tell you when she comes (with a significant air.) Is your sister, like you, Louisa? (she laughed.) If she is like you she is very pretty.---A kind of blush overspread her cheek, and casting down her eyes with a coquetish smile, she endeavored to conceal her face in the straw of her bed.

When we spoke to her in French, she seemed to understand that language ; at any rate, she did not give less signs of intelligence than when addressed in English, nor did her countenance express any surprize at the change of language. She did not herself speak a word of French. I spoke a few words in German, at which she burst into violent fits of laughter, as if at my awkward pronunciation or misapplication of words. The same effect was not produced by any French phrase that we addressed to her.

She applied the term *papa* in a vague and incoherent manner, sometimes to Mr. Henderson, and at others to some unknown person, to whom she talked of going. There was a peculiarity in her enunciation, approaching to a lisp. Her voice was soft andfeminine, and I never heard her loud, except in her fits of laughter. Her humours were said to be various, but to us she was good-natured, and I might almost say affable. After the door was locked on her we could hear her laughing, and in spite of her miserable condition, she seemed not to be unhappy.

Having remained for a considerable time under the care of Mr Henderson, Louisa was removed, as incurable, to Guy's Hospital, Southwark, where she continued to exhibit the same kind and much the same degree of mental derangement to the last. The contraction of her limbs from exposure to cold in the fields, and from her constant propensity to remain in-

active, rendered her an object of the strongest compassion. During her abode in the hospital, Miss Hannah More and her sisters, having lost the pecuniary assistance of most others, still continued to supply the extra wants and accommodations of the poor solitary stranger, at the expence of more than ten pounds per annum, till her decease. This event took place rather suddenly after an illness of some duration, on the 18th of December 1801, and on the 23d, her remains were interred in the ground belonging to the hospital; the expences of her funeral being defrayed by her former benefactress.

After perusing this narrative, the intelligent reader will not fail to admire the bountiful dispensation of Providence, in withdrawing from the unfortunate Louisa the gift of reason. Had she retained the faculties of her mind unimpaired, the acuteness of her reflections on the vicissitudes she was destined to undergo, must have embittered her days, and rendered her life almost insupportable. Compared with such sufferings the poor maniac enjoyed a state of comparative felicity in the indulgence of her childish fancies, and in her insensibility to the woes of her condition. Peace to thine ashes, thou daughter of misfortune, and may thy spirit, freed from the incumbrance and the frailties of mortality, taste uninterrupted bliss in those regions where the care of an all-seeing Father provides for the happiness even of the meanest of his children!

JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

OF all the passions that reign in the human breast, avarice, under certain circumstances, is one of the most unaccountable. That the man who has once felt the miseries of poverty, should, on the acquisition of wealth, exhibit a disposition somewhat more than frugal, cannot appear surprizing. It is but just to ascribe it to solicitude to prevent a recurrence of the evils to which he was once exposed. But how shall we explain the existence of that inordinate propensity to accumulate, which sometimes marks the character of persons, born in the lap of riches and succeeding without any exertion of their own, to the possession of almost boundless wealth.

Such was the case of John Elwes—a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice—the circumstances of whose remarkable life incontestibly prove that not vast heaps of hoarded gold, or wide-extended possessions can give happiness and content to such as want spirit to make use of them. Who would exchange the feelings with the scanty fortune of the Man of Ross, celebrated by Pope, for the feelings of Elwes, even though coupled with his immense property!

The history of Mr. Elwes likewise furnishes an example, as memorable as any recorded in history, of the inconsistency of man. It shews that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the most extravagant negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honor may be associated with a meanness that is degrading to the human character. But we shall cease to anticipate the reflections that will not fail to occur to every intelligent reader while perusing the following pages, and introduce in them this extraordinary compound of frailty and excellence.

The father of Mr. Elwes, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died when his son was only four years old, so that little of the penurious character by which he was afterwards distinguished, can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, it is said that she starved herself to death. Another cause, which will presently be noticed, doubtless contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar; yet it is not a little extraordinary, that at no future period of his life was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him at all his different houses, two pounds worth of literary furniture.

Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminster School he removed to Geneva, to complete his education, and after an absence of two or three years, returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed. To this gentleman he was introduced, and as he was to be his heir, it was of course policy to endeavor to please him. A little disguise was now sometimes necessary even in Mr. Elwes, who, as he mingled with the gay world, dressed like other people. This, however, would not have gained him the favor of Sir Harvey: his hopeful nephew used, therefore, when he visited him, to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he dressed in a manner more likely to ensure his uncle's approbation. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat, and was contemplated, with a miserable satisfaction by Sir Harvey, who was delighted to see his heir bidding fair to rival him in the accumulation of useless wealth. There they would sit with a single stick on the fire, and indulge occasionally with one glass of wine between them, while they inveighed against the extravagance of the times; and when night approached, they retired to bed because they thus saved the expence of candle-light. The nephew however, had then, what

he never lost, a very keen appetite, and this in the opinion of his uncle, would have been an unpardonable offence. He therefore first partook of a dinner with some country neighbour, and then returned to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, which quite charmed the old gentleman.

And here we shall take the liberty of digressing a little, for the purpose of introducing to the reader a few farther particulars of Sir Harvey Elwes, whose portrait alone is worthy of being a companion to that of his penurious nephew.

Sir Harvey, on succeeding to the family estate, found himself in the nominal possession of some thousands a year, but actually reduced to an income of not more than one hundred. On his arrival at the mansion of Stoke, he declared that he never would leave it, till he had entirely cleared the paternal estate. This he lived to fulfil, and to realize above one hundred thousand pounds in addition.

But he was formed of the very materials for making an accomplished miser. In his youth he had been given over for a consumption; so that he had no constitution and no passions. He was timid, shy, and diffident, in the extreme, of a thin, spare habit of body, and without a friend in the world.

Having no acquaintance, no books, no inclination for reading or study, his whole delight consisted in hoarding up and counting his money. Next to this the highest gratification he could

enjoy was partridge setting. Such was his dexterity, and so plentiful was game at that time, that he has been known to take five hundred brace of birds in one season. But he lived upon partridges, with his whole houshold, comprehending one man and two maids. What they could not eat, he turned out again, as he never gave any thing away.

During the partridge season, Sir Harvey and his man never missed a single day when the weather was tolerable; and his breed of dogs being remarkably good, he seldom failed to take great quantities of game. He always wore a black velvet cap much over his face, a threadbare, full-dress suit of clothes, and an old great coat, with worsted stockings drawn up over his knees. He rode a lean thorough-bred horse, and the horse and his rider looked as if a gust of wind would have blown them away together. When the weather prevented him from going abroad, he would walk backward and forward in his old hall to save the expence of fire. If a farmer of the neighborhood came in, he would strike a light in a tinder-box which he kept by him, and putting one single stick upon the grate, would not add another till the first was nearly burned out.

As he had but little connection with the metropolis, Sir Harvey was never without three or four thousand pounds in his house. A set of fellows, afterwards known by the appellation of the Thaxted gang, and who were all hanged, formed a plan to rob him. It was the custom of Sir

Harvey to go up at eight o'clock into his bed-chamber, where, after taking a bason of water-gruel by the light of a small fire, he went to bed to save the unnecessary extravagance of a candle. The gang knowing the hour when his servant went to the stable, left their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river and concealed themselves in the church porch till they saw the man pass by. They then rushed from their hiding place, and after some struggle, bound and gagged him; on which they ran toward the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Harvey, presented their pistols and demanded his money.

Never did Sir Harvey behave so well as on this occasion. He refused to give the robbers any answer, till they had assured him that his servant, who was a great favorite, was safe. He then delivered them the key of a drawer in which were fifty guineas. Knowing but too well that he had much more in the house, they again threatened his life, unless he discovered where it was deposited. He, at length, shewed them the place, and they turned out a large drawer containing seven hundred and twenty guineas. This sum they packed up in two large baskets and carried off. On quitting Sir Harvey, they told him they should leave one of their number behind to dispatch him if he stirred or made the least alarm. With great calmness and simplicity, he took out his watch, for which they had not asked him and said; "Gentlemen, I do not

want to take any of you; therefore, upon my honor, I will give you twenty minutes for your escape; after that time nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does." He was as good as his word; for at the expiration of the time, he went and released the man; but though some search was made by the village, the robbers were not discovered.

Being apprehended some years afterwards for other offences, and found to be the men who robbed Sir Harvey, he refused to appear against them. To his attorney, who pressed him to go to Chelmsford to identify their persons, he replied: "No, no; I have lost my money, and now you want me to lose my time also."

Notwithstanding Sir Harvey's dislike of society, he was a member of a club which occasionally met at his own village of Stoke, and to which belonged two baronets besides himself, Sir Cordwell Firebras, and Sir John Barnardiston. In spite of their riches, the reckoning was always a subject of investigation. One day when they were engaged in settling this difficult point, a wag, who was a member, called out to a friend that was passing: "For heaven's sake, step up stairs and assist *the poor!* Here are three baronets, worth a million of money, quarrelling about a farthing."

In the chastity and abstinence of his life, Sir Harvey Elwes was a rival to the celebrated Newton; for he would have held it unpardonable to have given even his affections; and as he saw no,

lady whatever, he was under no temptation to barter them matrimonially for money.

His ordinary annual expenditure was about one hundred and ten pounds. His clothes cost him nothing; for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain ever since the gay days of his grandfather Sir Jervaise. His houshold he kept principally on game and the fish of his own ponds: while the cows which grazed before his door, supplied them with milk, butter and cheese, and his woods furnished all the fuel that he burned.

Sir Harvey was a remarkable instance of what temperance can effect. Though given over for a consumption at an early period of his life, he attained to the age of between eighty and ninety years. At his death, the only tear that was dropped upon his grave fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him. To that servant, and to his heirs, he bequeathed a farm of fifty pounds per annum.

Previous to his interment, he lay in state, such as it was, at his seat at Stoke, on which occasion some of his tenants, with more humor than decency, observed, that "it was well Sir Harvey could not see it."

The contemplation of such a character as that of Sir Harvey Elwes, affords a very mortifying picture of human infirmity. The contrast of so much wealth, and so much abuse of it is disgusting, but yet it has its uses. Let those who fancy that riches are capable of conferring happiness

here view all their inability and failure, and acknowledge that the mind alone makes or mars our felicity. In an age when the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, are almost regarded as inseparable from happiness, and as the foundation of our pleasures, it cannot fail to excite the greatest astonishment, that Sir Harvey Elwes, possessed of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, should live above sixty years in solitude to avoid the expence of company; should almost deny himself fire and candle; should wear the cast-off clothes of his predecessor, and live in a house where the wind was entering at every broken casement, and the rain descending through the roof—voluntarily imposing upon himself a condition little better than the pauper of an alms-house!

Sir Harvey left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His passion for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the inclination. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success. He once

played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the late Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will therefore be the more difficult to conceive how a mind organized like that of Mr. Elwes, could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honor and delicacy as often influenced his conduct; the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands, for many sums owing him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only pleasing trait in the character of Mr. Elwes; his manners were so gentlemanly, so mild and so engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attentions.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, surrounded with splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or

rain squabbling with a carcase butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up the whole night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was at his seat at Marcham in Berkshire. Here he had two sons born by Elizabeth Moren, his housekeeper; and these natural children at his death, inherited by will, the greatest part of his immense property. He, however, paid frequent visits to his uncle Sir Harvey, and used to attend him in his favourite amusement of partridge-setting. He always travelled on horseback, and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his great-coat pocket, together with a few scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there were the fewest turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions, under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms used to relate

the following anecdote:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found that he was just as much exposed as before. At length after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk Mr. Elwes first began to keep fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters was, at that time considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here, every thing was managed in the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life: he rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house, he would lay the cloth and wait at

dinner. This business being dispatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master often used to call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke, in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions, ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for 7000*l.* which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made him an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to take place, a clergyman agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes, to

to see the issue of it. They went on horseback; and as they were to set off at seven in the morning, the gentleman took no refreshment, imagining that they were to breakfast at Newmarket. About eleven they reached that place, where Mr. Elwes was occupied in enquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favor of Lord Abingdon. His companion now expected they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast, but Elwes still continued to ride about. The hour of four at length arrived, at which time the gentleman became so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket Heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes, "very true. So here do as I do," at the same time offering him from his great coat pocket a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new. It was nine in the evening before they reached home, when the gentleman was so fatigued, that he could think of no refreshment but rest; and Elwes, who in the morning had risked seven thousand pounds, went to bed happy in the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Perkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for any thing it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out

of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburthened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get blooded. On his return, being asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled!" cried the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Pshaw!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your blood!"

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of Mr. Elwes's aversion, The words "*give*" and "*pay*" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through, with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he knew scarcely any thing of

accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had, apparently, been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, (his uncle's father,) from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, the

above-mentioned green velvet, his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some property in houses in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year, to a very great extent. He was the founder of great part of Marybone; Portman Place, Portman Square, and many of the adjacent streets rose out of his pocket: and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. He judiciously became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher upon fire; and, on a public house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and whenever any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into any other. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table and an old woman, comprized all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the

old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and besides, the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman, that she was "here to-day, and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life, is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and as usual had taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he enquired at his banker's and at other places; some days elapsed, and he at length learned from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house, in Great Malborough Street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but no gentleman had been seen.

A pot-boy however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable, and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes; the colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbors said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent; but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber and there, on an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible; but on some cordials being administered by a neighboring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, "that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other had not been near him; that she had herself been ill; but he supposed she had got well and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journies, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had to all appearance, been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus, had it not been for his providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes; who though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want.

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when on the dissolution of parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire; but, to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, but on the express stipulation, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteen pence. At this time he was nearly sixty years old, but was in possession of all his activity. He now left Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his fox-hounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon afterwards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour, that in every part of his parliamentary conduct, and in every vote he gave, he sought no other guide than his consience, and proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

In his attendance on his senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual; he always staid out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffeee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person.

The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and an apothecary was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; ".but Mr.——I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; so I will make this agreement: I will take one leg and you shall take the other; you shall do what you please with your's, I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before your's." He exultingly beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house; for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expence would have restored him to his seat. He therefore voluntarily retired from a parliamentary life.

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used: "If you keep one servant your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he, for a time, consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; and he experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory—that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expence.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee-house. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasions, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a per-

severance which avarice will inspire, he rose a loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to believe, that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. This was the last folly, of the kind, of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but justice to the members of the club to say, that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any wish to play with him.—Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised. Though the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, for his maxim which he frequently repeated, always was, "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving:* for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes injudiciously vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of generosity are upon record. When his son was in the guards, he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase, but as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he

would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners; and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the payment; but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was replaced.

At the close of the spring of 1785, he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, which he had not visited for some years; but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead; out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigor of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles, with two boiled eggs. At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into parliament, free of expence, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. On his arrival he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son John Elwes, Esq. who had resided there. If a window was broken there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save fire he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and

they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morning employment was, to pick up any straw, chips, bones or other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself this trouble, to which he replied, " O Sir, it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Only see what waste they make."

To save the expence of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton to the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer one to be thrown in again, observing that if he did, he should never see them more. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have new things killed before the old provisions were exhausted. With this diet his dress kept pace. When any friends who might happen to visit him, were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour, making one fire serve both. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten

guineas into a bureau, and would rise sometimes in the middle of the night, to go down stairs and see if they were safe. There was nothing but the common necessaries of life which he did not deny himself, and it would have admitted of a doubt whether, if he had not held in his own hands manors and grounds which furnished him a subsistence, he would not have starved rather than have bought any thing. He one day dined on the remnant of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net. On the latter occasion, he observed with great satisfaction: "Aye! this is killing two birds with one stone."

Mr. Elwes passed the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way; his thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw no person but what, as he imagined, was deceiving and defrauding him. As he would not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to bed at it's close, to save candle; and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life,—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Thaydon-hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone on the bor-

ders of Epping Forest, and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any converse. Here he fell ill, and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will; as he was probably sensible, that his sons could not be entitled by law to any part of his property, should he die intestate. On his arrival in London, he put his design in execution, and devised all his real and personal estates to his two sons, who were to share the whole of his vast property equally between them.

Soon after this Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences, and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he made was inexpressible. Of this the following anecdote may serve as an instance: He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoare's, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and having taken it into his head during the night, that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walked about his room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morn-

ing; when, on going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologize, as he happened to have in his hands at that time, the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which, amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security.

The summer of 1788 Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck Street London, without any other society than that of two maid-servants. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in the morning, to visit his houses in Marybone, which were repairing. As he was there generally at four o'clock in the morning, and of course long before the workmen, he used to sit down contentedly on the steps before the door, to scold them when they did come. The neighbors, who used to see him appear so regularly every morning, and concluded from his apparel, that he was one of the workmen, observed, that "there never was such a punctual man as the *Old Carpenter!*"

Mr. Elwes, had now attained the age of seven-

ty-six, and began for the first time, to feel some bodily infirmities from age. He experienced some occasional attacks of the gout; on which, with his accustomed perseverance and antipathy to apothecaries and their bills, he would set out to walk as far, and as fast as he could. While engaged in this painful mode of cure, he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered, and was as often brought home by some errand-boy or stranger of whom he had enquired his way. On these occasions, he would bow, and thank them with great politeness, at the door, but never indulged them with a sight of the interior of the house.

Another singularity was reserved for the close of Mr. Elwes's life, which considering his disposition and advanced age, was not less extraordinary than many already recorded. He, who had during his whole life, been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants with whom he had for some time been accustomed to pass his hours in the kitchen, had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and had it not been discovered, it is doubtful whether she would not have prevailed upon him to marry her. From such an act of madness, he was however saved by good fortune, and the attention of his friends.

During the winter of 1788, the last Mr. Elwes was fated to see, his memory visibly weakened every day; and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should.

die in want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day when this gentleman waited upon him, he said with apparent concern, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

About this time Mr. George Elwes, his elder son, married a young lady, not less distinguished for her engaging manners than for her beauty. She was a Miss Alt, of Northamptonshire, a lady of whom any father might be proud; but pride, or even concern, in these matters, were not passions likely to affect Mr. Elwes; as a circumstance which happened a few years before, in a case not dissimilar, will prove.

His son at that time had paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel, of Oxford, who, of course, thought proper to wait upon old Mr. Elwes, to apprize him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent. He had not the least objection to the match. Doctor Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage between the young people might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. "This ready acquiescence is so obliging!" said the Doctor—"But doubtless you feel for the mutual wishes of the parties." "I dare say I do," replied the old gentleman,

"Then, Sir," said Doctor Noel, "you have no objection to an immediate union? you see I talk freely on the subject." Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. "Now then, Sir," observed Doctor Noel, "we have only one thing to settle; and you are so kind, there can be no difficulty about the matter; as I shall behave liberally to my niece—what do you mean to give your son?"—"*Give!*" said Elwes, "sure I did not say any thing about *giving*; but, if you wish it so much, I will *give* my *consent*."

Mr. George Elwes, having now married and settled at his seat at Marcham, was naturally desirous that in the assiduities of his wife, his father might at length find a comfortable home. A journey with any expence annexed to it was however, an insurmountable obstacle. This was fortunately removed, by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole. Still there was another circumstance not a little distressing; the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and could not afford to buy a new one. His son therefore with pious fraud, requested Mr. Partis to buy him a coat, and make him a present of it. Thus formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all, he was glad to accept one of a neighbour.

On the arrival of the old gentleman, his son and his wife neglected nothing that was likely to render the country a scene of quiet to him. But

he carried that within his bosom, which baffled every effort of the kind. His mind, cast away on the vast and troubled ocean of his property, extending beyond the bounds of his calculation, amused itself with fetching and carrying a few guineas, which in that ocean were indeed but a drop.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" If any one of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had concealed his money to see if it was safe.

One night, while in this waking state, he missed the sum which he had carried with him into Berkshire amounting to five guineas and a half and half a crown. He had wrapped it up in various folds of paper that no part of his treasure might be lost. The circumstances of his loss were these. His attorney, who had accompanied and still remained with him at his house in Berkshire, was waked one morning about two o'clock by the step of some one walking barefoot about his chamber with great caution. Somewhat alarmed at this unexpected intrusion he

naturally asked? "Who is there." The person, coming up towards his bed, replied with great civility: "Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half and half a crown."—"Dear Sir," replied Mr. Partis, "I hope you are mistaken; do not make yourself uneasy." "Oh! no, no," rejoined the old gentleman; it's all true; and really, Mr. Partis, with such a sum—I should have liked to have seen the end of it."—This unfortunate sum was a few days afterwards found in a corner behind the window-shutter.

In the autumn of 1789, his memory was gone entirely; his senses sunk rapidly into decay, and his mind became unsettled, gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head.

On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed, from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone: he had but a faint recollection of every thing about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh; leaving property to the amount of above 800,000l. The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons, was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Timms, of the second troop of Horse Guards.

One strange circumstance should not be omitted. Some days previous to the death of his father, Mr. John Elwes was returning from an estate he had just purchased, in Gloucestershire, with a clergyman, to whom he had given the living. On his journey a strange presentiment came across his mind, that he should see his father but once again. The idea was so strongly impressed upon his thoughts, that he set out in the middle of the night to reach Marcham: he did reach it, and was in time to be witness of

that sight which most afflicts a good son, on the subject of a father—he beheld him expire.

The following Epitaph on Mr. Elwes, is copied from the Chelmsford Chronicle. Its beauties, and the striking picture of the man whose memory it is intended to perpetuate, will be a sufficient apology for introducing it.

HERE, to man's honour, or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race
In ELWES' form;—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd;
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass—that many a diamond bore:
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
And av'rice coupled with benevolence:
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind—and always just:
With power to reach Ambition's highest birth,
He sunk a mortal—groveling to the earth;
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor—still poorer to himself:
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for wealth;
Call'd by her voice—but call'd without expense,
His noble nature rous'd in her defence;
And in the Senate labouring in her cause,
The firmest guardian of the fairest laws
He stood;—and each instinctive taint above,
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love;
Yet still with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd.
By Penury guarded from Pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain,
And adding to the millions never tried,
Lov'd—pitied—scorn'd—and honour'd—ELWES died!

Learn from this proof, that, in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean;
Discordant qualities together tied,
Virtues in him and vices are allied:
The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
We all the mixtures of an ELWES share.
Pondering his faults—then ne'er his worth disown,
But in *his* nature recollect *thine own*;
And think—for life and pardon where to trust,
Were God not MERCY, when his creature's dust.

MESSENGER MONSEY.

MESSENGER MONSEY was born in the year 1693, at a remote village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector; but at the revolution, by declining the oaths, he forfeited his preferment. He was more fortunate than the generality of the nonjuring clergy, as he had some resource in a paternal estate, which is still in the family, and preserved him from those difficulties which too many at that time encountered, who sacrificed temporal interest to a steady adherence to their principles.

The subject of these memoirs received a good classical education, which his father chiefly superintended himself. He was then removed to St. Mary Hall, Cambridge, and, after five years spent at the university, studied physic some time under Sir Benjamin Wrench, at Norwich, from which place he went and settled as a physician at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

Here he married a widow, with a handsome jointure, who at her death, left him one daughter. This lady became the wife of a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family, in the city of London.

At Bury, Dr. Monsey experienced the common fate of country physicians, being obliged to

submit to constant fatigue, long journies, and the inconveniences of an inadequate income. He has been heard to confess, that with the utmost exertion of unwearied application, his receipts never exceeded three hundred pounds a year, by efforts, which, in an easy chariot, and in the streets of London, secured Dr. Warren nearly twenty times that income. Here had it not been for a fortunate accident, his merits might have been confined to a provincial newspaper, and his fame to a country church-yard.

Lord Godolphin, the son of Queen Anne's lord treasurer, was seized with an apoplectic complaint, on his journey to his seat near Newmarket: the nearest medical help was at Bury, and Dr. Monsey, either by the assistance of nature or his own skill, was so successful as to save Lord Godolphin's life, and secure his warmest gratitude. Lord Godolphin was single, not very young, nor much addicted to company or dissipation. He felt, that by attaching himself to worth so superior to the situation in which he found it, he should obtain a rational companion for his leisure hours, and a medical friend, so desirable in the decline of life. During the intervals of illness his regard for the doctor increased; and, after his lordship's recovery, his behaviour was so unassuming, and his patron's offers so liberal, that he immediately accompanied him to the metropolis. Here he was not doomed to struggle with the painful disappointment of hope deferred, for he was treated at Lord Godolphin's

as a friend and companion, and introduced to many of the first characters of the age. Among others, Sir Robert Walpole assiduously cultivated his acquaintance; and the late Earl of Chesterfield always acknowledged, with gratitude, the benefit he derived from his medical skill and assistance.

He thus trod the pleasantest part of life, the midway between leisure and fatigue, while friendship, polished society, and literary amusement, might be said to strew it with flowers. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, though his great age, for many years before his death, prevented his attendance at their meetings; and, on the death of Dr. Smart, physician to Chelsea hospital, he was appointed to succeed him. Although Lord Godolphin readily embraced every opportunity to forward the interest of his friend Monsey (as he always used to call him), yet he could not persuade himself to lose his agreeable society, which he was frequently heard to declare, was the solace and comfort of his life. He, therefore, on Dr. Monsey's appointment to Chelsea, procured leave for him still to reside in town, on condition of visiting the hospital as occasion required.

He was at one time in the habit of the closest intimacy with the late David Garrick, whose fascinating powers of conversation and elegant manners, formed a striking contrast to Dr. Monsey's. The latter, during a long intercourse with the great and the gay, ever preserved a certain

plainness of behaviour, which, to those who associated with him, was by no means unpleasing.

He could never be persuaded to sacrifice sincerity at the shrine of adulation; he spoke the truth; and, which sometimes gave offence, the whole truth. This frequently afforded occasion to ignorance and malignity to cry him down as a cynic; but his censure, though severe, was generally just, and his shafts were directed against vice, folly, and affectation.

This difference of manners between him and the manager produced a mutual, but not unfriendly, exchange of raillery: to raise a laugh at the doctor's expence, was the amusement of many a happy hour at Hampton.

Garrick told him one evening, after his return from performing at Drury-lane, that, wishing to see a favorite scene acted by a performer at Covent-garden, then much in fashion, he had slily slipped from his own stage, and trusted an under actor, known by the name of Dagger Marr, for a few minutes to supply his place, which was only to stand silent and aloof; and that, having satisfied his curiosity, he returned time enough to resume his part. The doctor credulously swallowed the story, and circulated it with a degree of serious wonder; the town enjoyed the joke, and he was heartily laughed at for his pains.

At the time when the Doctor was in the firmest habit of friendship with Garrick, there was seldom a day but they met in company with

some other geniuses of the age. They two being once at a tavern with Hogarth, and two others they were lamenting the want of a picture of Fielding. " I think," said Garrick, " I could make his face," which he did accordingly.

" For heaven sake hold, David!" said Hogarth, " remain as you are for a few minutes." Garrick did so, while Hogarth sketched the outlines, which were afterwards finished from their mutual recollection; and this drawing was the original of all the portraits we have at present of the admired author of Tom Jones.

Hogarth afterwards said, " Now, David, as you are in the right humour, and I am in a proper temper, do sit for your picture, and I will take it off in five minutes."

Garrick complied; but, while the painter was proceeding, he mischievously altered his face, with a gradual change, so as to render the portrait entirely unlike. Hogarth blamed himself, and began a second time, but with the same success. After swearing a little, he began a third time, and did not discover that Garrick had played the trick upon him till the fourth time. Hogarth then found it out, flew into a violent passion, and would have thrown palette, pencils, and brush, at Garrick's head, if he had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him. Nor would the painter be reconciled with his friends who were then present, because they enjoyed the scene, and were highly gratified at his expence.

Those who knew Mr. Garrick, admired and loved him; but they knew, and universally confessed, that although he eagerly sought and enjoyed a joke at the expence of another, he was most seriously nettled if a laugh was raised at his own. Monsey frequently retorted with success. The little manager was sore, and, on a *particular* occasion, allowed himself a most unjustifiable asperity of reply, that called forth the latent spark of resentment in his friend.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man (Dr. Hildesly, who preceded Dr. Wilson,) was saying that Garrick certainly meant to quit the stage: "He never will do it," said Monsey, "as long as he knows a guinea is cross on one side, and pile on the other."—an expression proverbial in Norfolk. This was industriously reported. The violence with which it was resented proved *that it was true;* and the long acquaintance was closed by an anonymous letter, sent by Garrick, containing the frequently quoted extract from Horace: *Absentem qui rodit amicum,* &c. a sentiment which Roscius ought to have been the last man to quote, as the *eccentric oddities* of his friend, as he used to call them, afforded him at all times, and at all places, an inexhaustible fund of ridiculous anecdote.

Intimate friends are said to make the most inveterate enemies; and Garrick, by his repeated and widely diffused sarcasms, certainly imbittered the enmity. Mutual recriminations, produced by the interference of some officious meddlers,

who enjoyed their quarrel, passed between them to the very last.

Some unfinished stanzas were penned by the doctor, during the manager's illness, in which several physicians had been called in; but, as soon as Garrick died, which Monsey did not expect, they were instantly destroyed, and he could never be prevailed on to repeat them.

A gentleman who was favored with a sight of them, has given from memory the following passages, which afford a tolerable specimen of the satirical talents of the doctor.

Seven wise physicians lately met
To save a wretched sinner:
Come, Tom, says Jack, pray let's be quick,
Or I shall lose my dinner.

The consultation then begins, and the case of the patient is stated; after which,

Some roar'd for rhubarb, jalap some,
And some cried out for Dover,
Let's give him something, each one said,——
Why e'en let's give him—over.

This desperate council is, however rejected by one of the medical sages, who, after some reflections on the life and habit of the patient, declares that he has great confidence in chink; adding.

Not dried up chinks, you ninnies;
The chinking that I recommend,
Is the famous chink of guineas.

A humorous altercation now ensues to determine by whom this auricular application of the purse should be made. With a humility and politeness to each other, for which physicians are so remarkable, each declines the honor to the superior rank or years of his neighbour; but the poet shrewdly guesses, that this backwardness arose from the majority of them not chusing to exhibit the comfortless state of their pockets.

At last, a physician in vogue prides himself on his purse, replenished with guineas, which he had weighed, found *heavy*, and not *returned* to his patients as light; in the moment of exultation he exclaims :

I and my long tails seldom fail,
To earn a score a day.

After due solemnity he approaches the bedside; the curtain is withdrawn, and the glittering gold shaken in the sick man's ear.

Soon as the fav'rite sound he heard
One faint effort he tried;
He op'd his eyes, he stretch'd his hand,
He made one grasp, and died.

Lord Bath in vain attempted to reconcile them. "I thank you," said Dr. Monsey, "but, why will your lordship trouble yourself with the squabbles of a merry andrew and a quack doctor?"

On the death of Lord Godolphin, Dr. Monsey was obliged to retire from the courtly air of

St. James's, and to quit the splendid equipage, and retinue of a peer, together with a most agreable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall-table, his time piece and his old woman.

As age and all its additional cares came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was observed in Dr. Monsey; it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a violator of those minute rules of good breeding, which, however trifling they may appear to the sage and the philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life. The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined, as a man, who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and *convenience*. Nor can Dr. Monsey be wholly exculpated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and womanish men, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbor, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his argument. "If you have any faith in your opinion, will you ven-

ture a small wager on it?"—I could, but I won't," was the answer.—" Then you have very little wit, or very little money," said Monsey.

A military man, more famous for his wheelbarrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a royal duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of a fortunate Irishman, than for his achievements, contributed very much so render the doctor's situation at Chelsea uncomfortable. It was owing to the following circumstance:

This hoary veteran, who pretended to reform when no longer able to sin, was in a very illiberal manner abusing a friend of the doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee, and the doctor for defending him. The latter instantly silenced the formal, but empty prater, by these words: " you have little right to abuse him for gallantry, for you attempted to debauch his mother; and, as to his courage, he did not stay at home, whoring and drinking, and get his bones broken in an affray under the Piazzas, while his regiment was cut to pieces in Germany, and then hurry over thither just time enough to hear peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities produced by vice, and boast of them, as the consequence of wounds received in the service of his country."

With respect to religion, after long study and much reading, Dr. Monsey was a staunch and rational supporter of the unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to Bishops

and establishments, to creeds and to tests; but when the "blasphemous Athanasian doctrine" (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was one fine day riding in Hyde-park with a Mr. Robinson, a well meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with his saying, "And, doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God."—"And I, Mr. Robinson (replied the doctor) talk with people who believe there are *three*." The frightened trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of such a prophane reply.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk doctor," as he called him—*he knew it*, and neglected it. The prime minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him. "How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey?"—"They get places," said the doctor "I get a dinner and praise."

At one time the late ingenious Mrs. Montague was intimate with Dr. Monsey, so much so, that for many years she received from him a poetical compliment on her birth-day. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined, he was always silent on

the subject; but it was suspected to be owing to an extreme parsimony which appeared in the lady's conduct ever since she built her magnificent house in Portman-square.

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bugbear that drove him to risk his money on troublesome securities, and ultimately produced heavy losses. He used to speak feelingly (as losers always do) of the villainy of a Welsh parson and a London attorney.

The doctor was frequently anxious in his absence from his apartment, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes: bureaus and strong boxes he was conscious had often failed of security. Previous to a journey to Norfolk, to visit his brother and friends, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire place of his sitting room for his treasury, and placed banknotes and cash to a considerable amount in that unusual situation, in one corner under the cinders and shavings. On his return after a month's absence, he found his old woman (as he always called his housekeeper) preparing to treat a friend or two with a cup of tea; and by way of shewing respect to her guests, she had made a fire in the parlor (or master's sitting room) fire place to make the kettle boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had not long been lighted, when Monsey arrived at the critical moment.

When the doctor entered the room, her company had scarcely begun tea: he ran across the

room like a madman, saying, " D—n your blood you b—h, you have ruined me for ever; you have burned all my Bank notes!" First went the contents of the slop-bason, then the tea-pot, and then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who in the utmost consternation retreated as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out " For God's, sake sir, forbear; you will spoil the steel stove and fire irons." " D—n the stove, irons, you, your company and all!" replied the doctor; " you have ruined and undone me for ever: you have burned my bank notes." " Lord, sir," said the half drowned woman, " who'd think of putting Bank notes in a Bath stove, where the fire is ready laid?" " And d---n you," said he " who'd think of making a fire in summer time, where there has not been one for these several months?" He then pulled out all the coals and cinders, and at one corner he found the remains of his Bank notes, for, being twice folded, one quarter of them so doubled, and wrapped in brown paper, were entire, so as to be legible.

Next day Dr. Monsey went to Lord Godolphin's, told his lordship the story, producing the remains of the notes, and with such energetic gestures in acting the part of finding them, as made him ready to burst his sides with laughter. He was, however, so well pleased, that he told him he would go with him to the bank the next day, and get the cash for him through his influence,

and would be collateral security for the doctor's integrity and honesty as to their value.

Lord Godolphin having occasion to see the king (George II.) that day on business, told his majesty the story of Monsey and his bank notes. Being well acquainted with the doctor's strange character, the king resolved to go to Lord Godolphin's next morning, and conceal himself in a closet. When Monsey came, it was agreed that Lord Godolphin should get him to repeat the story, which, upon his arrival, he effected with much difficulty. His majesty was so highly diverted, that, in attempting to stifle the mirth it excited, and to withdraw unperceived, he stumbled and the closet door opened. The doctor was much chagrined with Lord Godolphin for running the laugh on him, and just broke out "God"---when his majesty appeared, and on seeing him, the doctor continued: "bless your majesty! this may be a joke with you and his lordship, but to me a loss of near 400*l*." "No, no," replied Lord Godolphin, "for I am ready to go with you immediately and get your notes renewed, or the money for them." His lordship ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet the doctor at the room in the Bank, where some of the directors daily attend.

The doctor being obliged to go to the Horse-guards, on business, took water at Whitehall for the bank. In going down the river his curiosity excited him to pull out his pocket-book, to see if the remains of his Bank notes were safe; when

a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into the river. "Put back, you sons of b——s! G--d d---n you, put back---(cried the doctor) my bank notes are overboard!" He was instantly obeyed; and, when they reached them, he took the hat from his head and dipping it in the river took up his notes, together with half a hatful of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. He was landed at the Three Cranes, walked straight to the Bank, and was shewn into the room where Lord Godolphin had just before arrived, and had given notice of Dr. Monsey's coming.

"What have you under your arm?" said Lord Godolphin. "The damned notes," replied the doctor, throwing the hat with the contents on the table among all the books and papers, and with such force as made the water fly in the faces of those who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remains of your damned notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them!" A burst of laughter succeeded on being informed of the last adventure, and the doctor was obliged to repeat the original story over again with the addition of the water scene. An order was then made out for the whole amount, on the doctor's veracity, and Lord Godolphin's assurance of his integrity and singularity.

All this time the watermen were very noisy for their fare, swearing that the doctor was a mad man. When he left the place with Lord Godol-

phin to return to his carriage, they even laid hold on him, and the doctor was so absent that he entirely forgot their errand, and absolutely knocked one of them down with his stick for insulting him. Lord Godolphin interfered; when he recollected that he came by water, and had not paid the men, on which he gave them a crown to drink for the mistake, and half-a-crown for their fare.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious---a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse. If he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for he has been known in two instances to burn a bond for 100*l.* which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but would have been distressed, to repay it.

A neighbour of the doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money; though the doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions, both to him and his wife. He attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of, or offered; and on one occasion at some distance from town, when the doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas. After some time, this *abuser* and *practiser* of sordid actions,

sent his friend a ten-pound Bank note, which Dr. Monsey directly returned, saying "that the attentions of a *friend* cannot be repaid with *money*;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate, worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

He was ever ready to advance sums to assist inferior tradesmen, often with very little prospect of receiving the money again. Not long before his death, he advanced a servant, retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business. The tradesman had applied for assistance to his master, a finical, delicate, woman's man, who trembled at a breeze; he *generously* lent him *twenty pounds*, which he made him repay in a *fortnight*. The performer of this *generous* action has been heard to exclaim against the doctor as a miser and a brute.

Among a number of instances that might be related of Dr. Monsey's absence of mind, the following is one which he frequently mentioned, and laughed at very heartily, when in a good humour, at the same time observing, that his brother was as bad as himself.

Being once on a visit to his brother in Norfolk, in the beginning of winter, and intending to set off for London the next day, his brother proposed to go and shoot wild ducks early in the morning, that he might take two or three couple fresh killed to London with him. The servant had orders to clean the long fowling-piece, get

plenty of powder and shot, and to grease their boots. Every thing being in readiness, according to their desire, about an hour before daylight the doctor and his brother set off for the place where the ducks resort, in order to be there by break of day, when they generally take wing to go to feed.

They had walked nearly three miles; and it having rained in the night, the clay-mud wall was very dirty and greasy, when they heard the cry of the ducks. They were now obliged to get over the wall and a gate across a sluice into the marsh, where the ducks were. The rain had raised the water about a foot. It was then proposed that one should go over, and the other remain behind. Says the doctor, "George, do you go over, for I have forgotten my boots."

By G---d, doctor, so have I," said his brother, "but we won't lose our sport, as we have come thus far." So both waded through, and got over the gate into the marsh: and advancing along the fleet, they at length perceived the duck. "You are near enough, George," said the doctor. "Aye," replied George, "I think we are not above one hundred yards off." "Why, then, fire," says the doctor. "Do you fire," returned George. "Why, I have not got the gun, do you fire. "I fire! why d---n it, I have not got the gun," said the brother, "I thought you had it. What a fine opportunity is lost! Here are not less than thirty ducks within shot, and neither of us have got the gun!" Thus, after rising very

early, walking at least three miles in a most dirty place, along the salt marshes, and wading midleg in water above fifty yards, they found that they had both forgot to take the gun, as well as their boots.

By way of ridiculing family pride, Dr. Monsey used to relate that the first of his ancestors, of *any note*, was a baker and dealer in hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family. To supply an urgent demand, he robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the dificiency with unsaleable hops. A few years afterwards, a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and excessively dear. The hoarded treasure was ripped out of the beds, and a good sum was procured for hops, which, in a plentiful season, would have been unsaleable, and thus said the doctor our family *hopped* from obscurity.

Of Dr. Monsey's eccentric character, the following circumstances may serve as an addition to the examples that have already been given:

One time, when the doctor was coming from his brother's in Norfolk up to London, in the Norwich coach, during the Christmas holidays, the inside of the coach was crowded with game, as presents from country-gentlemen to their friends in town. As there was just room for only one passenger, the doctor would gladly have deferred his departure, although it was on particular business, as there were no living passengers; but, as they refused at the coach-office either to

return his earnest money, or to permit it to stand a part of his coach-hire to town next day, he entered the coach. When day-light appeared, seeing that the game had different assignments, he thought it better to be doing mischief than nothing at all; therefore, to amuse himself, he altered all the directions: the pheasant that were going to my lord, or his grace, were sent to some tradesman. In short, every thing had a different destination from what was originally assigned it. Thus, on the delivery of the parcels an universal confusion took place, and those who by advice in a letter expected one thing, received another; but the doctor observed, that he always took care to send a good turkey to the tradesman.

The doctor once going along Oxford market observed a poor woman, far advanced in pregnancy at a butcher's shop, asking the price of a fine piece of beef. The brute answered the woman, "one penny a pound," thinking, no doubt, it was too good for her. "Weigh that piece of beef," said the doctor.

"Ten pounds and a half," said Mr. Butcher.

"Here, good woman," cried the doctor "hold up your apron, and take that beef home to your family."

"God bless your honour!"

"Go off, directly—home: no compliments! Here, Mr. Butcher (says the doctor), give me change out of this shilling for that poor woman's beef."

" What do you mean, sir?" replied the butcher.

" Mean, sir! why to pay for the poor woman's beef, what you asked her,—a penny a pound. Come, make haste and give me three halfpence: I am in a hurry."

" Why, sir,"——said the butcher.

" No why sirs with me," answered the doctor, " give me my change instantly, or I will break your head." The butcher again began to expostulate, and the doctor struck him with all his force with his cane. A number of butchers had by this time gathered around him. The doctor told the story, and they could not refrain from laughing at their brother steel. The butcher vowed he would summons the doctor before the court of conscience. The latter gave the man his address, but never got his change, or heard any more of his butcher.

A particular apartment in Dr. Monsey's house was devoted to mechanics, and displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels, nails, and saws, hammers and chissels; and, as long as age and sight allowed, he amused himself almost every day in this recess, and was particularly pleased in executing any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch and a good clock; he possessed a timepiece of great value, and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string,

which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which, towards the conclusion of his life was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks, and stopped them. In the night, his old friends, in spite of all the doctor's applications, were both silent; he rung his bell, instantly rose himself, called his servants, and the whole house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the author of the joke was forbidden his house for ever.

The doctor had a particular mode of drawing his own teeth: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of catgut firmly round the affected tooth; the other end of the catgut was, by means of a strong knot, attached to a bullet, with a hole made through it; with this bullet, a pistol was charged, and, when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion was got rid of, and a disagreeable operation evaded. Though he declared that he never knew this method attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarcely ever met with any body who would adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

The doctor, who dearly loved a smart repartee, was one day riding with his servant in his own

county when he observed a shepherd tending his flock, with a new coat on. " Harkee, friend," said the doctor, " who gave you that coat?" The shepherd (taking him for a parson, as he was dressed in black) replied " The same that clothed you---*the parish*." The doctor, highly pleased with the answer, rode on a little way, and then desired his man to go back, and ask the shepherd if he wanted a place, as he wanted a fool. The servant went and delivered his message. *Why, are you going away?* said the shepherd. " No," answered the servant.---" Then tell your master, replied the shepherd, " *that his living, I am sure, cannot maintain three of us.*" This answer being brought to the doctor, he dispatched the fellow off again to the shepherd, with a crown for the joke.

Such, was Dr. Monsey; but at length infirmity clouded his faculties; garrulous old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance, succeeded to that gaiety and wit which had very often set the table in a roar, and to those sallies of ironical sarcasm, which no, " *power of face*" could resist. He had far exceeded the usual age of man; the accomplishment of his century was near at hand; and he declared, in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had out-lived his pleasures and his friends. Nature was at last completly exhausted and he expired in his 96th year.

His will, as might be expected, had a tincture of the traits and oddities of his life. He left

the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about 16,000l. to his daughter for her life, and afterwards by a long and complicated entail, to her *female* descendants. He also mentions a young lady, with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom, he says, he meant to have left a legacy; but discovering her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, he was induced to alter his mind.

He directs his body to be anatomized, and the skeleton to be kept at Chelsea hospital, bequeaths an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs most vehemently against bishops, deans, and chapters; and gives annuities to two clergymen, who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

The doctor lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea-hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the grant had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different paymasters of the forces. The doctor, one day looking out of his window, and seeing a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who he knew had just got a reversion of the place, came out to him, and thus accosted him: "Well, sir, I see your are examining your house and gardens that *are to be*, and I assure you they are both very pleasant and very

convenient; but I must tell you *one* circumstance, you are the *fifth* man that has got the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all; and what is more (said the doctor, looking very archly at him,) there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too."

The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman very soon after died; and what was still more extraordinary, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, there was no person who had the promise of the reversion.

JOHN CASE.

ENGLAND is a country in which the arts of empiricism and quackery have long experienced extraordinary encouragement. To whatever cause this may be owing, whether to the credulity of the people, or to excessive concern for their health, or to the superior ingenuity of the impostors by whom they are duped, certain it is that the Lillys, the Bookers, the Partridges, and the Cases of the seventeenth century, were not less celebrated than the Solomons and Brodums of the present day.

Case was a native of Lime Regis in Dorsetshire, and was many years, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, a noted practitioner in physic and astrology. He was looked upon as the successor of Lilly, whose magical uten-

sils he possessed. These he would sometimes expose in derision to his intimate friends, and particularly the dark chamber and pictures by which Lilly used to impose on simple people, under the pretence of shewing them persons who were absent.

The doctor was a man of singular humor, or what is not improbable, he adopted the appearance of eccentricity in order to make himself known and acquire popularity. Over his door was the following couplet:

Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.

By this distich he is said to have got more than Dryden did by all his works. He was no doubt also well paid for composing that which he affixed to his pill-boxes:

Here's fourteen pills for thirteen pence,
Enough in any man's own con—sci—ence.

Case was the author of a work entitled "The Angelical Guide, shewing Men and Women their lot and chance in this elementary life." It was published in 1697, and is one of the most profound astrological pieces that the world ever beheld. The diagrams would have puzzled Euclid, even though he had studied astrology. The Rev. Mr. Granger informs us, that he has seen the doctor's head pasted in a port-folio, amidst these strange diagrams, with the following motto:

" Thron'd in the centre of his dark designs."

This book contains, among other things, an unintelligible hieroglyphic, immediately after which is this passage which may be selected as a specimen of the work.

" Thus Adam was created in that pleasant place called Paradise, about the year before Christ 4002, viz. on April 24th, at twelve o'clock or midnight. Now this place, Paradise, is in Mesopotamia, where the pole is elevated 34 deg. 30 min. and the sun riseth four hours sooner than under the elevation of the pole at London. Now our curious reader may be inquisitive concerning this matter. If you will not credit *these reasons* laid down, pray read Josephus; there you will see something of this matter viz. of the *first* primum mobile or *moving posture* of the world, and place of Paradise and elevation of its pole. Many controversies have been about the time and season of the year, therefore I shall not trouble my reader any further with them. Let the scripture be our guide in this matter. *Let there be,* saith the word, *and there was:* and also the fifth day's work of the creation, when the grass-hoppers were, and the trees sprang out; this may give us to understand, that the time of the creation must have its beginning in the spring. Now for the place or centre of the earth from whence we may observe the poles as afore-mentioned in Mesopotamia, where God placed Adam: so the spring

is two months sooner than here with us, under the elevation of the pole at London."

This passage is so totally unconnected with any thing else in the book, except we suppose some abstruse meaning in the hieroglyphic, that it must be presumed to be self-evident, or the author must have acted like James Moore, who wrote "the Rival Modes," who introduces the following dialogue between himself and his reader:

R. What makes you write and trifle so?
M. Because I've nothing else to do.
R. But there's no meaning to be seen.
M. Why that's the very thing I mean.

The following authentic anecdote of Case, was communicated to the Rev. Mr. Granger, by the Rev. Mr. Gosling, in these terms: Dr. Maundy, formerly of Canterbury, told me that, in his travels abroad, some eminent physician, who had been in England, gave him a token to spend at his return with Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Case. They fixed on an evening and were very merry, when Dr. Radcliffe thus began a health: 'Here, brother Case, to all the fools your patients.' 'Thank you, good brother,' replied Case; 'let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice.'

In Pope's account of the phrensy of John Dennis, the poet introduces Dr. Case, as being sent for to attend him. It should also be observed that, as his name was latinized to *Caseus*, it was upon

no slight ground supposed by some foreigners to have been *Cheese.*

The time of Dr. Case's death is uncertain, but that event probably took place during the reign of Queen Anne.

JOHN LACEY.

IN the beginning of the last century, a considerable agitation was excited in the public mind in England, by the fanaticism of certain French refugees, who pretended to the character of prophets. As nothing is more catching, than religious enthusiasm, it is not surprizing that they should find followers and supporters, though we should scarcely expect to find among them, men of learning, talents, and consequence. Such, however was the case, in this instance.

Government, at length thought fit to take some notice of these fanatics, and several of them were sentenced to the pillory as impostors. In such a cause, persecution only produces the contrary effect to what it is intended: accordingly this punishment was so far from convincing these pretended prophets of their errors, that it served but to strengthen them and their followers in their delusion.

After the first prosecution of these infatuated people, and when Mr. Emms, one of their adherents, had not risen from the dead as they had

foretold that he would on a particular day, government determined to proceed against them with greater severity. Orders were therefore given to the attorney-general to prosecute Sir Richard Bulkely, and others, who were ringleaders in the affair. However before any farther measures were pursued, Lord Godolphin and Mr. Harley, who were then high in office, sent a gentleman to Dr. Calamy, an eminent divine, to consult him on the subject. The doctor answered that, after having fully considered the matter, he was thoroughly convinced that it would be much the best for government to remain quiet, and not give the least disturbance to the new prophets or their abettors. This advice he inforced with such strong arguments, that it was attended to and followed. The consequence was, that, in a little time these enthusiasts sunk into contempt and dwindled away to nothing. Sir Richard Bulkely, a gentleman of considerable learning, who was very short and crooked, expected under the new dispensation to be made straight and handsome in a miraculous way; but to his great disappointment and mortification he died before the miracle was accomplished.

Among the followers of these prophets none appeared more zealous than John Lacey Esq. a gentleman of Dr. Calamy's congregation. He not only supported the doctrines of the enthusiasts, but pretended himself to be divinely inspired. Dr. Calamy, had once an opportunity of seeing Mr. Lacey in one of his fits. "I went," says he "in-

to the room where he sat, and walked up to him and asked him how he did, and took him by the hand, and lifted it up, and it fell down flat upon his knees as it lay before. He took no notice of me, nor made me any answer; but I observed the humming noise grew louder and louder by degrees, and the heaving in his breast increased, till it came up in his throat, as if it would have suffocated him, and then he at last proceeded to speak, or as he would have it taken, the spirit spake in him. The speech was syllabical; and there was a distinct heave and breathe between each syllable; but it required attention to distinguish the words. I shall here add it as far as my memory serves.

'Thou—hast—been—my—faith—ful—ser—vant:—and—I—have—ho—no—red—thee:—but I—do—not—take—it—well—that—thou—slight—est—and—op—pos—est—my—ser—vants—and—mes—sen—gers.—If—thou—wilt—fall—in with—these—my—ser—vants,—thou—shalt—do—great—things—in—this—dis—pen—sa—tion:—and—I—will—use—thee—as—a—glo—ri—ous in—stru—ment—to—my—praise;—and—I—will—take—care—of—thee—and—thine.—But—if—thou—go—est—on—to—op—pose—my—ser—vants,—thou—wilt—fall—un—der—my—se—vere—dis—plea—sure.'

"When the speech was over, the humming and heaving gradually abated; and I again took him by the hand, felt his pulse, which moved pretty quick, but I could not perceive by his hands

any thing like sweating, or more than common heat."

Some time after this, Mr. Lacey, without giving the least notice, got up one morning, left his lady in bed, quitted his house and children, and taking a few necessaries with him, went to live among the prophets. Here he took to himself for a wife one Betty Grey, who had been a snuffer of candles in the playhouse, but now passed for a person inspired. This transaction, in one of his inspirations at which Dr. Calamy was present, he called quitting Hagar and betaking himself to Sarah; and declared that he did it by the order of the Spirit. At length Mr. Lacey retired with this woman, by whom he had several children, into Lancashire, where he died in 1730. He persisted in his prophetic notions to the last, and never manifested any concern for his wife and children whom he had deserted.

MARGARET FINCH.

BEFORE we present the reader with some account of this remarkable person, a few leading facts relative to the extraordinary race of people to whom she belonged, may not perhaps, prove unacceptable. The Gipsies are called, in most parts of the continent, Cingari or Zingari; in Germany, Zigeuner; and by the Spaniards, Gita-

nos. It is uncertain when they first appeared in Europe, but mention is made of them in Hungary and Germany, so early as the year 1417. Within the ten succeeding years, we find them in France, Switzerland and Italy. The date of their arrival in England is still more uncertain; but most probably it was not till about a century later. In 1530 they are noticed in the penal statutes in these terms: "Forasmuch as before this time, divers and many outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandize, have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and used great, subtle and crafty means to deceive the people; bearing them in hand that they, by palmistry, could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so, many times by craft and subtlety, have deceived the people of their money; and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies to the great hurt and deceit of the people they have come among," &c. This is the preamble to an act, by which the Gipsies were ordered to quit the realm under heavy penalties. Two subsequent acts, passed in 1555 and 1563, made it death for them to remain in the kingdom, and to the disgrace of the legislature, it remains upon record that thirteen were executed under these acts in the county of Suffolk, a few years before the Restoration.

The Gpsies were expelled France in 1560, and Spain in 1591: but it does not appear that they have been exterpated in any country. Their

collective numbers in every quarter of the globe have been calculated at seven or eight hundred thousand. They are most numerous in Asia, and in the northern parts of Europe. Various opinions have been given relative to their origin. That they came from Egypt has been the most prevalent. This opinion, from which is derived their appellation of Gipsies, arose from some of the first who arrived in Europe pretending that they came from that country; which they did, perhaps, to heighten their reputation for skill in palmistry and the occult sciences. It is now generally agreed that they originally came from Hindostan; since their language so far coincides with the Hindostanee, that even now, after a lapse of more than three centuries, during which they have been dispersed in various foreign countries, nearly one half of their words are precisely those of Hindostan: and scarcely any variation is to be found in vocabularies procured from the Gipsies in Turkey, Hungary, Germany and England.

The manners of the Gipsies, for the most part coincide, as well as their language, in every quarter of the globe where they are found; being the same idle, wandering race, and seldom professing any ostensible mode of livelihood except that of fortune-telling. Their religion is always that of the country in which they reside, and though no great frequenters of mosques or churches, they generally conform to rites and ceremonies as they find them established. Grell-

man in his History of the Gipsies, says, that in Germany they seldom think of any marriage ceremony; but their children are baptized and the mothers churched. In England their children are baptized and their dead buried according to the rites of the church. Perhaps the marriage ceremony is not much more regarded than in Germany, but it is certain that they are sometimes married in churches.

Upon the whole, as Grellman says, the Gipsies may certainly be regarded as a "singular phenomenon in Europe. For the space of between three and four hundred years, they have wandered about like pilgrims and strangers; yet neither time nor example has made any alteration in them. They remain in every age and in every country precisely what their fathers were. Africa makes them no blacker nor does Europe whiten their complexions."

Among this extraordinary people, Margaret Finch had the title of Queen. She was born at Sutton in Kent, in the year 1631, and after travelling over various parts of the kingdom, for nearly a century, she settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling talents attracted numerous visitors.

From a constant habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in her mouth, and attended by her faithful dog, her sinews at length became so contracted, that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after her death, it

was found necessary to inclose her body in a deep, square box. She died in October, 1740, at the great age of 109 years. Her remains were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham in Kent, where a sermon was preached on the occasion to a great concourse of people who assembled to witness the ceremony.

The picture of Margaret Finch adorns the sign of a house of public entertainment at Norwood, called the Gipsy-House, which is situated on a small green, in a valley, surrounded by woods. On this green, a few families of Gipsies have pitched their tents for a great number of years in the summer season. In winter they either procure lodgings in the metropolis, or take up their abode in barns in some of the more distant counties. In a cottage adjoining the Gipsy-House, says the Rev. Mr. Lysons, from whom these facts are principally taken, lives an old woman, grand-daughter, of Queen Margaret, who inherits her title. She is niece to Queen Bridget, who was herself niece to Margaret Finch, and was buried at Dulwich in 1768. It does not appear that the Gipsies pay her any particular respect, or that she differs from the rest of the tribe in any other point than that of being a householder.

GEORGE HANGER.

FEW characters better deserve a place in a collection like the present than the Honorable George Hanger. Though the subjoined particulars of his life may not exhibit so many or so extraordinary traits of eccentricity as we have already had occasion to introduce in some of our narratives, yet it should be recollected that there are singularities which it is as impossible to describe, as it is for the painter to transfer to his canvas the rolling of the eyes, the play of the muscles, or the sudden changes which take place in the human countenance under the influence of pain or passion. With these deductions the life of George Hanger may perhaps appear more strongly marked with profligacy and improvidence than with eccentricity; but, at least, his example may afford a useful lesson to others, to avoid the rocks of dissipation on which his fortunes were wrecked.

Scarcely any private individual of the present day, is more universally known than George Hanger; nor can that be wondered at, for he himself informs us that "he was early introduced into life, and often kept both good and bad company, associating with men and women of every description and of every rank, from the highest

to the lowest, from St. James's to St. Giles's; in palaces and night-cellars, from the drawing-room to the dust-cart."

George Hanger, is the third son of Gabriel who succeeded to the honors of the Barony of Coleraine. Speaking of his family, in the eccentric account of his life and adventures, he says, it may be well to mention by what means his father obtained a peerage. "His sister Miss Anne Hanger was married to Hare, Lord Coleraine. But my father was not in the most distant degree related to him, except by marriage. Lord Coleraine, however, dying without issue, or heir to the title, my father claimed it, with just as much right as the clerk or sexton of the parish. After the same manner as Jupiter overcame the beautiful Danae did he prove an undoubted right to the title, and was created a peer of Ireland. A lady of high rank, and of no inconsiderable influence in the days of that excellent king, George the second, is supposed to have been benefited by one of those glistening showers."

Our hero was born at his father's seat in the country, and was first sent to school at Reading, in Berkshire. Here no persuasons could induce him to apply to his studies, and the consequence was that his master had recourse to severe methods. This gentleman, whose discipline was far from agreeable to young Hanger, is stigmatized by him, with what justice we cannot pretend to say, with the epithets of brute, tyrant and savage. The following circumstances are adduced to

prove that he deserved them. Whenever he found out that two of the bigger boys had been fighting, he caused them to strip to their shirts in the public school-room. He then gave to each a rattan cane about three feet long, and ordered them to strike at each other with all their force, when he presided with a similar weapon, and whenever there appeared to be a relaxation of activity in either of the unwilling combatants, he compelled them by his own violent strokes, to renew theirs. Again, if a boy had not washed his face very clean, he used to have it rubbed with the coarsest hair-cloth that could be made.

There is often a greater portion of eccentricity in a man's opinions and way of thinking than in his actions. By way of illustrating those of George Hanger, we shall quote his observations on the mode of treatment described above.—"A child of mine!!!!!"—says he—"yes—a child of mine shall be treated in a different manner. Instead of correcting him when he fights, his tutor shall be ordered to give him a crown every battle he delivers, and half-a guinea if he is victorious in the combat: and should he beat a boy much bigger and older than himself, he shall receive a guinea. Yet at the same time he shall not be encouraged to fight for the sake of money to be awarded him, but only to resent injuries. Such principles, instilled into him at an early age, I am convinced will teach him, in maturer life, to resent insults with a proper spirit, but will not

by any means dispose him to be quarrelsome. Take two boys of equal age and equal dispositions: let the one be kept under the master's eye and never out of his sight; forbid him positively to fight, and let all those who strike or insult him be punished severely; let the other mix with his schoolfellows, and if struck or insulted, resent the injury by instantly delivering battle—the former will contract tyrannical and cowardly habits which will accompany and disgrace him through life; and the latter will be bold and liberal, but by no means more quarrelsome than his neighbors."

From Reading, young Hanger was removed on the representation of his brothers, and was then sent to the Rev. Mr. Fountain's at Mary-le-bone, where he was treated with great kindness and attention. At this early age his mischievous disposition began to display itself. A dentist used to attend at certain times to examine the children's teeth. He had drawn one of Hanger's which gave him great pain, and proposed to repeat the operation on another, which the owner was far from approving. Finding persuasion ineffectual, he endeavored to effect his purpose by artifice. Concealing his instrument in his handkerchief he prevailed on the boy to open his mouth, and permit him just to feel whether the tooth was loose or not. No sooner had he placed his thumb on George's lower jaw than he attempted to hold his mouth open by force, and had nearly fixed the instru-

ment on his tooth, when the youngster gave him a violent kick on the shins, which somewhat deranged him and at the same instant caught his thumb fast between his teeth, and gave the operator a small item to remember him by as long as he lived.

Eton was the next theatre of George Hanger's studies. Here he made considerable progress in the Latin tongue, but to Greek he took such a decided aversion, that he never would learn it. From the moment he entered the fifth form, however, he studied every thing but his books. His vacant hours in the day were employed in the sports of the field, being already very fond of his dog and gun. By night game of a different kind engrossed his whole attention. Ovid's Epistles were totally laid aside, for his Art of Love, in which our student made considerable progress; and frequently did he risk his neck in getting over the roof of his boarding-house, to pass a few hours with some favorite grisette of Windsor.

On leaving Eton, young Hanger resolved to embrace the military profession, to which a German education was thought best adapted. He was accordingly sent to perfect himself in those acquirements necessary for the career he had chosen at the celebrated university of Göttingen in Germany. After a year's application to mathematics, fortification and the language of the country, he quitted Göttingen for Hanover and Hesse Cassel, where he spent the remaining two years which

he passed on the continent, and formed an acquaintance with many distinguished characters. During his residence abroad, he held a commission as ensign in the foot-guards, and manifested the strongest attachment to the profession.

Soon after his return to England, our hero was engaged in an adventure which had well nigh been productive of fatal circumstances, and the very thought of which, he tells us, still fills him with alarm. It would considerably diminish the interest of the narrative, were we to relate it in any other words than his own.

"It was very much the fashion in those days," says he, "to walk on Sunday evenings during the summer in Kensington Gardens. They were much crowded and frequented by well-dressed persons of all ranks and descriptions. A particular friend of mine came to me in the morning, and desired that I would be in the garden that evening, as he had something particular to mension to me which he would impart when we met. I was there to my appointment, and joined him on the promenade. He then told me his reason for asking me to accompany him, was, that he was anxious to have some conversation with a lady, who would be in company with a female friend, whose attention to what might pass between them he wished me to divert by my attention to her. We did not join them till near dusk, when, drawing off from the public walk, we passed to that part of the garden, near to the palace, where formerly many of the walks were bordered

with very thick and high yew-hedges, which, from the trees and shrubbery behind them were rendered impervious to the view. It was almost dark, the night being much overcast. We were sitting on one of the garden seats, when, at some distance, we saw a man coming down the gravel-walk. The women proposed getting up and retiring by one of the small passages between the yew-hedges into the shrubbery, lest the person approaching us might know them. It was now half past nine at night; and my friend and the two ladies retired into the shrubbery. I stood before the opening of the yew-hedge, as this man came opposite to me on the gravel walk; and when he was at the distance of six or seven paces, he made a dead halt and faced about towards me. I spoke not a word for at least two or three minutes, while he kept walking a few paces backwards and forwards, viewing me, and seeming as if he wished to see what was behind me. At length, quitting the centre of the gravel-walk, he advanced two or three paces nearer to me. It was then high time to decide what I should do. But before I proceed, it is necessary to mention, that I had very imprudently put my glove in my mouth to disguise my voice; for had I spoken to him in my natural tone, on perceiving I could not be the person he sought after, he might have gone away. On his advancing, I again said: Sir, you cannot pass this way—upon which he immediately put his hand to his sword, nor did I delay to draw mine; when I retired within

the narrow passage of the hedge, to make sure, if he was determined to force an entry, that I should have the advantage of parrying a thrust from him, when he could not prevent my acting against him. He immediately advanced close to the hedge, with his sword half through it; at the same time grumbling inwardly, and absolutely snorting and blowing with anger. I could have run him through the body with the greatest facility, in the disadvantageous situation in which he was; but instead of acting, I said: 'For God's sake Sir, do not advance. You cannot want any thing of me. It is impossible that I should be the person you are looking for; but I swear, if you advance one step farther, I will kill you.' At this moment my friend came up on one side of me, and in a low voice said: 'My dear George, for God's sake don't kill him.' In those days I was much in the habit of fencing, and being very strong in the arm and wrist, I was ever prepossessed with an idea, that if I could, unobserved, change from the one side of my adversary's blade to the other, and beat on it, I should be certain of hitting the very best fencer. This was a favorite *coup* of mine; and I now put it in practice, with such velocity, force and success, that if it had not been for the hedge, into which I drove his sword, and in which it was for a momont entangled, I believe sincerely I should have forced it out of his hand. At the instant I beat upon his blade, I made a gentle bott at him, slightly opposing my sword to his body, and just

pricked him, at which he started back a couple of paces. I never advanced, but kept my position within the hedge, knowing that, from the advantage of it, I could do any thing with him I chose; and had he advanced again, I was resolved not to attempt to run him through the body, but to gather his blade and attempt to disarm him. Notwithstanding my having made him lightly feel the point of my sword, he never spoke one word, but stood snorting and puffing with rage. I then said: 'Sir, for God's sake go away; I do not wish to hurt you. You must be conscious that I could have run you through the body if I had been so disposed; let me therefore intreat you to go away, I know you not; nor can you want any thing of me or of any person with me.' At my solicitations and intreaties, he put up his sword, and walked back the same way he came, I watched him out of sight; but it may well be credited I did not follow him. Judge, reader, what pleasure I must have felt when he was gone! Reflect only on my horrid situation! Had I killed this man, one half at least of the censorious world, would have believed that my friend and I had assassinated him. If he had killed me, the consequences would have been very disagreable to all parties; the women and my friend, at all events must have come forward. During the conflict, a thousand horrors and fears rushed into my mind and unstrung my soul. As to the matter of a duel, had it been in day light with a second, I should not have thought more than others on

such an occasion, having fought three duels before I was twenty years old. I solemnly declare I was so dismayed, that, had it not been for discovering the women, and had I been there alone, expecting to meet some kind fair one, I should have taken to my heels and have run away as fast as my legs would have carried me. I have certainly been in some disagreable situations in life since that period, but never in my days have I been so alarmed: it is not possible for me to describe what I suffered. To end this narrative—my carriage was waiting at the palace gate, and we walked down to the gardener's house, and prevailed on him to let us out, for it was then past ten. We put the women into the carriage, they were set down in London, not at their own house as may be well imagined, and my friend and I walked home rejoicing on having escaped so well out of so ticklish a situation."

After a few years' enjoyment of every gratification which a life of pleasure, dissipation and extravagance could afford, Mr. Hanger, conceiving himself unjustly treated relative to a promotion, resolved, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to quit the guards. He then solicited an appointment in one of the Hessian corps, that were raising for the British service in America, where the war of the revolution was commencing. His application was successful; the landgrave of Hesse sending him a captain's commission in his corps of Jagers.

Previous to his setting out for America, the extravagance of our captain had involved him in difficulties. His dress-clothes in one winter cost him, as he informs us, nine hundred pounds, and for the same article only for one birth-day, he put himself to an expence of two hundred and sixty pounds. He never was fond of play, but in the pleasures of the turf he indulged to a very great extent. He accordingly found himself under the necessity of mortgaging an estate of about eleven hundred pounds per annum left him by his aunt Lady Coleraine, and soon after his departure for America, the mortgagee procured it to be sold before a master in chancery by public auction, but the produce of it was not sufficient to discharge all his debts.

In America Captain Hanger was employed in various critical services, in which he displayed great courage and address. By General Sir Henry Clinton he was appointed major in the British legion; but in the progress of the army under Lord Cornwallis to the upper parts of North Carolina, he had the misfortune to sicken of the yellow fever. This disease, added to the fatigue of travelling, reduced him to a perfect skeleton. He was so weak as to be unable to turn himself, but was forced to be moved by his attendants when he wanted for ease to change his posture. In this miserable situation he lay so long, first on one side then on the other and then on his back, that, as he assures us, the bones of his back and each hip came fairly through the skin. He had

then no posture to lie in but on his stomach with pillows to support him. The disorder at length fell into his legs, on which he began to recover, though it was a considerable time before he could dispense with the assistance of crutches.

On the conclusion of the peace, Major Hanger returned to Europe, and arrived in the Downs after an absence of nearly seven years. Previous to his leaving America, he had empowered Colonels Tarleton and Mac Mahon to attempt an arrangement of his affairs, as it was agreed that he should wait at Calais till he should hear how matters stood in England. Under these circumstances he experienced particular friendship from Mr. Richard Tattersall, who not only invited him to make his house his home, but promised to discharge any debts which he himself might be unable to pay.

He now determined to return to England. The prince of Wales had by this time launched into public life, and Major Hanger was one of the jovial characters whom he selected for his associates. He also conferred on him the appointment of equerry, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year, which, however, Hanger lost on the retrenchments that were afterwards made in the houshold of his royal highness.

We shall subjoin principally in his own words an account of the remainder of the chequered career of George Hanger. The mixture of singularity and good sense that prevails in many of

his ideas and expressions cannot fail to strike the reader.

"The year I came to England," says he, "the contested election for Westminster, (Fox, Hood and Wray candidates) took place. The walking travellers Spillard and Stewart, the Abyssinian Bruce who has feasted on steaks cut from the rump of a living ox; and various others, who, in their extensive travels, have encountered wild beasts, serpents and crocodiles; breakfasted and toasted muffins at the mouth of a volcano—whom hunger has compelled to banquet with joy on the leavings of a lion or tiger or the carcase of a dead alligator—who can boast of smoking the pipe of peace with the *Little Carpenter* and the *Mad Dog*—on having lived in terms of the strictest intimacy with the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Chuctaws, and with all the *aws* and *ees* of that immense continent—who from the more temperate shore of the Mississippi have extended their course to the burning soil of India, and to the banks of the Ganges, from the Frozen Ocean to the banks of the more genial Po,—may boast their experience of the world and their knowledge of human life; but no one, in my opinion, has seen *real* life, or can know it, unless he has taken an active part in a contested election for Westminster. In no school can a man be taught a better lesson of human life. There can he view human nature in her basest attire; riot, murder and drunkenness are the order of the day,

and bribery, and purjury, walk hand-in-hand; for men who had no pretensions to vote, were to be found in the Garden in as great plenty as turnips, and at a very moderate rate were induced to poll. A gentleman, to make himself of any considerable use to either party, must possess a number of engaging, familiar and condescending qualities: he must help a porter up with his load, shake hands with a fish-woman, pull his hat off to an oyster-wench, kiss a ballad-singer and be familiar with a beggar. If, in addition to these amiable qualities, he is a tolerably good boxer, can play a good stick, and in the evening drink a pailful of all sorts of liquors in going the rounds to solicit voters at their various clubs, then, indeed, he is a most highly finished and useful agent. In all the above accomplishments and sciences, except drinking, which I never was fond of, I have the vanity to believe that I arrived nearer to perfection than any of my rivals.

"I should be ungrateful indeed, if I did not testify my thanks to those gallant troops of high rank and distinguished fame, the knights of the strap and the black-diamond knights (the Irish chairmen and coal-heavers) who displayed so much bravery and attachment to our cause. At that time I formed a great intimacy with them which has continued to this day between us, for I never forget my old acquaintances whenever I meet them, or look upon my old friends with a new face, which is too much, in general, the custom of the world."

For some years Major Hanger was employed in raising recruits for the East India Company, an occupation the annual profits of which he states at six hundred pounds. About the same time that he lost his salary as equerry to the prince, he was also deprived of this source of income, in consequence of a change which the government thought fit to make in the whole system of recruiting for the Company's army in India.

By the sudden privation of these resources the major was reduced to the greatest distress. He now began gradually to measure his steps towards the King's Bench. In June, 1798, he surrendered at that prison, where he remained till April the year following, when a considerable sum of money gained by a family lawsuit enabled him to come to a composition with his creditors. He declares that in "those blessed regions of rural retirement," he never spent more than three shillings on any one day, being of opinion that a prisoner for debt should not squander money and being likewise determined to ascertain how cheap a gentleman could live, and yet want for nothing necessary to his maintenance.

Long before his surrender to the King's Bench, the major made repeated applications to be employed on active service. He also proposed to form a corps from the convicts, shewing how they might be provided for after the war, without being turned adrift again in the world. He suggested the permission for the militia to enlist into

the regiments of the line two years before the act for that purpose took place; and likewise presented a proposal for drafting one thousand volunteers, at a small bounty, from the militia and training them in the use of the rifle-gun, a science which he has made his study ever since he was sixteen years old.

Finding every channel shut up to his solicitations for employment, the major resolved to apply himself to trade and in the year 1800 commenced coal-merchant. It was reported that he received a certain commission, on such orders as he might procure, but he himself informs us that he was allowed by a generous friend a yearly salary, sufficient, with prudence, to keep him from want. He thus exemplified an observation of his own that, "in so large a capital as London, if a gentleman be not too proud to follow various occupations, he may very readily and with no great trouble, find some employment, which will prevent him from falling into the miseries of want, although the business he undertakes may not produce sufficient emolument to place him in an affluent situation."

In 1801 appeared a whimsical work in two octavo volumes, from the pen of our hero, entitled the "Life, Adventures and Opinions of Colonel George Hanger." Into this desultory performance, destitute of all order, method or regularity, he has introduced divisions containing "Advice to the Prelates and Legislators how to correct the Immorality and Jacobinism of the

present age, and at the same time to increase the Revenue—Advice to the lovely Cyprians, and to the fair sex in general how to pass their lives in future to their better satisfaction, and to enjoy with discretion the three cardinal virtues—Observations on matrimony, compulsive wedlock, and polygamy—On the misery of female prostitution---The History of the Lovely Ægyptia, the Pamela of Norwood and paragon of the Ægyptian race; the author's marriage with her, and her cruel infidelity and elopement with a travelling Tinker---And a History of the King's Bench Prison, written by the author during his custody under the marshal of that prison, descriptive of the miseries endured by the prisoners, and the extravagant expence incident to their confinement."

To this work, in which some good grains are certainly scattered through a large proportion of chaff, we are indebted for the foregoing particulars of this remarkable character; but we have been careful to exclude every thing that savored of a spirit of romance, which he seems on some occasions inclined to indulge. He announces his intention of presenting the public with a third volume, but it has not yet made its appearance.

SAMUEL STRETCH.

IN the catalogue of eccentric misers may with justice be ranked Mr. Samuel Stretch, who died at Madeley in Staffordshire, on the 15th of No-

vember, 1804. He was a native of Market-Drayton, in Shropshire, and the early part of his life was spent as a private in the army, in which capacity he experienced some service, in fighting the battles of his country.

He long resided in an obscure dwelling at Madeley, into which he had not for many years previous to his death admitted either male or female; and this habitation was a scene of perfect wretchedness. About fifteen years before he purchased a load of coals, part of which he left at the time of his death. His chief employment was to go round to the neighbouring towns, carrying letters and parcels, and performing any little commissions with which his neighbours might entrust him. His person bespoke the most abject penury; he usually appeared in an old slouched hat and tattered garments, scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, with a ragged bag hung on his shoulder in which he mostly carried a little parsley or some other kind of herb, the produce of his garden. These he generally offered as a present at the different places where he had business to transact, and when accepted he took care to deal them out with a very sparing hand. This shew of generosity, together with his eccentric address and conversation, usually produced him a tenfold return. On searching his tattered satchel, after his death, it was found to contain old bones, soles of shoes, pieces of paper and articles of the like kind which he usually collected in his peregrinations. His

stock of linen consisted only of two old shirts and a pair of sheets, though several articles of silver plate were found in his hut.

His death was occasioned by a violent cold, brought on by his falling into a ditch in a state of intoxication. In consequence of his penurious disposition, he had amassed a considerable sum of money, exclusive of a loss of 500*l.* which he experienced some years before. He left part of it to purchase an additional bell for the church of Madeley, and an annual salary for it to be rung every night, at nine o'clock during the autumn months, and at eight in winter; a chandelier for the church; a bell for the use of the free school; five pounds per annum towards the salary of the organist of that place; a like sum for the organist of Drayton; a farther sum to be applied to the enlarging and repairing the alms-house of Madeley, and clothing and educating two poor children, until of a proper age to be put apprentice, and to his relations *two shillings* and *six-pence* each.

CHARLES MARTIN.

IN the present state of society, the total and voluntary seclusion of an individual from the rest of his fellow creatures, may justly be considered as a very extraordinary circumstance. A resolution so unnatural can alone be accounted

for by the supposition of a mind highly diseased' and whose propensity to melancholy and misanthropy is strengthened by the injuries, real or imaginary, which a person has to endure on the part of his fellow-men. If farther demonstration of the justice of this opinion were wanting, it would be fully confirmed by the following particulars concerning the recent discovery of a savage man in the island of Jamaica.

In the month of January 1807, Mr. Wm. Weston of St. Ann's Bay was informed that a wild, white man, residing in the woods of Greenwich-Park estate, had interrupted the negroes in the cultivation of their provision-grounds, or when engaged in other employments. On enquiry Mr. Weston found that the residence of this recluse in the woods had not been a secret, but that some late depredations which he had committed induced the sufferers to complain. It appeared that he occasionally molested the female slaves but always ran away from the men.

This intelligence induced Mr. Weston to send out a party with a guide who knew his haunts. The party divided with a view to surround his hut; and in the deepest recesses of the woods they discovered him sitting on the projecting point of a rock. He attempted to escape by flight, but after a short pursuit was overtaken and secured. He was naked excepting the scanty remains of a doublet; his beard had attained the utmost point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather, his skin was dis-

colored with filth, and altogether he exhibited the most humiliating object that anachoretical debasement can possibly furnish.

When taken he affected to be dumb, but Mr. Weston afterwards obtained from him the following particulars: His name is Charles Martin. He was born at Nice in Piedmont, where his father is a wine-merchant. He was himself educated at Caen in Normandy, and some years ago kept a store at Port-au-Prince in the island of St. Domingo. He imagined that he had been two or three years in the woods, which he entered at PortMaria, thirty miles distant from the place where he was discovered. During that interval he had never seen a white face or a human habitation and had enjoyed perfect health.

Being asked why he had abandoned society, he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his hands, as if in the act of adoration. A cordial was given to him but with the caution not to drink much, as excess would kill him, on which he replied: "Death to me is welcome."

He was provided with food and clothing, and all possible methods were employed to dispel his apprehensions and to gain his confidence. They were, however, ineffectual, for no sooner had Mr. Weston retired for the purpose of recommending him as a fit object for the hospital, than he contrived to escape. He had watched for an opportunity of being unobserved, when he seized the victuals set before him, and ran off with amazing celerity towards the woods. The dogs were

alarmed and pursued him; but as they approached, he threw down pieces of meat to divert their attention, and to check their course. When he found his efforts to escape unavailing, he suddenly stopped and ran to his pursuers. When he was expostulated with, on his want of confidence after the kind treatment he had experienced, he shook his head, heaved a deep sigh and said: "Man is my enemy; I am afraid."

He was now sent to the hospital, where a room was assigned him; he was kindly treated and indulged with an extra allowance of food: but so incorrigibly savage were his habits, that what civilized man considers as comfort was to him intolerable insipidity. On the night of the 2d of February he made his escape through a small aperture in the wall of the apartment in which he was confined, leaving not a vestige by which to trace his flight.

A fortnight afterwards, he was found by accident, in the centre of a cane piece, about half a mile from the hospital, surrounded with cane trash, the refuse of his subsistence. He had divested himself of the incumbrance of dress, and had, for fourteen days, been exposed to the inclemency of the weather, which in that part of the island is peculiarly severe at that season of the year. His appearance was squalid and extenuated; and although perfectly naked, he appeared before numbers of people unabashed, and with an unblushing composure of countenance, which evinced that the sense of shame in him was

entirely extinguished. He was re-conducted to his old quarters, and asked in what manner he lived. He answered, that he had never moved more than a few yards from the spot he first occupied; that he ate two canes daily; that he had slept well (although unsheltered, and nightly exposed to "the pelting of the pitiless storm;") and that he felt himself happy, because he was safe. Being asked whether he would abide in the Court of the Hospital, were he allowed his liberty, he said he would make no promise. When he was questioned why he had deserted the comforts of society, to submit to the privations of a savage and solitary life, he eagerly replied, that the very sight of mankind gave him pain.

The intellects of this unhappy being appeared to be sound, though he spoke with great reluctance. He writes a legible hand, and speaks French in the Norman dialect with great fluency. It is not improbable that some imminent peril which may have threatened his life, reduced him to his present situation, for he seems to be possessed with a notion that he is reserved for some ignominious death; and neither the kindness nor the encouragement he has received has been able to eradicate this impression, which seems to be indelible. He is a well made man, has blue eyes, and is about five feet eight inches in height.

On examining the hut which was his former habitation in the woods, it was found to be fa-

shioned like an Indian wigwam. Around it were growing thirteen Alicada pear plants, and from the size of the largest, it was inferred that his residence there must have exceeded two years, which corresponded with his own account of the time he had spent in this solitary abode. He had contrived a subterraneous kitchen with great ingenuity, and his habitation was surrounded with springes to catch birds, one of which, when he was discovered, he had prepared for his breakfast. He had farther exercised his talents in the fabrication of various kind of baskets, and what appeared particularly remarkable, no iron, not even a knife was found in his possession.

It is to be hoped that the endeavors of those around him to reconcile this child of sorrow to the enjoyments of social life, may ultimately prove successful, and that the remainder of his days may compensate for the afflictions, which, it has probably been his lot to experience.

JOHN ANGELL, ESQ.

IT appears doubtful whether the singularities of Mr. Angell, (with a complete account of whose life we regret that we cannot present the reader) proceeded more from a natural eccentricity of disposition, or were the effect of an unfortunate circumstance in which he was involved.

Mr. Angell was educated at the university of

Oxford, and was designed for holy orders; but on the death of his elder brother, becoming heir-apparent to considerable estates in the counties of Surry, Sussex, Kent and Berkshire, he had no occasion to seek the emoluments of a profession. On succeeding to the paternal property, he resided at Binfield in Berkshire, and here the affair happened which is supposed to have operated with such powerful influence on his mind during the remainder of his life.

Suspecting by mistake a boy in his neighborhood, of having stolen one of his dogs, he charged him with the theft; but the boy denied it, saucily affirming that the animal was his own. Angry words followed, and Mr. Angell was at length irritated to such a degree, as to strike several blows, but not so violent as to endanger the boy's life. He was, however, in a few weeks seized with a fever, which proved fatal; and after the funeral, a report prevailing that his death was occasioned by the chastisement he had received from Mr. Angell, the body was taken up, an inquest was held by the coroner, and a verdict extremely unfavorable to Mr. Angell was returned by the jury. To avoid the horrors of a long confinement he retired into Wales, but surrendered himself at Reading on the first day of the ensuing assizes. The trial lasted eight hours, and a verdict of *guilty* was returned by the jury contrary to the opinion of the judge, who declared himself perfectly satisfied that the deceased died a natural death. He, of course, directed the ju-

ry to re-consider their verdict, and by the second verdict the prisoner was acquitted. During this tedious and alarming state of suspense, Mr. Angell was observed to be much distressed and agitated, and a variety of circumstances proved that the incident made a strong and lasting impression on his mind. Two servants who lived with him many years, never remembered his having mentioned either Binfield or Berkshire, and as often as his estate there obliged him to visit that county, they could always perceive him to be more uneasy and ill tempered than when he was at Stockwell or Temple Ewell. In his will he appears to have purposely avoided mentioning his estate at Binfield, and it is observable, that Berkshire is not specified among the counties from which the fellows of his intended college might be chosen.

Mr. Angell married the eldest daughter of Sir John Gresham, Bart. of Titsey, a truly excellent woman, who died some years before him, and whose days were probably shortened by her union with a man of a temper so capricious, perverse and morose.

Among the many peculiar and unaccountable whims which were discernible in him, the following are particularized. For years he was not known to open a letter himself. As long as Mrs. Angell lived, all his letters were carried to her, and when she had read them, she laid them upon the floor of the room where her husband usually sat. After her decease, a female servant was

employed to open them, and to place them on the floor; and he constantly read them on his knees, without taking them into his hand. The solicitor who transacted business for him, was not allowed to enter his apartment, but received instructions at the door, without seeing his principal. He was very abstemious in his diet, never drinking more than three glasses of wine, and on some days not any. To stronger liquors he probably had an aversion, but on one day, and only one in the year he would have a small glass of spirits, which, however, he only slightly tasted. He never associated with any of the neighboring gentlemen, and it was not often that Mrs. Angell was permitted to receive visitors. Possibly she might not wish to be more frequently gratified with this indulgence, because as the parlors were at a small distance, it rarely happened that it was not followed by a rebuke, not couched in the gentlest language. The complaint was, that his head was disturbed by the noise of the ladies talking over their tea. Nevertheless, no sooner was Mrs. Angell removed from him by death, than he became sensible of the irreparable loss he had sustained. After an interval of three years he was often known with tears in his eyes to bewail his being deprived of her, and in his will he justly describes her as a *Christian consort*.

To judge from his will, of which some extracts are subjoined, and from his conduct, his notions of law and equity must have been very confused. Creditors were not seldom obliged to recover just

debts by legal process, and one of the arrests to which he submitted, was on a Good Friday, when he was coming out of Lambeth Church. The officers followed him into his carriage, but in the way home he ordered the coachman to stop, and escorted by the bailiffs, he walked to his banker's in London, where he either discharged the debt or found security.

Mr. Angell is reported to have employed much of his time in reading books of law and controversial divinity. From some expressions which he dropped, his wife was apprehensive lest he should be converted to the Romish religion; but as he constantly received the sacrament on the three principal festivals in his parish church, it may fairly be inferred that he continued, through life, a member of the church of England.

The dress and equipage of Mr. Angell, were not among the least striking of his singularities; In giving directions for the dress of the fellows of his intended college, he seems to have had his own apparel in his thoughts, doubtless conceiving it to be very becoming and genteel. His coat, in the cut of which he never conformed to any change of fashion, was of cloth of the highest color, and there was an edging of gold lace to his hat. His wig was made of hair of a flaxen hue, and thick set with small curls in every part except the crown. His coach, a curious relic, was surmised on tradition to have been built, when Mr. Angell's father was high sheriff of Berkshire; but the materials were so durable

and so substantially framed, that the son every summer travelled in it to and from Temple Ewell, near Dover. Its antique figure was very remarkable, and on the Kentish road it acquired the appellation of Angell's Ark.

Mr. Angell died in 1784, His will was made ten years before, being dated September 21st 1774. It contains many curious clauses. In that which relates to his funeral is a ridiculous minuteness of direction, which affords a remarkable instance of human weakness and vanity extending beyond the grave. It is as follows:

"Imprimis, I resign myself wholly to God almighty. Item, I would be interred in the manner following: I would be wrapped in a woollen sheet only; then without a shroud, be put into a leaden coffin, which shall not be soldered down, but only screwed. On this coffin shall be a large plain inscription on lead, expressing who I am, &c. Then to be put into a black cloth coffin, with usual ornaments; only I would have a plate of copper or brass, instead of such as is usually put. Then shall be well engraved the family coat of arms, properly blasoned and as I now bear, with a full inscription in Latin, as this: John, the son of John and Caroline, *qui consortem habuit carissimam*, &c. I desire to lie open in my chamber so long as I decently may; afterward, in about a fortnight, or rather above, would be carried to Crowhurst (a village near Battle, in Sussex) in a hearse with six horses dressed properly with shields, and escutcheons

but no other trifling ornaments. My own coach shall follow with one footman behind it, and one riding before; and besides, two mourning coaches only, with six horses, in one of which I would have my executors or near friends, in the other my maid servants. I would desire the tenants, and neighbors of Crowhurst, and in that neighborhood, would meet me at the bottom of Riddlesdowne, as usual heretofore; and they are to have there gloves and hat-bands. And I would desire such of the neigbors in and about Stockwell, as would shew me that regard, to ride two by two before me, as far as the farther end of Croydon, accordingly to have gloves and hat-bands. And it is my will and desire that if the college and chapel which I intend to erect be finished and settled, the gentlemen and the chaplain and minister, and the whole choir, afterwards the servants of the college, attend on foot to the top of Brixton Causeway, singing as they proceed some proper hymn or anthem as shall be appointed on the occasion."

The clause by which he bequeaths his estates affords an endless source of litigation, and has perpetuated the name of Angell in Westminster Hall, and in the records of assize in the counties in which he possessed estates. It thus begins: "I give to the male heirs, (if any such there be) of William Angell, the first purchaser of Crowhurst, and father of my great grandfather, John Angell, and their heirs male for ever, all my lands and estates," &c. He then makes a variety of

prolix provisions in favor of the heirs male (if any) of other remote branches of the family; in case no heir be found to the said William Angell. The concluding provision of this clause is particularly worthy of observation: "One chief condition, besides what I have mentioned is, I would have Stockwell or Crowhurst made the chief residence of the family. And particularly my will is, that all things at Stockwell, where I chiefly now inhabit, be kept at least for one season as they are, and no alteration made in the housekeeping or expences thereof, nor ever after any servant put away without good reason, or any tenant or agent removed, or put out of their bargains without due consideration and special reasons. And it is my desire, will, and order, that no oak, elm or ash, or any timber tree on any of the estates be lopped or cut down till it be of the full growth of four load of timber round measure, unless a fourth part of its boughs shall be manifestly decayed and rotten; and it is my desire that no fir-tree whatsoever, that is timber or near it, without a particular reason for it, shall be cut down or destoyed so long as it will stand; nevertheless any timber, except fir, under forty feet in measure, may be felled and taken for repairs and buildings on the estate on which it grows."

It has been observed that in 1758, there were standing at the bottom of the garden then belonging to Mr. Angell in the Washway, near Stockwell Lane by Brixton Causeway, some wil-

low trees, perfectly straight, several yards taller, and their circumference much larger than that of any mast.

The following clause bespeaks a character not devoid of benevolence: "I give to all my servants that came to me since 1751, and staid one whole year, and did not go away abruptly, or put away for any misdemeanor, 5*l*; and to all that served three years or upwards, 10*l*; and to such as married and went away with my consent and approbation, 10*l*; and 5*l*. to each of their children. Item, I give to all my servants mourning."

Besides some trifling charitable legacies, to the poor of Stockwell, he makes provision for the building and endowment of a college at that place. He gives to the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and the archbishop of York for the time being 100*l*. per annum, out of his estate at Ewell; 100*l*. per annum out of of his estate at Lambeth; 350*l*. per annum out of the collections of the Spurn Lights at Newcastle and 250*l*. out of the light-houses at Sunderland in trust, to be paid half-yearly without any deduction," for the maintaining a college or society of seven decayed or unprovided-for gentlemen, that shall be such by three descents, and two clergymen, an organist, six singing men, and twelve choristers, and a verger or chapel clerk; also three domestic servants, viz. a butler, baker and groom. One of the gentlemen may have been a merchant. They shall be called the

gentlemen of St. John's College, near Stockwell. One of the seven gentlemen shall be styled president, and shall be superior to the rest; the gentlemen and the two clergymen shall eat together, and the charges of their board and liquors each shall come to about 26*l.* yearly; for their clothing, which shall be of light-colored cloth, shall be yearly allowed, and for a hat with a narrow gold lace, about 5*l.*"—This it should be observed was the dress Mr. Angell himself usually wore.

He then specifies the counties from which the gentlemen are to be chosen. These are Surry, Kent, Northampton, Somerset, Sussex, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, Lincoln, Northumberland, Stafford, Salop, Herts, Leicester, Bedford, Cambridge, Bucks and Worcester; and one out of the counties of Brecknock, Carmarthen and Carnarvon in Wales.

He leaves 6000*l.* to build the college in the middle of a piece of ground at Stockwell called Burden Bush. The sum of 1500*l.* out of the above 6000l. he appropriates to the erection of the chapel, to be of stone 60 feet by 40. The middle part of the mansion to be for the apartments of the gentlemen and clergymen, four on each side, and one in the centre for the president, built with brick covered with stone; on each side a house for the singing men, at the end of which on the south side, is to stand a house where they are to eat together, under which is to be a cellar; at the east end the office, and at the

other end the organist's apartment and the school; behind, all the out offices, and stables on the north side against the hall and chapel. On all surplice days divine service to be performed according to the pattern of the best ordered cathedrals. If not built in his life-time, the building to be set about immediately after his interment; and if in times to come this college should ever be dissolved by government, the revenues are to revert to the possessor of his estates. He assigns as a motive for this foundation, that for the good of the public a society should be established, in which there should always be patterns of piety and of genteel behavior.

These extracts from Mr. Angell's will certainly betray great eccentricity, especially as it can scarcely be supposed that he was unapprized of the laws enacted to restrain alienations in mortmain. It should seem that he, at times, really flattered himself that he might live to complete his darling institution; he not only mentions, as we have seen, the field where the buildings were to be erected; but, it has been said, that he traced the ground-plot of some of them and had procured stones from a northern county for the chapel.

The propensity of Mr. Angell to litigation, and his disposition to perpetuate suits at law after his decease, appear from the clauses of his will that enjoin large sums of money to be reserved out of his estates and appropriated to that use. He

directed that 100*l.* a year should be applied to regain the estate at Crowhurst, withheld from him by mortgage contrary to all equity, and 100*l.* a year to cancel and extinguish the demand upon the Spurn Light; and his successors were never to desist from their attempts to accomplish both these points. He likewise took the most effectual means to entail law-suits upon them by his random devise of his estates to the heirs male (if any) of his remote ancestors. It might not, however occur to him that he would give occasion to a combination of projectors to try to benefit themselves by supporting the claims of persons not in circumstances to defray the charges of a contest, and who might not, in fact be related to the testator, which has actually been the event. A law-suit in Chancery relative to his will is yet undetermined, and the foundation of the college at Stockwell has never been carried into effect.

distorted his features into a most hideous grin, presented Hogarth, who seemed thus early to be apprised of the path which Nature intended him to pursue, with too laughable a subject to be overlooked. He took out his pencil, and on the spot produced a most ludicrous figure. This piece was the more valuable, as it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the principal persons collected round them.

His apprenticeship had no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, "in which," as Mr. Walpole observes, "he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In coloring he proved no greater master: his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaro scuro."

At this period of his life Hogarth was doomed to experience the distresses which never fail to result from the union of indigence and ambition. While he was laying the foundation of his future celebrity, he was exposed to all the contempt that penury can produce. It is said that, being one day at a loss for so trifling sum as twenty shillings, in order to be revenged of his landlady who strove to compel him to payment, he drew her as ugly as possible, and in that single portrait gave marks of the dawn of superior genius. Unlike many who are desirous of burying in oblivion the scantiness of their early fortunes, Ho-

garth was always fond of contrasting the necessities of his youth, with the affluence of his maturer age. "I remember the time," he would say "when I have gone moping into the city without a shilling in my pocket; but as soon as I had received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man, who had ten thousand pounds in his pocket.

Hogarth began business on his own account about 1720. His first employment appears to have been the engraving of arms and shop-bills. He next agreed to design and furnish plates for booksellers, but except a set of plates, executed in 1726 for a duodecimo edition of Hudibras, none of his early productions could claim the least notice.

On the success of those plates, however, Hogarth commenced painter, and a painter of portraits—the most ill-suited employment for a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, and whose talents were not adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversation pieces in small, then a novelty, drew to him a prodigious business for some time. This however did not continue, either because he resolved to follow the real bent of his disposition, or his customers apprehended that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the votaries of self love.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. A gentleman being once in his company at the Bedford Coffee House, Covent Garden, observed him drawing something with a pencil on his nail. Enquiring what had been the artist's employment, he was shewn a whimsical miniature of the countenance of a person who was then at a small distance.

In the early part of Mr. Hogarth's life, it happened that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed, came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honor to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without the slightest attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self, never entertained an idea of sending for a reflector, that would only insult him with his deformities. The artist suffered some time to elapse before he applied for his money; but afterwards made many unsuccessful applications for payment. At length he contrived an expedient, which alarmed the nobleman's pride, and thus answered his purpose. He sent him the following card;—"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord——; finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H's necessity for the money; if, therefore his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be

disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages to Mr. Hare, the famous wild beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture, on his lordship's refusal."—This intimation produced the desired effect. His Lordship sent for the obnoxious picture and committed it to the flames.

On another occasion a nobleman, not remarkable for generosity, sent for Hogarth and desired that he would represent on one of the compartments on a stair-case, Pharoah and his host drowned in the Red Sea. At the same time he hinted that no great price would be given for the performance. Hogarth however agreed. Soon afterwards he applied for payment to his employer, who seeing that the space allotted for the picture had only been daubed over with red, declared he had no idea of paying a painter when he had proceeded no farther than to lay his ground. "*Ground!*" exclaimed Hogarth, "There is no *ground* in the case, my lord. The red you perceive is the Red Sea. Pharoah and his host are drowned as you desired, and cannot be made objects of sight, for the sea covers them all."

In 1730 Hogarth formed a matrimonial connection with the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, himself an artist of considerable eminence. This union was a stolen one and consequently without the approbation of the father, who, considering the youth of his child, then barely eighteen, and the slender finances of her hus-

band, who had not emerged from obscurity, was not easily reconciled to the match. Our artist about this time began his series of prints entitled the *Harlot's Progress*, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to have some of the scenes in it placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly Mrs. Hogarth undertook early one morning to convey some of them into his dining room. On his rising he enquired whence they came, and being told by whom they were introduced, he observed: "Very well; the man who can furnish representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." This remark was designed as an excuse for keeping his own purse-strings close, but it was not long before he became both reconciled and generous to the young couple. Another still more beneficial effect of this exercise of his talents, was, that it introduced him to the notice of the public and laid a solid foundation for his future fame.

Soon after his marriage, Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth; and being intimate with Mr. Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, he contributed to the improvement of that agreeable place, by the hint of embellishing it with paintings, some of which were sketched by his own truly comic pencil. A gold ticket of admission for himself and his friends, bespoke the gratitude of the proprietor for his assistance.

The *Harlot's Progress* was succeeded by the *Rake's Progress*, and other performances of a like description, which must be too well known to eve-

ry reader to render any character of them necessary in this place. These were sold by him at his house in Leicester Fields, where wealth and reputation rewarded his exertions.

Soon after the conclusion of the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Hogarth availed himself of that opportunity to visit France. In that country he manifested a narrowness of sentiment which frequently adheres to persons whose prejudices have not been removed by education or travel. He was dissatisfied with every thing he saw. If an elegant circumstance either in the furniture or the ornaments of a room was pointed out as deserving approbation, his constant reply was: What then? But it is French! Their houses are all gilt and b——t." In the streets he was often rudely clamorous. A tattered bag, or a pair of silk stockings with holes in them, drew from him a torrent of imprudent language. In vain was he advised to be more cautious in his public remarks, as many Scotch and Irish refugees were often within hearing of these reproaches, and would rejoice, at least, in the opportunity to get the painter mobbed. He laughed at the admonition, abused the person who offered it as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of living in a free country, and made him the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. This unseasonable pleasantry was however completely extinguished by an unexpected event.

Hogarth was taking a sketch of the gate of Calais, when he was seized and carried as a spy

before the governor of the town. After a rigorous examination, the innocence of his designs was rendered perfectly apparent by the other sketches that he had about him, and which were by no means such as could serve the purpose of an engineer. He was nevertheless, told by the commandant, that, had not the peace been actually signed, he should have been obliged to hang him up immediately on the ramparts. Two guards were then provided to convey him on ship-board, nor did they quit him till he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck; and told him he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without farther attendance and molestation. Hogarth was far from being pleased with the slightest allusion to this affair, but the leading circumstance of it his own pencil has recorded in his picture entitled "*O the Roast Beef of Old England!*"

In 1753 our artist appeared to the world in the character of an author, and published a quarto volume under the title of *The Analysis of Beauty*, in the composition of which he was assisted by Dr. Hoadly, Mr. Ralph and Dr. Morrel. This book, Mr. Walpole remarks, had many sensible hints and observations, but it did not carry the conviction nor meet with the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over his publication, and irritated for the purpose of exposing him.

Hogarth certainly had one failing in common with most people who attain to wealth and eminence, without the aid of a liberal education. He affected to despise every kind of knowledge, which he did not possess, and having established his fame with little or no obligations to literature, he either conceived it to be needless, or decried it because it lay out of his reach. Till this celebrated artist commenced author, he did not seem to have discovered that even spelling was a necessary qualification, though he had ventured in one of his pieces to ridicule the deficiency of Rich in that particular.

With respect to flattery, no one could be more open to illusions than Hogarth. The following anecdote will evince how much easier it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolic adulation when applied to others than to ourselves. Being at dinner with the celebrated Cheseldeu, he was informed that Mr. Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholemew's Hospital asserted, that Greene was as eminent in musical composition as Handel. "That fellow Freke," exclaimed Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly in one way or the other! Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer."—"Ay," rejoined the artist's informant, "but at the same time Mr. Freke declared that you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyke."—"*There* he was in the right," replied Hogarth; "and so by G—d, I am, give me my time, and let me chuse my subject!"

With Dr. Hoadly, chancellor of Winchester, Hogarth was always on terms of the strictest friendship, and frequently visited him at his various residences in Hampshire. The doctor's fondness for theatrical exhibitions was so great, that few visitors could remain long in his house, before they were solicited to accept a part in some interlude or other. He himself with Garrick and Hogarth once performed a ludicrous parody on the scene in Julius Cæsar, in which the Ghost appears to Brutus. Hogarth personated the spectre, but so unretentive was his memory, that though his speech consisted only of two lines, he was unable to get them by heart. At length they adopted the following expedient. The words he was to pronounce were inscribed on the outside of an illuminated paper-lanthorn, in such large letters, that he could read them when he entered with it in his hand on the stage. On this occasion, Hogarth painted a scene representing a suttling booth with the *Duck* (Duke) of Cumberland's head by way of sign, and also prepared the play-bill, with characteristic ornaments.

Our artist was one of the most absent of men. Attable he would sometimes turn round his chair as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly return it and fall to his meal again. He once directed a letter to Dr. Hoadly thus—"To the Doctor at Chelsea." This epistle, fortunately, did not miscarry, and it was preserved by the di-

vine as a pleasant memorial of his friend's extraordinary inattention.

Another no less remarkable instance of Hogarth's absence is on record. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the lord-mayor. When he went the weather was fine; but he was detained by business till a violent shower of rain came on. Being let out of the Mansion-house by a different door from that at which he had entered, and seeing the rain, he immediately began to call for a hackney-coach. Not one could be procured at any of the neighboring stands, on which our artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached his house in Leicester Fields without bestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth astonished to see him so wet and bemired, asked where he had left it.

The indulgence of Hogarth's satirical talent at length began to involve him in disagreeable circumstances. In a picture called the *Miser's Feast*, he thought proper to pillory Sir Isaac Shard a gentleman proverbially avaricious. His son, a high-spirited young man, just returned from his travels, hearing of this, called at the painter's to see the picture, and among other questions asked the *cicerone*, if that odd figure was intended for any particular person. On his replying that it was thought to be very much like one Sir Isaac Shard, the gentleman immediately drew his sword, and slashed the canvas. Hogarth immediately appeared in the most violent passion;

but Mr. Shard calmly justified what he had done, saying that it was a very unwarrantable licence; that he was the son of the injured party, and was ready to defend any suit at law which the artist might think fit to institute. No such measure was, however, adopted by Hogarth, who might perhaps have experienced from it a loss still more unpleasant than that of his picture.

This inclination to satire is said to have once cost him a legacy. It seems that the figure of the Old Maid, in his print of *Morning* was taken either from an acquaintance, or a relation of the painter. At first she was well enough satisfied with the resemblance; but some designing people teaching her to be angry, she struck the painter out of her will, which had been made considerably in his favor.

Hogarth used to boast, that he could take a likeness in three minutes: but the most extraordinary effort of his genius in this line, was perhaps, his drawing of Henry Fielding, made with a pen some time after the death of that celebrated writer. He often promised to sit to his friend Hogarth, for whose good qualities and superior genius, he always entertained so high an esteem, that he has left in his works many beautiful memorials of his affection. It so happened however that no picture of Fielding was ever drawn; but yet, as if it was intended that some traces of his countenance should be perpetuated, and that too by the very artist whom he himself preferred to all others, after Hogarth had long tried to produce

a likeness of him from memory, and just as he was despairing of success for want of some rules to go by in the dimensions and outlines of the face, chance threw the grand disideratum in the way. A lady, with a pair of scissars, had cut a profile which gave the distances and proportions of his face sufficiently to restore his lost ideas of him. Delighted with an opportunity of paying this last tribute to the memory of an author whom he admired, Hogarth caught at this outline with pleasure, and worked with all the attachment of friendship, till he finished the drawing placed at the head of Fielding's works, and, which was acknowledged by all, who had ever seen the original, to present a corresponding image of the man.

This is the authentic relation of Mr. Murphy, but a different account of this portrait has been given. Mr. Garrick, it is said, dressed himself in a suit of his old friend's clothes, and presented himself to the painter in the attitude and with the features of Fielding. * Garrick however, interfered no farther in this business than by urging Hogarth to attempt the likeness as a necessary accompaniment to Fielding's works The artist began and finished the head in the

* The reader will perceive that it was by the above account we were misled in the relation of this circumstance given in our Life of Dr. Monsey. There cannot be a doubt of the accuracy of Mr. Murphy's statement.

presence of his wife and another lady, having no assistance but from his own memory, which on such occasions was remarkably tenacious.

About the year 1757, Hogarth's brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill resigned his place of serjeant-painter to the king in favor of our artist, who soon afterwards ventured upon an experiment which involved him in some disgrace. "From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age," says Mr. "Walpole, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he continually saw recommending and vending vile copies to bubble collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen few good pictures of the Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having often heard it asserted, as is true, that time gives a mellowness to colors and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the propositions may be true or false. He went farther. He determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismunda of Sir Luke Schaub, said to be painted by Correggio probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dry-

den's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays, Hogarth at last produced his Sigismunda,—but no more like Sigismunda than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the coloring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short all was wanting that should have been there; all was there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe; woe so sternly felt and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of four hundred pounds on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense, at last, to suppress it."

From this failure of Hogarth may be deduced this useful lesson, that men, even of superlative genius, cannot step beyond the bounds in which nature designed them to move, without betraying the weakness of their understanding and covering themselves with confusion, ridicule and contempt.

The last memorable event in the life of our artist was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes. Though

Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on that gentleman, he, at least, gave the first offence by an attack on his party and friends. This conduct was the more surprizing as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court-party. It has however been surmised that his conduct on this occasion was guided by the expectation of obtaining an addition to his salary as serjeant-painter. Be this as it may, in September, 1762, Hogarth published his print of *The Times*, which satirized Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. This called forth the pen of Mr. Wilkes, who in the next number of the North Briton, in vindicating his friends, made a direct attack on the King's serjeant-painter.

Wilkes, Churchill and Hogarth had been intimate friends, and such they might have continued, had not the dæmon of politics and party sown discord among them and dissolved their union. No enemies are so inveterate as those who have once been united in the bonds of friendship. So it proved in this case; the breach once made, daily grew wider and wider. In revenge for the animadversions of Mr. Wilkes in the North Briton, Hogarth exhibited a caricature of the writer. Churchill then engaged in the war, and published an epistle to Hogarth, in which the severest strokes fell on a defect which the painter had neither caused nor could amend

—his age, though it was neither remarkable nor decrepid. In revenge for this epistle Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear with a club and a pot of porter. "Never" says Mr. Walpole, "did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity."

At the time these hostilities were carrying on in a manner so virulent and so disgraceful to all the parties, the health of Hogarth was visibly declining. In 1762 he complained of an inward pain, which brought on a general decay that proved incurable. The last year of his life he employed in retouching his plates, with the assistance of several engravers whom he took with him to his house at Chiswick, where he for many years resided during the summer.

In 1764, a few months before he was seized with the malady which was the immediate cause of his death, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled *Finis* or the *Tail Piece*, the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things."—"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so" answered Hogarth with a deep sigh, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He accordingly began the next day, and prosecuted his design with a diligence which

seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live till he had completed it. This however he did with the utmost ingenuity, grasping every object which could denote the end of all things —a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end ofan old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the *World's End* tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chain which held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken, a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt omnes,* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature—"So far, so good," exclaimed Hogarth. "Nothing remains but this"—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken —"*Finis*!" cried he, "the deed is done—all is over!"—It is remarkable that he died about a month after the completion of this tail-piece, and it is also well known that he never afterwards took a pencil in his hand.

It is worth observing that in "Independence," a poem which was not published by Churchill till the last week in September, 1764, he considers his antagonist as a departed genius:

> Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
> E'en to the life, *was Hogarth living now.*

The sporting satirist little imagined that the power of pleasing was so soo ton cease in both. Hogarth died within four weeks after the publication of this poem, and Churchill survived him only nine days.

On the 25th of October, our artist was conveyed from Chiswick to Leicester Fields, in a very weak condition, but remarkably cheerful. On retiring to bed the same night he was suddenly taken ill, and expired in the space of two hours. His body was interred at Chiswick, where a monument is erected to his memory.

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

IN the long line of pontiffs who have successively filled the chair of St. Peter, few are so remarkable not only on account of their exaltation to that honor from the meanest condition in life, but also for the extraordinary expedient by which he contrived to raise himself to the papal dignity, as Sixtus the Fifth.

He was born in 1521 at La Marca a village in the signiory of Montalto. His father, Francis Peretti followed the humble calling of a gardener, and his mother was a servant maid. He was their eldest child and was called Felix. At the age of nine years he was hired out to an inhabitant of of the village to keep sheep, but having disobliged

ed his master, he was degraded to be keeper of the hogs.

In this servile employment young Felix was engaged when Father Michael Angelo Selleri, a Franciscan friar, enquired of him the road to Arcoli, to which place he was going to preach. The boy conducted him thither, and the father was so struck with his conversation and eagerness after knowledge, that he recommended him to the fraternity which he was visiting. Felix was accordingly received among them, invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and placed under the sacristan, to assist in sweeping the church, lighting the candles, and other offices of that nature, for which services he was to be taught the responses and the rudiments of grammar. His progress in learning was so surprising, that at the age of fourteen he was thought qualified to begin his noviciate, and the following year admitted to make his profession.

With such unwearied assiduity did he prosecute his studies, that he was soon reckoned equal to the best disputants. In 1545 he was ordained priest and assumed the name of Father Montalto; soon after which he took his doctor's degree and was appointed professor of theology at Sienna. The severity and obstinacy of his temper involved him in continual disputes with his monastic brethren; but his reputation for eloquence, being by this time spread over Italy, gained him friends. Among these were the Colonna family and Father Ghisilieri, by whose recommenda-

tion he was appointed inquisitor-general at Venice; but he exercised the office with such severity that he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat from that city. He then went to Rome, and soon afterwards accompanied Cardinal Buoncompagno to Spain, as chaplain and consultor to the inquisition.

During his residence in that country, Pope Pius the Fourth died, and was succeeded by Father Ghisilieri (who had been previously made a cardinal), under the name of Pius the Fifth. The intelligence of this event gave the greatest pleasure to Father Montalto, who was immediately invested with new dignities. He was made general of his order and bishop of St. Agatha; and it was not long before he was appointed a cardinal and received a pension. About this time he was employed by the Pope to draw up the bull of excommunication against Queen Elizabeth.

Montalto had now acquired sufficient consideration to encourage him to turn his eyes toward the papacy, and in order to obtain it he formed a deep-laid plan of hypocrisy, which he executed with unparalleled constancy and success. He became humble, patient and affable. He changed his dress, his air, his words and his actions so completely that his most intimate friends declared him to be a new man. Never was such an absolute victory gained over the passions; never was a fictitious character so long maintained; never were the foibles of human nature so ably con-

cealed. He had formerly treated his relations with the greatest tenderness, but he now changed his behavior altogether. When his brother Anthony came to visit him, he lodged him in an inn and sent him home next day, charging him to inform his family that he was now dead to his relations and to the world.

On the death of Pius the fifth in 1572 Montalto entered the conclave with the other cardinals, but seemed totally indifferent about the election of a new pontiff, and never left his apartment except for the purposes of devotion. When solicited to join any party, he declined it, saying that he was of no consequence, and that he would leave the choice of a pope entirely to persons of greater knowledge and experience. When Cardinal Buoncompagno, who assumed the name of Gregory the Thirteenth was elected, Montalto assured him that he never wished for any thing so much in his life, and that he would never forget his kindness and the favors he had conferred on him in Spain. The new pope, however, treated him with the utmost contempt, and even took away his pension. The cardinals also, deceived by his artifices, paid him no greater respect, and used to call him by way of ridicule the ass of La Marca.

He now assumed all the infirmities of old age. His head hung down upon his shoulders; he tottered as he walked and supported himself upon a staff. His voice became feeble and was interrupted by a cough so extremely severe, that it

seemed every moment to threaten his dissolution. He interfered in no public transactions, but spent all his time in acts of devotion and benevolence. Mean while he employed the ablest spies who brought him intelligence of every thing that occurred.

On the death of Gregory the Thirteenth, in 1585, Montalto entered the conclave with the greatest reluctance, and immediately, shutting himself up in his chamber, was no more thought of than if he had never existed. When he went to mass, for which purpose alone he left his apartment, he appeared as before perfectly indifferent about the election. He joined no party but flattered all.

He knew early that there would be great divisions in the conclave, and he was aware that when the leaders of the different parties were disappointed in their own views, they all frequently agreed in the election of some old and infirm cardinal, the length of whose life would merely enable them to prepare themselves sufficiently for the next vacancy. These views directed his conduct, nor was he disappointed in his hopes of success.

Three cardinals, the leaders of opposite factions, unable to procure the election which each of them wished, unanimously agreed to make choice of Montalto. When they came to acquaint him with their intention, he fell into such a violent fit of coughing, that all present thought he would expire on the spot. He told them that his reign

would last but a few days; that, besides a continual difficulty of breathing, he wanted strength to support such a weight, and that his small experience rendered him very unfit for so important a charge. He conjured them all three not to abandon him, but to take the whole weight upon their own shoulders, and declared that he would never accept the mitre upon any other terms. "If you are resolved to make me pope," added he, "it will only be placing yourselves on the throne. For my part I shall be satisfied with the bare title. Let the world call me pope, and I make you heartily welcome to the power and authority." The cardinals swallowed the bait, and exerted themselves so effectually that Montalto was elected. He now at once pulled off the mask which he had worn for fourteen years. No sooner was his election secured, than he started from his seat, threw down his staff in the middle of the hall, and appeared almost a foot taller than he had done before.

When he was asked according to custom if he would accept of the papacy, he replied: "It is trifling to ask whether I will accept what I have already accepted. However, to satisfy any scruple that may arise, I tell you that I accept it with great pleasure, and would accept another if I could get it; for I find myself able, by the divine assistance, to manage two papacies." His former humility disappeared with his infirmities, and he now treated all around him with haughtiness and reserve.

The first care of Montalto, who assumed the name of Sixtus the Fifth, was, to correct the abuses and check the enormities which were daily committed in every part of the ecclesiastical states, the lenity of the government of his predecessor having introduced a general licentiousness of manners. It had been usual with former popes on the day of their coronation to release delinquents, who were therefore accustomed to surrender themselves voluntary prisoners, immediately after the election of the pope. At the coronation of Sixtus, they were, however, fatally disappointed. When the governor of Rome, and the keeper of the castle of St. Angelo waited on his holiness to enquire his pleasure in this particular, he replied: "What have you to do with pardons and the releasing of prisoners? Is it not sufficient that our predecessor has suffered the judges to remain unemployed these thirteen years? Shall we also stain our pontificate with this neglect of justice? We have too long seen, with inexpressible concern, the prodigious degree of wickedness that reigns in the state to think of granting pardons. Let the prisoners be brought to a speedy trial, and punished as they deserve, to shew the world that divine providence has called us to the chair of St. Peter to reward the good and chastise the wicked; that we bear not the sword in vain, but are the minister of God, and an avenger to execute wrath on those that do evil."

He accordingly enacted very severe laws re

specting the administration of justice and the correction of public morals. His execution of justice was as prompt as his edicts were rigorous. Having ordered the syndics of all the towns and signiories to make out a complete list of the disorderly persons within their districts, on pain of the strappado for the smallest omission, he, in consequence caused the syndic of Albino to be scourged in the market-place for having left his nephew, an incorrigible libertine, out of his list.

A Swiss one day happening to give a Spanish gentleman a blow with his halbert was, in return, struck by him so violently with a staff that he expired on the spot. Sixtus having been informed of the circumstance, sent word to the governor of Rome that he was to dine early, and that justice must be executed on the criminal before he sat down to table. The Spanish ambassador and four cardinals entreated him not to disgrace the gentleman by causing him to die on a gibbet, but to order him to be beheaded. "He shall be hanged," replied Sixtus, "but I will alleviate his disgrace by doing him the honor to assist personally at his death." He ordered the gibbet to be erected before his own windows, at which he continued sitting during the whole execution. He then ordered his servants to bring in dinner, declaring that the act of justice he had witnessed had given him a better appetite. When he arose from table, he exclaimed: "God be praised for the good appetite with which I have dined."

After his accession to the pontificate, Sixtus sent for his family to Rome, with the express injunction that they should appear in a decent and modest manner. His sister Camilla, accompanied by her daughter and two grandchildren, accordingly repaired to that city. Some of the cardinals, in order to pay court to the pope, went out to meet her, and introduced her in a very magnificent dress. Sixtus pretended not to know her, and asked twice or thrice who she was. One of the cardinals replied that it was his sister. "I have but one sister," replied Sixtus with a frown, "and she is a poor woman at Le Grotte; if you have introduced her in this disguise, I declare I do not know her; yet I think I should know her again, if I saw her in the clothes she used to wear." Her conductors at last found it necessary to return with her to an inn and to strip her of her finery. When she was introduced a second time, Sixtus tenderly embraced her, saying: "Now we know indeed that it is our sister: no body shall make a princess of you but ourselves." He stipulated with his sister that she should neither ask any favour in matters of government, nor intercede for criminals, nor interfere in the administration of justice, declaring that every request of the kind would meet with certain refusal. These terms being agreed to, and punctually observed, he made the most ample provision not only for Camilla, but for all his relations.

It was to the indulgence of a disposition na-

turally formed for severity that most of the defects of this extraordinary man were to be ascribed. Clemency was a stranger to his bosom, and his punishments sometimes seemed to border on revenge. The reader, probably, needs not to be informed that there are two statues at Rome, by means of which the people of that city have for ages assumed the liberty of making very severe reflections on the government. These are called Pasquin and Martorio. Pasquin was, one morning dressed in a very dirty shirt, and being asked by Martorio why he wore such dirty linen, he replied, that he could get no other, for the pope had made his washerwoman a princess, alluding to Camilla, who had formerly been a laundress. The pope ordered strict search to be made for the author of this lampoon, and offered him his life and a thousand pistoles if he would discover himself. The author was simple enough to make his appearance and claim the reward. "It is true," said the pope, "we made such a promise, and we shall keep it, your life shall be spared and you shall receive the money presently: but we have reserved the power of cutting off your hands and boring your tongue, to prevent your being so witty for the future." This cruel sentence was immediately executed.

Sixtus died in 1590, after a reign of little more than five years. His death was ascribed to poison, said to have been administered by the Spaniards, with whose sovereign he was at variance, but the story seems rather improbable.

DANIEL DAY.

THE man who contributes ever so small a portion to the happiness of his fellow creatures possesses juster claims to the admiration of posterity than the conqueror, who, inflamed with projects of ambition, spreads desolation and terror over half the world. The genuine philanthropist will in this point of view, peruse with more sincere pleasure the account of the innocent oddities of Mr. Daniel Day than the history of the achievements of an Alexander, a Tamerlane or a Buonaparte.

Mr. Daniel Day, was well known many years as an eminent pump and engine maker, in the parish of St. John's, Wapping; where, to this day, his memory is respected as that of a great benefactor, particularly in his gift of the great bell at the consecration of the new church in 1760. Mr. Day was born in St. Mary Overy's parish, where his father was an opulent brewer. But the circumstance for which the subject of this article is particularly distinguished, was the institution of an annual fair, which, from the venerable tree near which it was held, received the appellation of Fairlop Fair.

For the information of such readers as may not be acquainted with this celebrated tree, we shall here introduce a few particulars concerning it.

Fairlop oak stands in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London; about three from Ilford and two from the village of Chigwell, in the county of Essex. The trunk or main stem of this lord of the forest, measures in girth sixty-six feet or twenty-two feet in diameter, from which seventeen large branches issue, each of the dimensions of a tree of moderate growth, and most of them measuring not less than twelve feet in girth. For many years past it has been gradually decaying, yet it still retains periodical powers of vegetation, though the loftiest parts of the boughs are withered. About twenty years ago, the whole shadow extended at noon over an acre of ground.

Mr. Day had a small estate near the oak, and thither he yearly repaired a few days after midsummer to receive his rents. The conviviality of his temper would not suffer him to receive the good things of this world alone, and it was his custom to invite a few of his neighbours to accompany him, and he would treat them with a repast of beans and bacon, under the canopy of the oak; the accommodations were provided from an adjacent small public-house, the May Pole. Mr. Day's friends were so well pleased with the rural novelty, that they one and all pledged themselves to accompany him on the same occasion every year, on the first Friday in July, during their lives.

In the course of a few years this amicable meeting greatly increased, and became known to

the neighbouring gentry, farmers and yeomanry; and a vast number of them annually, on the day of Mr. Day's jubilee, visited the place. Suttling booths were soon found to be necessary for their accommodation, which naturally produced various other booths for sale, arranged around the huge oak; and about the year 1725, this charming spot began to present every appearance of a regular fair.

As it progressively encreased, puppet-shews, wild beasts, fruits, ginger-bread, ribbons and toys of all descriptions, attended with the usual pastimes of a country wake soon succeeded, and in a very few years it became one of the most respectable, and well regulated fairs round the metropolis.

This new institution of Mr. Day's creation became his principal hobby-horse, and he found himself highly flattered by the attentions of his numerous visitors.

The open and generous heart of Mr. Day expanded with inexpressible delight at being the cause of happiness to others, and he thought some little return due to those who treated him with such respect. He therefore provided several sacks of beans, and a sufficient quantity of bacon dressed; the bacon was mixed in slices with the beans, and distributed from the trunk of the tree to the multitude in pans full.—This custom he continued to his death.

In the early part of Mr. Day's life, he usually

walked to this favourite spot and back again; in later years he used to ride on horseback, but having a fall from his horse, he declared he would never cross another. He kept his vow, sold his horse, and purchased a mule; this obstinate animal, also threw his rider in the mire, on which Mr. Day discarded his mule as he had done his horse, and determined never more to trust himself upon the back of a four-legged animal. His next resource was a post-chaise or a coach; in one of these he also met with an accident, and ever after refused to enter into either. This last circumstance induced him to direct his remains to be conveyed by water to the place of burial, saying, "if he was conveyed in a hearse, he should be awakened." He next invented a machine to go by the aid of mechanical powers without horses, which after two years successful trial broke down in attempting the third expedition. His dernier resort was a jocky cart, in which, attended by music, he took his annual trip up to the July preceding his death.

Long previous to that event, Fairlop Fair was known all over Essex, and the adjoining counties. The engine-makers, pump-makers, and block-makers of Wapping, and other places contiguous to the river, to the number of about thirty or forty, every year went to the fair in a boat made of one piece of intire fir, covered with an awning, mounted on a coach carriage, drawn by six horses, with flags, streamers, and pendants

flying, and a band of music, attended by a great many persons on horseback, in carriages, and on foot.

Mr. Day had many other eccentricities, but they were unoffending in their nature, and no man was ever injured by his hobby-horse. He had a widowed house-keeper who lived with him for thirty years, and died at a very advanced age. She had two very strong attachments, one to her wedding-ring and garments, and the other to tea; when she died, Mr. Day would not permit her ring to be taken off, he said, "If that was attempted, she would come to life again," and directed that she should be buried in her wedding suit and a pound of tea in each hand; and these directions were literally obeyed.

A few years before Mr. Day's decease, a branch of the old oak received a shock, either by decay, by lightning, or storm. This operated upon Mr. Day as the warning of an old friend, it pointed out to him the instability of life, and the effects of time; and he received the call with the resignation of a christian, and the fortitude of a man, who was conscious of having performed his allotted part with propriety.

He set about with alacrity, a task which to some men would have been an awful preparation. By the favour of the lord of the manor, he procured the dismembered limb of his favourite tree, and employed a Mr. Clear, a carpenter, to measure him for a coffin, and to make it out of this oak. Mr. Clear executed his job, and

brought home his work, which was neatly pannelled, and highly rubbed and varnished with bees-wax. Mr. Day viewed his future habitation with the utmost serenity and philosophy, and addressing himself to the carpenter, said, "Mr. Clear I have heard that when a person dies he is much stretched, and consequently much longer than when living. Now Mr. Clear, it is not very clear to me that you have made this coffin long enough, but however we'll try; and laying himself down in the coffin, he found it too short. "Never mind it," added he; "you must desire my executors to cut off my head and put it between my legs."

In bequeathing his property, as Mr. Day ever remained a batchelor, the fatherless children of his niece, eight in number, became his principal heirs. He carried his harmless oddities to the last action possible, in ordering his executors to convey his corpse to Barking, in Essex, by water, accompanied by six journeymen pump and block-makers, as bearers, to each of whom he gave a new white leathern apron, and a guinea in money.

Mr. Day, though by some persons deemed formal, was an amateur in music, as it applied to dancing: to fashionable refinements, however, he had an insuperable aversion; for being once invited to a ball, where he was informed it would be necessary to wear ruffles of the finest point lace, and a pair being presented to him, he viewed them with some degree of contempt, and said,

"if it was the custom he must comply; but it should be in his own way:" and ordering his housekeeper to get the lace dyed green, he wore them at that assembly, and upon all similar occasions.

With all his facetiousness, Mr. Day, as an old-fashioned tradesman, was a constant attendant at his own parish-church; and as much as possible would enforce the attendance of his nephews and nieces, their children, and his own servants, upon divine worship.

Mr. Day retained his health until within a day or two of his death, and his faculties to the last. As he lived so he died—a devout christian, a sincere friend, a good master, and an honest man; he was just without austerity, liberal without profusion, free without intemperance, and lively without excess: in fine, he lived merry and wise, and died universally revered and lamented on the nineteenth of October, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and was buried agreeably to his will, in his oak coffin, in the church-yard of Barking, in Essex.

WILLIAM LYON.

THIS man was a strolling player and consequenly had neither great abilities nor much reputation. The faculty of memory he however possessed in a most uncommon degree, as the following circumstance evinces.

One evening while taking his glass with some of his brother performers, he proposed a wager of a crown bowl of punch, that next morning, at rehearsal he would repeat a *Daily Advertiser* from beginning to end. The players considering this as a mere boast, paid no great attention to it, but as Lyon persisted in his offer, one of them at length accepted the wager. Next morning at the rehearsal, conceiving that as Lyon was intoxicated the preceding night, he must certainly have forgotten the wager, he reminded him of the circumstance, at the same time rallying him for bragging in such a ridiculous manner about his memory. Lyon, however, pulled out the paper, desired him to look at it, and to judge himself whether he did or did not win his wager. Notwithstanding the discordance and want of connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements and confused mass of heterogeneous matter which composes a newspaper, he repeated it from beginning to end without hesitation or mistake.

Such an instance of strength of memory cannot probably be paralleled by any age or nation; and there is little doubt of its authenicity as Baker, who records it in his *Biographia Dramatica*, was either a witness of the fact or had good authority for introducing it into his work.

Lyon died at Edinburgh, where he frequently performed, about the year 1748.

THE PRINCE OF MODENA.

AS the real name of the person whose adventures are recorded in the following pages, will, in all human probability never be ascertained, we have thought fit to distinguish him by that title under which, aided by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances, he contrived to obtain some degree of celebrity. The air of mystery which prevails throughout the life of this young adventurer, who, about the middle of the last century, made his appearance in the French West India island of Martinico, gives it additional interest. The narrative is from the pen of an eye-witness, who, having escaped the contagious influence of public credulity, had an opportunity of observing, unbiassed, all the extraordinary incidents which paved the way to the success of the youthful impostor. What appears perhaps the most remarkable is, that from first to last, he seems to have had in view no end, no object whatever in his operations. The commission of crime or the practice of imposture generally results from a desire to gain some favorite point, tending either to promote private interest or to gratify some ruling passion. Nothing of this kind seems to have influenced the pretended prince of Modena, unless he can be supposed to have been so weak

as to sacrifice the happiness of his whole life to the enjoyment of a short-lived ambition and the temporary gratification of sensual appetites, of which the discovery of his imposture must infallibly deprive him. Whether he had any motive for his conduct or whether he was merely the puppet of a fortuitous combination of circumstances, it is impossible, particularly at this distance of time to decide. We shall now proceed to the narrative.

At the commencement of the year 1748, while France was yet at war with Britain, a small French merchant ship from Rochelle, bound to Martinico, was so closely pursued by the English cruizers which blocked up the harbour of the island, that the Captain, finding it impossible to save the ship and cargo, resolved at least to make an attempt to escape being taken. He therefore betook himself with his whole crew to his boat, by means of which they arrived on shore in safety, but with the loss of all they possessed.

His crew was not numerous, and he had on board one passenger, a young man, 18 or 19 years of age, of a figure rather pleasing than handsome and regular, of dignified deportment, though of the middling stature, but particularly remarkable for the extreme delicacy of his skin, which seemed to denote that he was a person of rank. He said that his name was the Count de Tarnaud, and that his father was a Field Marshal; and the respectful behaviour of the crew, ap-

peared to announce a person of still more elevated dignity. He had embarked without any attendant, and the only person who appeared particularly attached to him was a young sailor, called Rhodez, with whom he became acquainted during the voyage. Though Rhodez seemed to possess the unlimited confidence of the stranger, yet on his part this intimacy never produced familiarity, as he treated him on all occasions with the most marked demonstrations of respect.

As soon as he had landed, the youth enquired for some creditable inhabitant of the island, in whose house he might find lodging and relief. He was directed to the habitation of an officer whose name was Duval Ferrol, situated near the place where he landed. Thither he repaired, with no other recommendation than the misfortune he had so recently experienced. Being received with the utmost hospitality, he fixed his residence there, together with Rhodez. At this place every respect was paid him; he appeared rather to take these attentions as his due than to receive them as favours; and to the abundance of questions that were asked, he gave vague replies. The mysterious conduct of Rhodez kept alive and increased the curiosity thus excited, and it began to be directed the more powerfully towards the young stranger, as the captain when questioned concerning him, absolutely refused to give any answer whatever. He only informed the governor of the *cul-de-sac* Marin, the port of Mar-

tinico as a secret, that the youth had been brought to him by a merchant, who had privately recommended him, without entering into any farther explanation, to treat him with great attention, as, he said, he was a person of distinction.

Every thing indeed, relating to this individual, appeared mysterious and extraordinary. He had been seen to arrive at Rochelle, as it was afterwards discovered, some time before his embarkation. He was then accompanied by an elderly, grey-headed man, who appeared to act the part of a Mentor. It was not known by what conveyance they had come. Both were dressed with the greatest simplicity. On their arrival at Rochelle, they hired a small apartment at a private house, which they immediately furnished at their own expence, without luxury or splendour, but in a very decent manner. During his residence in that town, the youth had lived very retired, never going abroad, seeing no person, and living on scarcely any thing but shell-fish, and principally fresh water crabs, which are extremely scarce and dear at Rochelle.

The old man, on the contrary, often went abroad; it appeared as if his principal business was to find an opportunity of embarking his pupil, which since the commencement of the war with England, did not very often occur. An opportunity at length offered; and on the final departure of the youth for the purpose of embarking, the mistress of the of the house at which

he lodged, asked him what he intended to do with his furniture, to which he replied, "Keep it to remember me by." His conductor, though a witness to this generous proceeding, scarcely appeared to take notice of it. This present might be estimated at about five hundred livres (about twenty guineas); but what was still more extraordinary, the donor did not take with him money and effects to a much greater amount, and from his conduct on his first arrival at Martinico, it could not be presumed that he possessed any certain resources. Nothing, however, seemed to give him any uneasiness during the passage. His manners had been constantly generous, without profusion. The crew being reduced to great extremity by hunger, at the time when, to avoid the English cruizers, they were obliged to keep close along the coast, in the boat, in which they had not time to take provisions with them, he bought of one of the natives who was passing in his canoe, the refreshments which he was conveying to his habitation, and distributed them among the sailors. The latter, as may be easily conceived, were inspired with increased respect for the young passenger, whom they had before concluded to be a person of distinction, from the mysterious recommendations given to the captain.

These circumstances were soon reported in the island, and the crew added, that the young passenger had been taken ill on board the ship; that he was treated with the utmost care and atten-

tion, which he received with great benignity, but mixed with a certain degree of haughtiness. During this illness, Rhodez, by the captain's directions, never quitted the patient, and it was on this occasion that the confidence of the one, and the extraordinary attachment of the other, seemed to have commenced.

These particulars were more than sufficient to attract attention and excite curiosity. It was instantly known, throughout the whole colony, that a person of high rank had arrived; all the circumstances attending his embarkation were related; the facts were altered, exaggerated, and multiplied; and before the stranger had been four days in the island he was the subject of an infinite number of ridiculous suppositions, of romances each more astonishing than the other, all of which were repeated with equal assurance, and heard with equal avidity.

In a few days Duval Ferol informed the stranger that as he did not know him, and was only a subaltern, he was under the necessity of acquainting the king's lieutenant, who commanded at the cul-de sac Marin, of his arrival; and that the latter requested to see him at his house. The young man complied; and presented himself as the Count de Tarnaud. The commandant having heard the reports that were propagated concerning the stranger, determined to unravel the mystery, and with that view offered him the use of his house and table, which was accepted by Tarnaud. Rhodez did not leave him, but re-

moved with him to the house of the commandant, M. Nadau, thus apparently avowing a kind of voluntary dependence, which he did not endeavour to conceal.

Two days after young Tarnaud's removal to the house of the commandant, the latter had company to dinner, and just as they were sitting down to table, the young man found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodez got up and fetched it for him. The company gazed at each other in astonishment; for in the West Indies it was considered an unheard-of, a dishonourable submission for a white to wait upon a white, (except it were a prince, or at least the governor of the island,) to which not even the meanest colonist would submit. It was immediately surmised that Rhodez, a man of a respectable family, of a liberal education, and acquainted with the custom of the place, would not certainly thus degrade himself for a mere gentleman.

Another circumstance soon occurred to renew and increase the astonishment of the governor. In the middle of dinner, Nadau received a letter from Duval Ferol to the following effect: "You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days; his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him."

Nadau threw his eye over the letter inclosed by Duval; it contained nothing but expressions

of thanks, written in a very bad style, but he was confounded to find that it was signed *Est* and not Tarnaud. Immediately after dinner, he took aside one of his friends, to whom he communicated the contents of the note. The latter instantly repaired to the house of the marquis d'Eragny, which was at no great distance. The Marquis was still at table with several persons who were dining with him; the conversation soon turned on the young stranger, and the person who had last arrived mentioned what had just happened at Nadau's. On hearing the name of Est they were astonished; they endeavoured to discover who it could be, and by the assistance of the calendar, concluded that the stranger was no other than Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess of Penthièvre. It was thought extremely easy to ascertain whether this was the fact, for one of the company, whose name was Bois-Fermé, and who was brother-in-law to the commandant, declared that he had several times been in company with the prince only the year before; and another had seen him with the army. They therefore resolved to ascertain the matter; and meanwhile pushed about the bottle, till the evening, when the whole company, mounting their horses, proceeded to the house of the commandant, who was just going to supper. They fixed their eyes on the stranger, and Bois-Fermé exclaimed, that it was certainly he. Bois-Fermé, indeed, never spoke a word of truth, not even

when he was drunk. He had a negro called La Plume, who waited on him at table, and whom he taught to pronounce only the French word "Oui."—"Is it not true, La Plume?" said his master, turning towards him whenever he had been practising with the long bow. "Oui," invariably and laconically replied La Plume. He was supported by the other officer, who went up to the governor, and said; "You have in your house the hereditary Prince of Modena." The company was scarcely seated at table, when the sound of instruments was heard: they were bugle horns, brought by Bois-Fermé: who, with his friends, drank with repeated cheers to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The person on whose account this scene was acted, at first appeared astonished and embarrassed, and afterwards testified his dissatisfaction at such an indiscretion.

At this juncture, the French colonies, and especially Martinico, were in a very critical situation. It was blocked up by the English, and in extreme want of provisions, which could be procured only from Curacoa and St. Eustatia; but this resource, which of itself was extremely expensive, was rendered still more so by the avidity of a few, who were intent only on increasing their private fortunes by the public misery. At the head of these men was the Marquis de Caylus, governor of the windward islands, who resided at Martinico, a man, who was induced by the derangement of his affairs, to listen

to a great number of projectors, who involved him in speculations, of which they derived all the profit, and he had to bear all the odium. A general discontent was thus excited against him; it was aggravated by the alarming prospect of a famine, and waited only for a proper opportunity to burst forth.

Minds thus prepared eagerly hailed the intelligence of the arrival of the supposed prince. What should bring a prince of Modena to Martinico was a question they never thought of asking; their imaginations were wholly engaged with the advantages which the colony was likely to derive from his presence. Nadau, who entertained a private pique against the governor, eagerly seized the opportunity to lay before his guest the complaints of the colony, to acquaint him with the tricks of interested men to raise the price of provisions, and to describe the misery resulting from such conduct. The prince, indignant at the recital, swore that he would put an end to such villainy, that he would punish those who thus abused the confidence of the king; and should the English effect a landing, he would himself head the inhabitants to repulse the invaders.

This declaration, which Nadau did not fail to repeat, augmented the general enthusiasm. The fermentation extended to Fort St. Pierre, where the Marquis de Caylus then resided. The governor flattered himself that he should extinguish in a moment, the faction created against him,

and ordered Nadau to send the stranger to St. Pierre. Nadau returned for answer, that there was no doubt but the youth was the hereditary Prince of Modena; on which the governor sent a letter by two officers, addressed to the Count de Tarnaud, and inviting him to repair to his residence. "Tell your master," replied the prince, "that to the rest of the world I am the Count de Tarnaud, but that to him I am Hercules Renaud d'Est. If he wishes to see me, let him come half-way. Let him repair to Fort Royal, in four or five days; I will be there."

The governor, struck with the report made by the officers of the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess of Penthièvre, (sister to the hereditary Prince of Modena) began to yield to the general conviction. He set out for Fort Royal, but changed his mind, and returned to St. Pierre. The prince, agreeably to his appointment, repaired to Fort Royal, and not finding the governor there, proceeded to St. Pierre, which he entered in triumph, attended by seventeen or eighteen gentlemen. He sent word to the Jesuits to prepare for his reception; and on his way passed before the governor's house, who, the moment he saw him, exclaimed, that he was the very image of his mother and sister; and, as if panic-struck instantly quitted St. Pierre, and retired to Fort Royal, leaving the field to his antagonist.

The prince, who now fixed his abode at the convent of the Jesuits, appointed his household.

The Marquis d'Eragny was his grand equerry; Duval Ferol and Laurent Dufont were his gentlemen; and Rhodez his page. He kept a court, and gave regular audiences, which were attended by all who had memoirs to present against the government, or such officers of the administration who wished to pay their court to him.

The Duke de Penthièvre possessed considerable property in the hands of an agent at Martinico. This man was not one of the last to present himself to his master's brother-in-law. The prince received him very graciously, and had a conversation of half an hour with him, the result of which was, that all the cash and property in his possession, were placed at the disposal of his highness. Had any doubts remained, relative to his right to the title he had assumed, this circumstance would have been sufficient to remove them. Liewain, the agent of the Duke, was regarded as an honest and a prudent man; he was perfectly acquainted with the affairs and connections of the house of Penthièvre, in consequence of which, it was surmised, that he would not have taken such a step without very strong reasons.

The Dominicans were jealous of the honor conferred on the Jesuits, and the prince, to satisfy them, on his return from a short excursion, changed his residence to their convent. He was there entertained with the greatest magnificence. A table of thirty covers was daily laid for him, and those whom he chose to invite; he dined in

public, amidst the sound of trumpets ; and the people flocked in such crowds to see him, that had it not been for rails placed in the middle of the hall, he would have run the risk of being suffocated.

Never was such a spectacle exhibited at St. Pierre ; never was confusion more complete, and joy more general. The operations of government were entirely suspended, but its absence was perceived only in the cessation of the oppression which it had exercised. Money again made its appearance in abundance ; provisions arrived from all quarters ; and at length, the news of the peace completed the general intoxication.

Vessels had in the mean time been dispatched to France. The prince had written to his family, and had entrusted the captain of a merchant vessel, sent by Liewain, with his letters. No answer arrived, and the prince seemed very uneasy. The governor, on his part, had sent to the minister, the engineer Des Rivieres, to inform him of what had happened, and to request instructions how to act. Six months had elapsed since the departure of Des Rivieres, and he had not returned ; his arrival might, however, be hourly expected ; but this gave the prince no concern. He amused himself with defying the governor, who had in vain endeavoured to insinuate himself into his good graces. He paid his court to all the women ; gave way to every ex-

cess in eating and drinking; and indulged all his caprices. Among the rest, he one day took it into his head to assume the blue ribbon, which, had he been the heir to Modena, would have been perfectly ridiculous. This absurd pretension he grounded on a story still more absurd; which, however, did not on that account obtain the less credit. Had he declared himself the son of God and the Duchess of Modena, he would have been believed.

It cannot however be denied, that he was an astonishing youth. Amidst the most childish and absurd fancies, his actions always displayed a certain degree of dignity. Never, either in the company of the women, of whom he was fond to distraction, or in fits of intoxication, or in the unfortunate situations in which he was afterwards placed, did he for a moment relinquish that haughty and dignified character which he at first assumed. He always appeared disinterested and liberal, but without profusion; living at the expence of another, as if at his own cost, without seeking to amass for the future, and without squandering, like a man who has but a short time to enjoy prosperity. His education, which had only been commenced, seemed to have been conducted with extraordinary care. He had confused ideas of various sciences; spoke French, Italian, and German, but not very well, and understood something, though still less, of Latin. He wrote very ill, but drew tolerably, and was a capital horseman. His understanding was live-

ly and just; and excepting the ridiculous fables and vague assertions with which he was obliged to support his pretensions, he always answered any thing serious that was said to him, with great dignity, good sense, and precision. But the most inexplicable part of his character was the uniform serenity and tranquillity which he manifested. So far from entertaining apprehensions on account of the arrival of the numerous strangers, who in consequence of the peace repaired to the island, he eagerly sought their company. A new acquaintance was a treat to him; and among these strangers, chance directed that he should not find one who was able to detect him. One of them had seen the prince at Venice, but a considerable time before. He had met with him in a shop, where his highness had unmasked after breaking for sport, glass to the value of fifteen hundred pounds, which he afterwards paid for. He who was capable of such a frolic, might easily take a fancy to go to Martinico, and a person who had played such tricks, might still be the prince of Modena.

Des Rivieres had not returned; and the rainy season approached. The prince began to be apprehensive for his health; and the inhabitants to discover that his residence was rather expensive to them. He wished to leave the island, and they were not less desirous that he should. After a stay of seven months at Martinico, he embarked for France, in the Raphael, of Bourdeaux, taking with him all his household, an

almoner, and Garnier, the king's physician at the colony. When he went on board, he hoisted an admiral's flag, and after being saluted by the cannon of the fort, departed.

A fortnight afterwards arrived Des Rivieres, with orders to put his highness in confinement, but these orders had been six months in preparing, and the inhabitants surmised that this delay was intended only to give him time to leave the island, his visit to which was probably nothing more than a youthful frolic. Liewain's messenger had likewise returned, and his story had been treated at Paris with as little ceremony as that of Des Rivieres. He brought Liewain a letter from the Duke of Penthièvre, reprimanding him for suffering himself to be duped; but, considering that his conduct was the result of his zeal, and that his credulity might be excused by the example of those who were at the head of the colony, the duke consented to share the loss with him, confirmed him in his situation, and assured him of his protection. The money advanced by Liewain amounted to 50,000 crowns; and this kindness of the duke appeared to be a further confirmation of the reality of the prince's pretensions.

The Raphael meanwhile proceeded towards Europe, and arrived at Faro, in Portugal, where the prince was received with a salute of artillery. He demanded a courier, to send off to Madrid, to the chargè d'affaires of the Duke of Modena, and likewise required the means of repairing,

with his retinue, to Seville, where he intended to wait the return of his messenger. All his wishes were complied with; and he set out for Seville as tranquil and as cheerful as ever, intent only on paying his court to all the handsome women he met with on the way. He arrived, in safety, at Seville, preceded by a great reputation for gallantry.

All the females were at the windows to see him pass, and all the first people of the town went to pay their respects to him. Sumptuous entertainments were prepared in his honor, and he returned them with such magnificence and grace, that he soon turned the heads of the inhabitants of Seville, particularly the females, as he had before done those of the inhabitants of Martinico. During the day, he was almost always in public; but at night he was not so easily to be found; and though he observed but little secrecy in his intrigues, yet his attendants sometimes lost all traces of him, so that the Marquis d'Eragny, who began to be suspicious, was afraid lest he might give them the slip. For his part he manifested no concern except on account of the delay of his courier, whose return he seemed to await with the utmost impatience.

At length an order arrived for his confinement, till the king should decide concerning his fate; which being communicated to him by the governor, the prince appeared much astonished but not disconcerted, and replied, "I was born a sovereign as well as he; he has no control

over me; but he is master here, and I shall comply with his desire."

He was then conducted to a small tower occupied by a lieutenant and a few invalids. Here he was left without being locked up and was even permitted to send for such of his retinue as he wished to have with him. After examining his new habitation, he declared he could not remain there, or he should die. The lieutenant represented to him that he was on his parole. "I have promised," said he, "to remain in a habitable place;" to which the lieutenant replied, "he had no orders to use force." The prince then privately sent to the Dominicans to request a lodging, and permission to wait in their convent for the king's orders. The friars consented to receive him, and he removed without molestation to the convent. In Spain these institutions are privileged places, and whoever takes refuge in them cannot be removed by force. It was therefore necessary to enter into a negociation with the provincial of the order, and the archbishop of Seville. The Dominicans at length consented to the removal of the prisoner, if it could be effected without the effusion of blood.

The officer charged with this business entered his apartment with his hat in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, requiring him in the name of the king to surrender. The youth instantly seized his arms, and gaining one of the corners of the room, protested he would kill the first who should venture to touch him. He was

surrounded with bayonets, which he parried with his sword, and defended himself with such resolution, that it would have been impossible to take him without violating the condition which had been stipulated. The soldiers therefore retired; but in the mean time the people had collected at the gate, and the report of the affair had spread throughout all Seville. The government was censured what it had done, and what it had not done; the women, in particular, fired with indignation at the outrages committed on the young stranger, exclaimed against such unworthy treatment of a young man so handsome, noble, generous, and brave. "He is a prince," said they, "or there never was one; perhaps there never was his equal, and yet he is used in this cruel manner!"

This fermentation convinced the government of the necessity of bringing the affair to a speedy issue. They renewed their negociations with the Dominicans, who were willing to deliver up their guest; but it had now become a difficult matter. He never went without a brace of pistols in his pockets; at night he kept them under his pillow; at dinner he placed one on each side of his plate; and for the greater security he took his repasts only in his own apartment opposite to the door. A method was, however, at last contrived. A young lay-brother, gay, vigorous and active, had been directed to wait upon him. His services were very agreeable to the prisoner, who was likewise much di-

verted with his gaiety. One day the monk, who always stood behind him when at table, had been relating a verry merry story, at which the prince could not forbear laughing very heartily. The monk, seizing the opportunity, laid hold of both his arms behind, and stamped with all his force. Some alguasils instantly appeared, and hurried away the unfortunate prince, into the most gloomy dungeon of the most infamous prison in Seville, where they fastened a chain round his middle, and others round his legs and arms. In about twenty-four hours he was sent for, to be examined, but he refused to answer to the interrogatories of his judges. His irons were taken off, and instead of being sent back to his dungeon, he was allowed the best apartment in the prison, in which a guard, commanded by a captain and lieutenant, was placed expressly on his account. His retinue were meanwhile examined relative to the supposed design of withdrawing Martinico from its allegiance to France, and without farther ceremony the principal person was condemned to the gallies, or to labour at the king's fortifications in Africa, and his attendants were banished the dominions of Spain.

The time at length arrived when the prince was to set off for Cadiz, where those sentenced to labour at the fortifications at Ceuta in Africa were collected. A carriage drawn by six mules appeared at the gate of the prison, and the whole garrison of Seville was under arms. The prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered

the carriage, and proceeded through the city between two files of infantry which lined the streets.

It has been asserted that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favour. It is certain that the imaginations of the people were highly inflamed, and that at this time wagers to the amount of sixty thousand piastres were depending in Spain on the question, whether he was really the prince of Modena or an impostor. What appeared not a little extraordinary, the court prohibited the laying of wagers. Some of the parties then went in quest of the real prince of Modena: but it was long before he was discovered. He was neither at Modena nor at Reggio, nor at Massa-Carrara. It was reported that he was gone to Venice; but four notaries attested that he had not made his appearance in that city, so that it might almost have been surmised that he concealed himself for the purpose of keeping alive the doubts and uncertainty of the public.

On the prisoner's arrival at Cadiz, he was conducted to the Fort of la Caragua, which commands the port. The commandant was informed, that he must be answerable for the prisoner; but his orders at the same time directed that he should treat him *con maniera*, with politeness. The commandant a native of France, named Devau, who had raised himself by his merit to the situation held, after reading his orders, observed: "When I am to be answerable for the

safety of any person, I know but one *maniera* of treating him and that is to put him in irons."

The moment having arrived for the departure of the convoy for Ceuta, the prince was put into a vessel separate from the other galley-slaves. When they were setting sail, the secretary of the governor appeared. He brought what remained from the sale of his effects after deducting all that had been expended on his account. The surplus amounted to seven or eight hundred reals, (about ten guineas.) "Aha!" said he, "the governor takes me for his almoner."—Then raising his voice, he continued: "Sailors, the governor is very generous, he has sent you some money," and distributed the whole among them in the presence of the secretary.

Nadau who had been ordered home to France to give an account of his conduct, received on his return to Martinico, a pair of pistols of the finest workmanship, accompanied with a letter from the prince, in which, after some excuses for the uneasiness he must have caused him, he informed that officer that he was at Ceuta in the convent of the Cordeliers, where he was very well treated, and under little restraint. He pretended that he had received a visit from Ali Obaba, the brother of the Emperor of Morocco, who had offered him 40,000 men and artillery to attack the Spaniards; but motives of honour and of religion obliged him to refuse his assistance. After relating the particulars of his interview with Ali Obaba, he informed Nadau that he had

received a letter from a mulatto named Louison, one of the two valets de chambre who had attended him to Europe; in which the unfortunate man had stated that he was out of place, and afflicted with a disease, the cure of which was very expensive. In consequence of this intelligence he had caused him to be placed under the hands of an able surgeon at Cadiz, whom he had directed to be paid, and had transmitted to Louison sufficient to enable him to return to Martinico. Thus both by his actions and his words, he supported the character he had originally assumed; which is certainly not the least remarkable part of his history.

Liewain likewise received a letter, in which he lamented the losses he had suffered on his account, and held out hopes that he should one day make him a compensation for them. These letters were the first and the last. It appears that tired of his prison, however comfortable it might have been made for him, the young man found an opportunity of escaping. About this time a merchantman came to an anchor in the road of Gibraltar. The captain, who was an Englishman went on shore, and informed the governor that he had on board his ship the person known by the name of the Prince of Modena, who demanded permission to land. "Let him beware of coming on shore here," replied the governor, "I should treat him *con maniera*, in the English style; he would be apprehended immediately." The captain took him at his word; he set sail, and with

him disappeared for ever this extraordinary youth, leaving behind him no trace of his existence except the recollection of a mystery, which in all probability will never be explained.

JOHN METCALF.

WE almost invariably find that nature in withholding from man the benefit of one sense, compensates the deficiency by the superior perfection in which she bestows others. The extraordinary particulars related in the following pages strikingly exemplify this observation and shew to what a degree the power of habit and a good understanding are capable of overcoming impediments apparently insurmountable. For instance, who would expect to find a man totally blind from his infancy superintending the building of bridges and the construction of high roads, an occupation for which his defect would seem to have wholly disqualified him. These, however, were undertakings that Metcalf successfully executed, and that with many singular adventures in which he was engaged, cannot fail to excite no small degree of astonishment and admiration.

John Metcalf was born in 1717, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. At the age of four years, his parents, who were labouring people, put him to school, where he continued two years, when he was seized with the small-pox, which deprived

him of his sight in spite of all the means that were employed for its preservation.

About six months after his recovery, he was able to go from his father's house to the end of the street, and to return without a guide; and in about three years he could find his way alone to any part of Knaresborough. About this period he began to associate with boys of his own age, among whom he acted a distinguished part in the juvenile pranks of taking bird's nests, and robbing orchards. As his father kept horses, he learned to ride, and soon became a good horseman, a gallop being his favorite pace. At the age of thirteen he was taught music, in which he made great proficiency, though the cry of a hound or a harrier was more congenial to his taste than the sound of an instrument. He kept hounds of his own, and frequently hunted with Mr. Woodburn of Knaresborough, who kept a pack, and was always very desirous of Metcalf's company in the chase.

When about fourteen years old, his activity, and the success with which his enterprizes were usually attended, led him to imagine, that he might undertake any thing without danger, and greatly consoled him for the want of sight; but he was taught to regret that defect by a severe wound he received in consequence of a fall into a gravel-pit, while making his retreat from a plumb-tree in which he had been surprised by the owner.

About this period, he learned to swim, and soon became so very expert, that his companions did not chuse to come near him in the water, it being his custom to seize, plunge them to the bottom, and swim over them by way of diversion. In this year two men being drowned in the deeps of the river Nidd, Metcalf was employed to seek for their bodies, and succeeded in bringing up one of them.

A friend of his named Barker, having carried two packs of yarn to wash at that river, they were swept away by a sudden swelling of the current, and carried through the arches of the bridge, which stands on a rock. A little below there is a piece of still water, supposed to be about twenty-one feet in depth: as soon as the yarn came to this place it sunk. Metcalf promised his friend to recover his yarn, but the latter smiled at the supposed absurdity of the attempt. He, however, procured some long cart-ropes, fixed a hook at one end, and leaving the other to be held by some persons on the high bridge, he descended, and by degrees recovered the whole of the yarn.

He continued to practise on the violin, till he was able to play country dances. During the winter season he performed as a waiter at Knaresborough, with three others; he likewise attended the assemblies which were held every fortnight, and frequented many other places where there was public dancing.

Notwithstanding this application, he found

opportunity for playing his neighbours a number of mischievous tricks, and for a long time escaped suspicion. At length, however, his expertness became known, and when any arch trick had been played, it was always the first enquiry where Metcalf was at the time.

Though he was fully engaged he still retained his fondness for hunting, and also began to keep game-cocks. Whenever he went to a cock-pit, it was his custom to place himself on the lowest seat, near some friend who was a good judge, and who, by certain motions, enabled him to bet, hedge, &c.

In 1732, he was invited to Harrowgate, to play at the assembly, as successor to a poor old man, who, borne down by the weight of one hundred years, began to play too slow for country dances. Here he was well received by the visiting nobility and gentry. In this employment he passed his evenings, and the mornings he spent in cocking, hunting, and coursing. About this period, also, he bought a horse, and often ran him for small plates; and his engagements increasing, he took a partner who was likewise a good performer.

In summer he often played at bowls, and singular as it may seem, was frequently the winner; cards likewise began to engage his attention, and he generally won the majority of the games. But these achievements were far from being the limits of his ambition or capacity, for he now began to attend the races at York, and other

places; at the race ground he commonly rode in among the crowd, and was often successful in his bets, in which he was however assisted by several gentlemen to whom he was known.

Having once matched one of his horses to run three miles for a considerable wager, and the parties agreeing each to ride his own horse, they set up posts at certain distances on the Forest Moor, describing a circle of one mile; having consequently to go three times round the course. Under the idea that Metcalf would be unable to keep the course, great odds were laid against him. His ingenuity furnished him with an expedient in this dilemma. He procured some bells, and placing a man with one of them at each post, was enabled by the ringing to judge when to turn. By this contrivance, and the superior speed of his horse, he came in winner, amidst the applause of all present, excepting those who had betted against him.

At different times he bought horses to sell them again, which he often did with a large profit, so accurate was his judgment.

In 1738, Metcalf attained the age of twenty-one: he was extremely robust, and six feet one inch and a half in height. He about this time acquired considerable celebrity as a pugilist from the following circumstance. A friend of his being insulted in a public-house, by a man, who, from his ferocious temper and great strength, was the general dread of the neighbourhood, Metcalf bestowed on him such discipline as soon extorted a cry of mercy.

Returning one day on foot from Harrowgate, he had proceeded about a mile, when he was overtaken by a Knaresborough man on horseback, who proposed for two shillings worth of punch to let him ride in turn, dividing the distances equally. Metcalf agreed, upon condition that he should have the first ride, to which his townsman assented, on these terms: that he should ride a little beyond Poppleton Field, where on his right hand he would see a gate, to which he should fasten the horse. Metcalf however rode forward to Knaresborough, which was seventeen miles from the place where he left his fellow traveller. The latter was greatly enraged at being obliged to walk so far, but Metcalf pleading in excuse that he never *saw* the gate, the man found it his interest to join in the laugh.

He was now in the prime of life, and possessed a peculiar archness of disposition, with an uncommon flow of spirits, and an unparalleled contempt of danger; and though his conduct was long marked by a variety of mischievous tricks, yet he afterwards planned and brought to perfection several schemes, both of private and public utility.

When the Harrowgate season was over, Metcalf always remained a few days, and passed his evenings at one or other of the different inns. At the Royal Oak, now the Granby, he attracted the notice of Miss Benson, the landlady's daughter, whose constant attention and kindness soon inspired him with a reciprocal affection. Knowing

however, that her mother would oppose their union, various successful devices were employed to conceal their mutual partiality and frequent meetings. An event however occurred which obliged Metcalf to quit not only the object of his attachment, but likewise that part of the country.

Among Metcalf's acquaintances were two young men, whose sister lived with them as housekeeper. One evening in her usual jocular way, she apprised Metcalf of her intention to pay him a visit in the night, desiring him to leave his door unlocked. Knowing the mirthful propensity of this female, he was inclined to consider this as a joke, but on the other hand thinking it possible that a real assignation might be intended, and being too gallant to disappoint a lady, he told her, he would obey her orders. The lady was punctual to her appointment, and the consequence of her imprudence was evident in a few months. She intreated Metcalf to marry her, but she having made the first advances, he did not feel his conscience interested, and refused. Her only resource was to apply to the parish, which finding she had done, he with some difficulty obtained an interview with Miss Benson, proceeded to Whitby, and went on board an alum-ship bound to London.

After an absence of seven months, he returned to Knaresborough, where he found the woman who had been the cause of his journey comfortably situated, and not inclined to trouble him. During his absence a Mr. Dickinson had paid

his addresses to Miss Benson, and now urged his suit with such ardour, that the banns were published, and the wedding-day appointed to the no small mortification of Metcalf, who thought himself secure of her affection. Though he loved her tenderly, his pride prevented him from manifesting his feelings, or attempting to prevent the match.

On the day preceding that on which the nuptials were to be solemnized, Metcalf riding past the Royal Oak, was accosted with, "one wants to speak with you." He immediately turned towards the stables of the Oak, and there to his joy and surprize, he found the object of his love, who had sent her mother's servant to call him. After some explanation, an elopement was resolved upon, which Metcalf with the assistance of a friend, effected that night, and the next morning they were united. The confusion of his rival, who had provided an entertainment for two hundred people may easily be conceived.

Mrs. Benson being much enraged at her daughter's conduct, refused either to see her or to give up her clothes; nor was she reconciled to her till she was delivered of her second child, on which occasion she stood sponsor to it, and presented Metcalf with twenty guineas.

He now purchased a house at Knaresborough, and continued to play at Harrowgate during the season. He likewise set up a four-wheeled chaise, and a one-horse chair, for public accommodation, which were the first of the kind kept there.

These vehicles he kept two summers, but the innkeepers beginning to run chaises, he relinquished that sheme, and with it racing and hunting. He then bought horses and went to the coast for fish, which he took to Leeds and Manchester, and was so indefatigable, that he would frequently walk for two nights and a day, with little or no rest. But the profits of this business being small, and the fatigue excessive, he soon abandoned that likewise.

At the commencement of the rebellion in 1745, he exchanged his situation as violin player at Harrowgate, for the profession of arms. This singular event was brought about in the following manner:—

William Thornton, Esq. of Thornville, having resolved to raise a company at his own expence, asked Metcalf, who was well known to him, whether he would join the company about to be raised, and whether he knew of any spirited fellows likely to make good soldiers. Upon his replying in the affirmative, he was appointed assistant to a serjeant; and in two days raised one hundred and forty men, out of whom the Captain drafted sixty-four, the number of privates he wanted.

With this company, among whom was Metcalf as musician, Captain Thornton joined the army under General Wade. In the first battle in which they were engaged, twenty of the men, the lieutenant and ensign were made prisoners, and the Captain himself very narrowly escaped.

Metcalf, after a variety of adventures rejoined his patron, and was always in the field during the different engagements which succeeded. After the battle of Culloden, he returned to his family at Knaresborough.

Being again at liberty to chuse his occupation, he attended Harrowgate as usual. During his Scotch expedition he had become acquainted with various articles manufactured in that country, and judging that he might dispose of some of them to advantage in England, he repaired in the spring to Scotland, and furnished himself with a variety of cotton and worsted articles, for which he found a ready sale in his native country. Among a thousand articles he knew what each cost him, from a particular mode of marking them. He also dealt in horses, directing his choice, by feeling the animal; and engaged pretty deeply in the contraband trade, the profits of which were then much more considerable than the risk.

In the year 1751, he commenced a new employ; he set up a stage-waggon between York and Knaresborough, being the first on that road, and drove it himself twice a week in the summer, and once in winter. This business, with the occasional conveyance of army baggage, employed his attention till the period for his first contracting for the making of roads; which suiting him better, he relinquished every other pursuit.

During his leisure hours, he had studied mensuration in a way peculiar to himself; and when

certain of the girth and length of any piece of timber, he was able accurately to reduce its contents to feet and inches, and could bring the dimensions of any building into yards and feet.

The first piece of road he made was about three miles of that between Fearnsby and Minskip. The materials for the whole were to be procured from one gravel-pit; he therefore provided deal boards, and erected a temporary house at the pit, took a dozen horses to the place, fixed racks and mangers, and hired a house for his men at Minskip. He often walked from Knaresborough in the morning with four or five stone of meat on his shoulders, and joined his men by six o'clock. He completed the road much sooner than was expected to the entire satisfaction of the surveyor and trustees.

Soon after this he contracted for building a bridge at Boroughbridge, which he completed with great credit to his abilities. The business of making roads, and building and repairing bridges in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, he continued with great success till the year 1792, when he returned to his native county.

In the summer of 1788, he lost his wife in the sixty-first year of her age, and the fortieth of their union, leaving four children. She was interred in the church-yard of Stockport, in Cheshire, where she then resided.

After some unsuccessful speculations in the cotton trade, Metcalf returned to Yorkshire, and for want of other engagements, he bought hay to

sell again, measuring the stacks with his arms, and having learned the height, he could readily tell what number of square yards were contained in a stack of any value between five and one hundred pounds. Sometimes he bought a little wood standing, and if he could get the girth and height, would calculate the solid contents.

In addition to this brief history of the life of this singular character, the reader will not be displeased to find the following anecdotes, which are of a nature too extraordinary to be omitted:

Metcalf had learned to walk and ride very readily through most of the streets of York; and being once in that city, as he was passing the George, the landlord called to him, and informed him that a gentleman in the house wanted a guide to Harrowgate, adding, "I know you can do as well as any one." To this proposal Metcalf agreed, upon condition that his situation should be kept secret from the gentleman, who might otherwise be afraid to trust him. The stranger was soon ready, and they set off on horseback, Metcalf taking the lead. When they came to Allerton-Mauleverer, the gentleman enquired whose large house that was on the right, to which Metcalf replied without the least hesitation. A little farther the road is crossed by that from Wetherby to Boroughbridge, and runs along by the lofty brick wall of Allerton Park. A road led out of the park opposite to the gate upon the Knaresborough road, which Metcalf was afraid of missing; but perceiving the current

of wind that came through the park gate, he readily turned his horse towards the opposite one. Here he found some difficulty in opening the gate, in consequence, as he imagined, of some alteration that had been made in the hanging of it, as he had not been that way for several months. Therefore, backing his horse, he exclaimed, "Confound thee, thou always goes to the heel of the gate instead of the head." The gentleman observed that his horse was rather awkward, but that his own mare was good at coming up to a gate; on which Metcalf cheerfully permitted him to perform that office. Passing through Knaresborough, they entered the forest which was then uninclosed, nor was there as yet any turnpike road upon it. Having proceeded a little way upon the forest, the gentleman observed a light, and asked what it was. Metcalf took it for granted that his companion had seen what is called a Will-o'-the-Wisp, which frequently appears in a low and swampy spot, near the road; but fearful of betraying himself, did not ask in what direction the light lay. To divert his attention from this object, he asked him if he did not see two lights, one to the right, the other to the left. The stranger replied that he saw but one, on the right.—"Well then, Sir," says Metcalf, "that is Harrowgate." Having arrived at their journey's end, they stopped at the house now called the Granby, where Metcalf, being well acquainted with the place, led both horses into the stable, and then went into the

house, where he found his fellow traveller comfortably seated over a tankard of negus, in which he pledged his guide. Metcalf took it of him very readily the first time, but the second time he was rather wide of his mark. He therefore withdrew, leaving the landlord to explain what his companion was yet ignorant of. The latter hinted to the landlord his suspicion that his guide must have taken a great quantity of spirits since their arrival, upon which the landlord enquired his reason for entertaining such an opinion—"I judge so," replied the traveller, "from the appearance of his eyes"—Eyes! bless you Sir! do not you know that he is blind?" "What do you mean by that?"—"I mean Sir, that he cannot see?"—"Blind! gracious God!"—"Yes, Sir, as blind as a stone, by heaven!"—The stranger desired Metcalf to be called, and upon his confirming the landlord's account: "Had I known that," said he, "I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds."—"And I, Sir," said Metcalf, "would not have lost my way for a thousand."—The services of the evening were rewarded with two guineas, and a plentiful entertainment the next day by the gentleman, who considered this circumstance as the most extraordinary adventure he had ever met with.

Metcalf happened once to be at Scriven, at the house of one Green, an innkeeper, where two persons had a dispute concerning some sheep, which one of them had put into the pen-

fold. The owner of the sheep, a townsman of Metcalf's, appeared to be ill-treated by the other party, who wished to take an unfair advantage. Metcalf perceiving that they were not likely to agree about the damages, departed. It being about midnight, he resolved to perform a good turn for his friend before he went home. The penfold being walled round, he climbed over, and laying hold of the sheep one after the other, he fairly threw them over the wall. The difficulty of the undertaking encreased as the number diminished, as they were not so ready to catch; but not deterred by that circumstance, he completed the business. On the return of day, when the penfold was found untenanted, though the door was fast locked; a considerable degree of surprize was excited, and various conjectures were formed relative to the rogues who had liberated the sheep: but Metcalf passed unsuspected, and enjoyed the joke in silence.

Passing once through Halifax, he stopped at an inn called the Broad Stone. The landlord's son, and some others who frequented Harrowgate, having heard of Metcalf's exploits, expressed a wish to play at cards with him. He consented, and a pack was sent for, which he requested permission to examine; but as the landlord was his friend, he could rely upon him to prevent any deception. They began, and Metcalf beat four of them in turn, playing for liquor only. Not satisfied with this, some of the company proposed to play for money, and at shilling-

whist, Metcalf won fifteen shillings. The losing party then proposed to play double or quit, but he declined playing for more than half-a-guinea points. At length yielding to their importunity, he engaged for guineas, and being favoured by fortune, he won ten, and a shilling for liquor each game. The loser taking up the cards, went out, and soon returned with eight guineas more, which soon followed the other ten.

Among the numerous roads which Metcalf contracted to make, was part of the Manchester road from Black-Moor to Standish-Foot. As it was not marked out, the surveyor, contrary to expectation, took it over deep marshes, out of which it was the opinion of the trustees, that it would be necessary to dig the earth till they came to a solid bottom This plan appeared to Metcalf extremely tedious and expensive, and liable to other disadvantages. He therefore argued the point privately with the surveyor, and several other gentlemen, but they were all immoveable in their former opinion. At their next meeting Metcalf attended, and addressed them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, I propose to make the road over the marshes after my own plan, and if it does not answer, I will be at the expence of making it over again after your's."—To this proposal they assented. Having engaged to complete nine miles in ten months he began in six different parts, having nearly four hundred men employed. One of the places was Pule and Standish Common, which was a deep bog, and over which it was thought impra-

ticable to make any road. Here he cast it fourteen yards wide, and raised it in a circular form. The water, which in many places ran across the road, he carried off by drains; but found the greatest difficulty in conveying stones to the spot on account of the softness of the ground. Those who passed that way to Huddersfield Market, were not sparing of their censure of the undertaking, and even doubted whether it would ever be completed. Having, however, levelled the piece to the end, he ordered his men to collect heather or ling, and bind it in round bundles which they could span with their hands. These bundles were placed close together, and another row laid over them, upon which they were well pressed down and covered with stone and gravel. This piece, being about half a mile in length when compleated, was so remarkably fine, that any person might have gone over in winter unshod without being wet; and though other parts of the road soon wanted repairs this needed none for twelve years.

These particulars concerning this extraordinary man and useful member of society are taken from a narrative published by himself, since his return to his native county. He there fixed his residence at Spofforth near Wetherby, with a daughter and son in law who kept his house, happy in the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, as his advanced age prevented him from engaging in the more active occupations to which he had been accustomed. We believe him to be still living.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN no class of mankind do we find more frequent instances of eccentricity than among men of extraordinary genius and talents. To an attentive observer the lives of the majority of human beings would probably furnish abundance of singularities, but they pass unnoticed and unrecorded, as the attention of the biographer is attracted by those characters that are distinguished from the general mass by particular abilities, qualities or passions. Among these none perhaps has rendered himself more conspicuous by the indulgence of the most unaccountable caprices and the most whimsical singularities than the celebrated Dean Swift.

The grandfather of Dr. Swift was the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodridge in Herefordshire, who at his death left six sons. Of these Jonathan, the fifth, married Mrs. Abigail Erick of Leicestershire, and practised as an attorney in Dublin. One of the fruits of this union was the subject of the present article, who came into the world on the 30th of November, 1667, two months after the death of his father, who having left barely sufficient to support his widow, the care of Jonathan and his orphan sister devolved

During his residence with Sir William Temple, Swift used to pay his mother at Leicester a yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless the violence of the weather drove him into a waggon; and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness, and vulgarity. Some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human nature in all its varieties, and others, perhaps with equal probability to a passion which seems to have been deeply fixed in his heart,—the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor-Park deserved some other recompence than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Sir William Temple's conversation, and became so impatient that in 1694 he went away in discontent. He returned to Ireland and resolved to enter into the church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the factory at Lisbon, but being recommended to Lord Capel, at that time Lord Lieutenant, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot, worth about one hundred pounds per annum.

The infirmities of Sir William rendered such a companion as Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift complied, and they passed four years together with mutual satisfaction, till, in 1699,

Sir William died, leaving a legacy together with the publication of his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he obtained from King William a promise of the first vacant prebend at Westminster or Canterbury. In order to remind the king of this promise, Swift dedicated to him the posthumous works, with which he was entrusted: but neither the dedication nor tenderness for the man whom he had once treatd with confidence and fondness revived in William the remembrance of his promise. Swift attended the court for some time, but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkely to accompany him to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary; but after having done the business till their arrival in Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the Earl that a clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. He had another severe mortification to endure from the same quarter; through the influence of Bush, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, the deanery of Derry, which Swift expected to have obtained, was conferred on another, and he was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggan, which together were worth two hundred and sixty pounds a year, not half the value of the deanery.

He now went to reside at Laracor and gave public notice to his parishioners that he intended to read prayers every Wednesday and Friday. On the subsequent Wednesday the bell was rung,

and the rector attended at his desk; when, after having sat some time, and finding the congregation to consist only of himself and Roger his clerk, he began: "Dearly beloved Roger, the scripture moveth you and me in sundry places" and then proceeded regularly through the whole service.

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, Swift invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, who, in consideration of her father's integrity, left her a thousand pounds. She was accompanied by a Mrs. Dingley. With these ladies Swift passed the hours of relaxation, but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the parsonage when he was away, and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighboring clergyman.

In 1704 appeared the "Tale of a Tub," which has been universally attributed to the pen of Swift, and though he never claimed the performance, he did not deny it when Dr. Sharpe, archbishop of York, and the duchess of Somerset, by shewing it to Queen Ann, debarred him of a bishopric.

Previous to this, on the accession of that queen, Swift had repaired to England, and prepared himself for the conspicuous part which a few years afterwards he acted on the theatre of politics. In 1703, though the extent of his

talents was known to many in private life, and his company and conversation were much sought after and admired, yet was his name little known either in the republic of letters, or to any of the wits of the age, except Congreve and one or two more, with whom he had contracted an acquaintance at Sir William Temple's. The knot of wits used at this time to assemble at Button's Coffee-house, where Swift's first appearance excited considerable notice on account of the singularity of his manners. For several successive days they observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those by whom it was frequented. It was his custom to lay his hat down on a table and walk to and fro at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming to attend in the least to any thing that was going forward. He would then take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed his singular behavior for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses, and accordingly distinguished him by the appellation of the mad parson. They now became more attentive than ever to his motions, and one evening while they were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come from the country, and at last advance towards him, as if to address him. They were all eager to hear what the dumb, mad divine had to say,

and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Going up to the country gentleman, Swift, in a very abrupt manner, and without any previous salute, asked him: "Pray, Sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman after staring a little at the singularity of his manner and the oddity of the question, replied: "Yes Sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time."—"That is more," returned Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too cold or too hot, too wet or too dry; but however God almighty contrives it, at the end of the year, 'tis all very well." On saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering another word, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house, leaving all the spectators of this odd scene, staring after him and still more confirmed in the opinion of his insanity.

A curious anecdote of what passed between Swift and Dr. Arbuthnot at the same place is thus related. The doctor had been in great haste scribbling a letter which was much blotted, and seeing this odd parson near him, with a design to play upon him, he said: "Pray, Sir, have you any sand about you?"—"No, replied Swift, "but I have the gravel, and if you will give me your letter, I'll p—s upon it." Such was the extraordinary commencement of their acquaintance, which afterwards ripened into the closest friendship. After these adventures they

saw him no more at Button's, the Tale of a Tub had made its appearance, when in the person of the author of that performance they recognized their mad parson. In 1709 commenced his intimacy with the Earl of Oxford, and from that time till 1713 he was constantly employed in maintaining the cause of the ministry in pamphlets, poems and weekly publications. He rationally looked forward to the completion of his wishes for ecclesiastical preferment in England, when, in 1713 he was presented with the deanery of St. Patrick. Though disappointed, Swift was too well acquainted with the precarious nature of courtly promises to refuse the offered dignity.

Swift went to Ireland to take possession of his deanery, on which he immediately returned to England, where he in vain attempted to heal the breach which had begun to take place between his great friends Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. Perceiving that his services were useless, he retired to the house of a friend in Berkshire, where he remained till the queen's death put an end to all his expectations in England. That event caused his immediate return to his native country, with a mind doubly harassed by grief and discontent.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might best be accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. He opened his house by a public table two days a-

week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more and more visitants of learning among the men and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his public days she regulated the table, but appeared at it as a mere guest like other ladies. On other days he often dined at a stated price with Mr. Worral of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living he was first disposed by an anxiety to pay some debts he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity. He was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that ate upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

In 1716, in his 49th year, Swift was privately married to Mrs. Johnson, by Dr. Ashe, then bishop of Clogher. This circumstance made no difference in their domestic economy; he living at the deanery and she in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy. He never openly acknowledged her as his wife, nor was there any thing in their behaviour that transgressed the limits of platonic love. A conduct so very extraordinary, which undoubtedly contributed to shorten the life of the unhappy Stella, could not fail to give rise to a variety of conjectures, but the most plausible explanation of it will be found in the following facts.

Some years previous to his marriage with Stella, Swift had formed an intimacy with the daughter of a Mr. Van Homrigh, a Dutch merchant at Dublin. This young woman, distinguished in Swift's works by the name of Vanessa, was fond of literature, and *Decanas*, the dean, called *Cadenus*, by transposition of the letters took pleasure in directing and instructing her; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then of an age when vanity is strongly excited by the attention of a young woman. If it be urged that Swift should have checked a passion which he never intended to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, the frailty of human nature. Perhaps, however, he did not, at first, know his own mind; and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honest plea can be found than that he delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favorable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died in 1723 of a broken heart, having, by her will, ordered the poem to be published in which Cadenus had proclaimed her excellence and confessed his love. The effect of this publication upon the dean and Stella is thus represented by his friend Delany:

"I have good reason to believe that they both were greatly shocked and distressed (though it

may be differently) upon this occasion. The dean made a tour to the south of Ireland, for about two months to dissipate his thoughts and give place to obloquy. And Stella retired, upon the earnest invitation of the owner, to the house of a cheerful, generous, good-natured friend of the dean's whom she also much loved and honored. There my informer often saw her; and I have reason to believe, used his utmost endeavors to relieve, support and amuse her in this sad situation."

While the dean was thus reducing himself in private life to a condition acutely painful to a mind endued with sensibility, he was gradually acquiring popularity in his public character among his countrymen. The great acquisition of public esteem and influence was made by his "Drapier's Letters," in 1724. The occasion of them was this. One Wood, of Wolverhampton in Staffordshire, an enterprizing and rapacious man, had as it is said, by a present to the duchess of Munster, obtained a patent empowering him to coin one hundred and eighty thousand pounds in halfpence and farthings for the kingdom of Ireland. That country was then exposed to a very inconvenient scarcity of copper coin, and Wood took care to make it greater by means of agents who bought up the old halfpence. He was about to turn his copper into gold, by pouring the treasures of his new mint upon Ireland, when Swift, finding that the metal was debased to an enormous degree, wrote

letters under the signature of M. B Drapier, to shew the folly of receiving and the mischief that must ensue by giving gold and silver for coin worth perhaps not a third part of its nominal value.

The nation was alarmed and the new coin was universally refused. The governors of Ireland considered resistance to the King's patent as highly criminal, and chief justice Whitshed, who had tried the printer of a pamphlet written a few years before by Swift, recommending to the Irish the improvement of their manufactures, and had sent the jury out nine times till by clamor and menaces they were frightened into a special verdict, now presented the Drapier, but could not prevail on the grand jury to find the bill.

During the publication of these letters Swift took great pains to conceal himself from being known as the author. On the appearance of the fourth letter, Lord Carteret and the privy council issued a proclamation offering a reward of three hundred pounds for the discovery of its author. The only persons in the secret were Swift's butler Robert Blakely, whom he employed as his amanuensis, and his friend, Dr. Sheridan. As Blakely was not the most accurate transcriber, the manuscript was always delivered by him to the doctor, in order to its being corrected and prepared for the press, on which it was conveyed to the printer in such a way as to prevent the possibility of a discovery. It happened that on the very evening when the proclamation was is-

sued, Blakely staid out later than usual without his master's leave. The dean ordered the door to be locked at the accustomed hour and shut him out. The next morning the poor fellow appeared before him with marks of great contrition, when Swift would listen to none of his excuses, but abusing him outrageously, ordered him to strip off his livery and quit his house that moment. "What, you villain," said he, "is it because I am in your power, you dare take these liberties? Get out of my house, you scoundrel, and receive the reward of your treachery." Stella who was at the deanery, and was greatly alarmed at this scene, immediately dispatched a messenger to Dr. Sheridan, requesting him to come and try to make up matters. On his arrival he found Blakely walking about the hall in great agitation, and shedding abundance of tears. On enquiring the cause, he was told that his master had discharged him. The doctor bade him cheer up, for he would undertake to pacify the dean, and to prevail upon him to continue him in his place. "That is not what vexes me," replied the honest creature, "to be sure, I should be sorry to lose so good a master, but what grieves me to the soul is, that my master should have so bad an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of betraying him for any reward whatever." When this was told to the dean, struck with the generosity of the sentiment, he immediately restored, him to favor, and took the first opportunity of rewarding the man for his fidelity. The place of

verger to the cathedral soon after becoming vacant, Swift called Robert to him and enquired whether he had any clothes of his own that were not a livery. On his replying in the affirmative, the dean ordered him to strip off his livery and to put on those clothes. The poor fellow, quite astonished, begged to know what crime he had committed to occasion this so sudden dismissal. "Do as I order you"—was the only reply. When he returned in his new dress, the dean called the other servants into the room, and told them they were no longer to consider him as their fellow servant Robert, but as Mr. Blakely, verger of St. Patrick's cathedral, which place he had given him as a reward for his faithful services. The grateful creature poured forth a thousand blessings and only intreated as the greatest favor he could confer on him that he might still be continued in his former station without fee or reward, as he was sure no one could give such satisfaction to his master in the discharge of it as himself. Being an excellent servant and accustomed to all Swift's peculiarities, the proposal could not but be very acceptable to the dean; and Mr. Blakely continued to officiate in that capacity for some time as a volunteer, without any of the badges of servitude. But the master was too liberal to accept of the generous proposal made by the servant; for though he paid him no wages, he took care, by presents, to make him a full equivalent.

The day after the appearance of the above-

mentioned proclamation there was a full levee at the Castle. The lord lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the crowd, never stopped till he got within the circle; where with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance he addressed the lord lieutenant with the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room: "So, my lord lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted country is to hope for from your government. I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you for this service done to Wood." He then continued for a long time to inveigh bitterly against the patent, and displayed in the strongest colors all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly was struck dumb at this unprecedented scene. For some time, profound silence prevailed, when Lord Carteret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, replied in the following line of Virgil:

Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt moliri.

"Hard fortune and the newness of my reign compel me to such measures."—The whole assembly was struck with the appositeness of this

quotation, and the levee broke up in good humor, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the lord lieutenant's answer.

From this time Swift became the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the populace, and was consequently feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of either was necessary. He was honored as the champion, patron and instructor of Ireland, and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station. The Drapier was a sign, the Drapier was a health, and which way soever the eye or ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the Drapier.

In 1727 he returned to England, where in conjunction with Pope, he collected and published three volumes of miscellanies. It was probably during this visit that he exhibited the following specimen of his singular humor, which is related in the words of Pope. "Dr. Swift has an odd, blunt way, that is mistaken by strangers for ill-nature—'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts. I'll tell you one that first comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in: 'Hey day, gentlemen,' says the doctor, 'what's the meaning of this visit? How came you to leave the great lords that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean?'—'Because we

would rather see you than any of them.'—'Aye, any one that did not know so well as I do might believe you. But since you are come I must get some supper for you, I suppose.'—'No doctor, we have supped already.'—'Supped already? that's impossible! why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet.—That's very strange, but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you—Let me see what should I have had. A couple of lobsters; ay, that would have done very well; two shillings—tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time only to spare my pocket?—'No, we had rather talk with you, than drink with you'—'But if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must then have drunk with me—A bottle of wine, two shillings, two and two is four and one is five; just two-and sixpence a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you, and there's another for you, Sir; for I wont save any thing by you I am determined.'—This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions, and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money."

The year 1727 sent into the world "Gulliver's Travels," a production so eccentric that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of mirth and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised, before the second could be prepared.

The greatest part of this singular performance was written at Quilca, a country residence of Swift's friend Dr. Sheridan. While he was on the subject of Brobdingnag, he used frequently to invite a Mr. Doughty who lived in that neighbourhood to dine with him. Doughty was of gigantic stature, and was supposed to be the strongest as well as the most active man in Ireland. Swift used to take great delight in seeing him perform several of his feats, some of which were of such an extraordinary nature as almost to exceed credibility. Among these Swift asked him whether he could carry a Manks horse that happened to be in the court-yard. Doughty having tied his legs, immediately took him up and threw him upon his shoulders, with the same ease that another man would lift a sheep, and walked about with him for a long time without shrinking under his burden.

During his residence at Quilca, the dean went one Sunday to a church, at the distance of more than two hours ride. The parson of the parish invited him to dinner. but Swift excused himself by saying that it was too far to ride home afterwards; no, I shall dine with my neighbour Reilly at Virginy, which is half way home. Reilly, who was what is called there a gentleman farmer, was proud of the honour, and immediately dispatched a messenger to his wife to prepare for the reception of so extraordinary a guest. She dressed herself out in her best apparel; the son put on his new suit, and his silver laced hat adorned

his head. When the lady was introduced to the dean, he saluted her with the same respect as if she had been a duchess, making several conges down to the ground, and then handed her with great formality to her seat. After some high flown compliments, he addressed his host—'Mr. Reilly, I suppose you have a considerable estate here; let us go and look over your demesne.' Estate! says Reilly! devil a foot of land belongs to me or any of my generation. I have a pretty good lease here indeed from Lord Fingal, but he threatens that he will not renew it, and I have but a few years of it to come.' 'Well—but when am I to see Mrs. Reilly?' 'Why don't you see her there before you?' 'That Mrs. Reilly! impossible! I have heard she is a prudent woman, and as such would never dress herself out in silks, and other ornaments, fit only for ladies of fashion. No, Mrs. Reilly, the farmer's wife, would never wear any thing better than plain stuff, with other things suitable to it. Mrs. Reilly happened to be a woman of good sense, and taking the hint, immediately withdrew, changed her dress as speedily as possible, and in a short time returned to the parlour in her common apparel. The dean saluted her in the most friendly manner, taking her by the hand and saying, 'I am heartily glad to see you Mrs. Reilly. This husband of your's would fain have palmed a fine lady upon me, all dressed out in silks, and in the pink of the mode, for his wife, but I was not to be taken in so.' He then

laid hold of young master's fine laced hat; with his pen-knife ripped off the lace, and folding it up in several papers, thrust it into the fire. When it was sufficiently burnt, he wrapped it up in fresh paper, and put it in his pocket. It may be supposed that the family was put into no small confusion at this strange proceeding; but they did not dare to shew that they took any umbrage at it, as the presence of Swift struck every one with uncommon awe, who were not well acquainted with him. However, as he soon resumed his good humour, entertaining them with many pleasantries to their taste (for no man knew better how to adapt his conversation to all classes of people) they soon recovered their spirits, and the day was passed very cheerfully. When he was taking his leave, he said, "I do not intend to rob you Mrs. Reilly; I shall take nothing belonging to you away with me; there's your son's hat-lace, I have only changed the form of it to a much better one. So God bless you, and thanks for your good entertainment." When he was gone, Mrs. Reilly, upon opening the paper, found there were four guineas inclosed in it, together with the burnt lace. While he staid in the country, he kept an eye upon them, and found his lessons had not been thrown away, as they were cured of their vanities, and lived in a manner more consonant to their situation in life. In consequence of which, one of the first things he did on his return to Dublin, was to pay a visit to

Lord Fingal, and engage him to renew Reilly's lease; without which the poor man would, in a few years, have had nothing for his own or his family's support.

The same method which Swift used to make Mrs. Reilly ashamed of her extravagance in point of dress, he adopted on another occasion of a like nature. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bag-wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with all the ceremony he would have shewn to a perfect stranger. "Pray Sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?"—"I thought it my duty to wait on you immediately on my arrival from London"—"Pray Sir, who are you?"—"George Faulkner, the printer."—"You George Faulkner the printer! why, thou art the most impudent, bare-faced impostor I ever heard of. George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get about your business and thank your stars that I do not send you to the House of Correction." Poor George hobbled away as fast as he could, and having changed his apparel returned immediately to the deanery. Swift, on seeing him, went up to him with great cordiality, shook him familiarly by the hand, saying, "My good friend George, I am heartily glad to see you safe returned. Here was an impudent fellow, in a laced

waistcoat, who would fain have passed for you; but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

In 1728 Swift was doomed to lose his Stella, who, after languishing for some time, expired on the 28th of January. This loss was aggravated by the consciousness that he himself had hastened it. Beauty and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that woman can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love was fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself different from the general course of things and order of providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seemed resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition or caprice might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make assurance doubly sure, and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this state poor Stella was not satisfied; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she had the appearance of a mistress. She lived sullenly on, in the hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the time did not come till the change of his manners and the deprivation of

his mind made her tell him it was too late. She then gave herself up to sorrowful resentment, and died under the tyranny of him by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honored.

After the death of Stella his benevolence was contracted and his severity exasperated; he drove his acquaintance from his table and wondered why he was deserted. But he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions or censures, as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper, and nothing fell from his pen in vain.

He still retained his popularity undiminished. On the first appearance of his "Epistle to a Lady" and a "Rhapsody on Poetry," Sir Robert Walpole was exasperated to the highest degree. The editor, printer and publisher were all apprehended and prosecutions were commenced against them. As he had full proof that Swift was the author of the obnoxious pieces, in the first transport of passion, he determined to wreak his chief vengeance on him. With this view he ordered a warrant to be made out by the secretary of state, for the apprehending of Swift and bringing him over to be tried in London. The messenger was in waiting ready to be dispatched on this errand, when fortunately a friend of Walpole's who was better acquainted with the state of Ireland, and the high veneration in which the dean was there held, accidentally entered. Being informed of the minister's purpose, he coolly asked what army was to accompany the messenger, and whether he

had at that time ten thousand men to spare, for he could assure him no less a number would be able to bring him out of the kingdom by force. This representation restored Walpole to his senses, and luckily for the messenger, as well as himself, the design was relinquished. Had the poor fellow arrived in Dublin and attempted to execute his commission, he would most assuredly have been hanged by the mob; and this might have involved the two countries in a contest, in which it was by no means the interest of a minister to engage.

The influence of Swift over the populace was truly astonishing. Of this the following anecdote exhibits a ludicrous example. One day observing a great crowd assembled before the door of the deanery, and enquiring the cause, he was told that they were waiting to see the eclipse. He immediately sent for the beadle, and gave him directions what he should do. Away ran Davy for his bell, and after ringing for some time among the crowd he bawled out: "O yes, O yes, O yes, all manner of persons concerned are desired to take notice, that it is the dean of St. Patrick's will and pleasure, that the eclipse be put off till this hour to morrow. So God save the king and his reverence the dean!" The mob, upon this notice, immediately dispersed; but some more cunning than the rest, swore they would not lose another afternoon; for the dean, who was a very comical man, might take it into his head to put

off the eclipse again and so make fools of them a second time.

In a poem on the Presbyterians, Swift introduced one strieture on Serjeant Bettesworth, which was taken up with such warmth by the latter, as to make a great noise in Dublin for a considerable time. The dean's animosity arose not from personal pique, but from Bettesworth's avowed enmity to the clergy, and from his taking the lead in the House of Commons in procuring a most unjust and arbitrary vote of that assembly, which deprived the clergy of a considerable portion of the tythes enjoyed by them from time immemorial. The obnoxious lines were these:

> So at the bar the booby Bettesworth
> Whom half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law nor text nor margent
> Calls Singleton his brother serjeant.

The poem was sent to Bettesworth when he was in company with some of his friends, to whom he read it aloud till he had finished the lines relative to himself. He then threw it down with great violence, trembled and turned pale; and after some pause, during which rage deprived him of utterance, he took out his penknife, and vehemently swore that with that very knife he would cut off Swift's ears. Soon after he went to seek the dean at his house, but not finding him at home, proceeded to Mr. Worral's where he happened to be. On enquiring for Swift, the serjeant was shewn into the front par-

lour, and the dean was called out to him from a back room, where he was sitting after dinner with Worral and his wife. The dean desired to know his commands; "Sir," said he, "I am Serjeant Bet-tes-worth," which was always his pompous way of pronouncing his name in three distinct syllables. "Of what regiment, pray?" asked Swift. "O, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know well enough that I am one of his majesty's serjeants at law."—"What then, Sir?"—"Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you, whether you are the author of this poem, (producing it) and of these villainous lines on me?"—at the same time reading them aloud with great vehemence of emphasis and much gesticulation. "Sir," replied Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge; because, if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown afterwards would infallibly be imputed to me, as mine. Now, Sir, I take this to be a very wise maxim, and as such, have followed it ever since; and I believe it will hardly be in the power of your rhetoric, as great a master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." Many other things passed at this interview which were described by Swift in a letter to the Duke of Dorset, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. At going away Bettesworth thus addressed him: "Well, since you will give me no satisfaction in this affair, let me tell you, your gown is your protec-

tion ; under the sanction of which, like one of your own yahoos who had climbed up to the top of a high tree, you sit secure and squirt your filth around on all mankind." Swift had candor enough not to conceal this last circumstance, at the same time observing, that "the fellow shewed more wit in this than he thought him possessed of." As Bettesworth still continued to utter furious threats against the dean, all the principal inhabitants of St. Patrick's district formed an association, engaging to stand by one another in support of their general benefactor against any one who should attempt to offer the least injury to his person or fortune. Nor was this all; the public indignation against Bettesworth was expressed in a multitude of compositions, placing his character in an odious or a contemptible light; so that the unfortunate serjeant, who had before made a considerable figure at the bar, lost by his own confession an income of twelve hundred pounds a year, and was seldom employed in any suit afterwards.

In his treatment of his domestics Swift exhibited not less singularity than in the rest of his conduct. When he rode out he was always attended by two servants, but he walked through the streets. His spurs and spatterdashes, which he wore instead of boots, he never put on till he came to the place of mounting. One day being detained longer than usual, and enquiring into the cause, he found it was owing to a dispute between the two servants, to which of them it

belonged to carry the spatterdashes and spurs. Swift soon settled the matter by making them carry one of each, and in that manner walk behind him through the streets. The rabble of Dublin, who are remarkable for low humor, soon smoked the design, and ridiculed the fellows as they passed along in such a way as made them quite ashamed of themselves, and willing to come to a compromise. But the dean to punish them, made them continue their progress in the same way, enjoying the low jokes of the mob as they passed; till at their earnest entreaty afterwards they were allowed to perform the office alternately.

He had generally some whimsical contrivance to punish his servants for any neglect of his orders, so as to make them more attentive in future. The hiring of maid-servants he left to his housekeeper, and when the ceremony was over, he used to send for them, saying, he had but two commands to give them; one was to shut the door after them when ever they came into a room; the other to shut the door after them when they went out of a room; and bade them be very punctual in executing these orders. One of his maids once requested permission to go to the wedding of her sister, who lived about ten miles from Dublin. Swift not only consented, but said she might have one of his horses, with a servant to ride before her, and gave directions accordingly. The maid in the midst of her joy for this favor, forgot to shut the door after her

when she left the room. They had been gone about a quarter of an hour, when the dean ordered a servant to saddle another horse, and make what speed he could after them, and wherever he overtook them to oblige them to return immediately. They had not proceeded above half way, when the man came up with them, and told them it was the dean's positive order that they should instantly return. The poor girl was obliged, though with great reluctance, to comply. With a most mortified countenance, she appeared before the dean, and begged to know his commands. "Nothing, child," said he, "only you forgot to shut the door after you." But, that he might not carry the punishment too far, he then permitted her to pursue her journey.

Swift, as has already been observed, was in the habit of visiting Dr. Sheridan, at his residence in the country. On one of these occasions he received intelligence that there was to be a beggar's wedding in the neighbourhood, and being fond of scenes in low life, he resolved not to miss the opportunity of witnessing so curious a ceremony. That he might enjoy the frolic more completely, he proposed that Sheridan should go disguised as a blind fiddler, while he would attend as his man to lead him. Thus accoutred, they reached the scene of action, where the blind fiddler was received with shouts of joy. There was plenty of meat and drink, and the fiddler and his man were plied with more than was agreeable to them. Never was a more joyous wedding.

They sung, they danced, told stories and cracked jokes, in a vein of humor more entertaining to the two guests than probably they could have found in any other meeting on a like occasion. When they were about to depart, they pulled out their leathern pouches and rewarded the fiddler very handsomely. Next day the dean and the doctor walked out in their usual dress, and found their companions of the preceding evening scattered in different parts of the road and the neighboring villages, all imploring charity in doleful strains and telling dismal stories of their distress. Among these they found some upon crutches, who had danced very nimbly at the wedding, others stone blind, who were perfectly clear-sighted at the feast. Sheridan distributed among them the money he had received as his pay; but the dean, who mortally hated these sturdy vagrants, told them in what manner he had gained a knowledge of their roguery, and assured them that if they did not immediately apply to honest labor, he would have them taken up and sent to jail. This threat instantly produced a powerful effect; the lame once more recovered their legs, and the blind their eyes, and employed them to good purpose in making a precipitate retreat.

Idolized by his countrymen, and either courted or feared by all to whom he was known, Swift was now approaching that state which afforded an awful example of the instability of wit, genius and influence. As his years increased his fits of

giddiness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult. They likewise grew more severe, till in 1736, when he was engaged upon a poem called "The Legion Club," he was seized with a fit so painful and so long continued, that he never after attempted any work of thought or labor.

He often lamented in the most affecting manner, the fate of the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Somers and other great men, who before their deaths, were reduced to a state of second childhood and idiotism; and even seemed to feel an impulse of what was to happen to himself before he died. "I remember," says the poet Young," as I and others were taking with him an evening walk about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short. We passed on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said: "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top."

Swift was always careful of his money, and was, therefore, not liberal in his entertainments; but was less frugal of his wine than his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provisions. At length his moroseness and avarice grew too powerful for his kindness; he would refuse a bottle of wine,

"and," observes Dr. Johnson, "in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink."

Having thus excluded conversation and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for having by some ridiculous resolution or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his later years. His ideas, therefore, being neither renovated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He grew more violent and his mental powers declined, till in 1741 it was found necessary that legal guardians of his person and fortune should be appointed. He now lost all distinction. The last face he knew was that of his housekeeper, Mrs. Whiteway, and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and, at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking, for he continued his old habit and was on his feet ten hours a day.

In 1742 he had an inflammation in his left eye which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts. He was long kept waking with the pain and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye. The tumor at last subsided, and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of his recovery, but in a few

days he sunk into a lethargic stupidity, motionless, heedless and speechless. But it is said that, after a year of total silence, when his housekeeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered: "It is all folly: they had better let it alone." He afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into perfect silence and idiotcy, which continued till about the end of October, 1744, when in his 78th year he expired without a struggle. He left all his fortune, which, when some few legacies were paid, amounted to nearly eleven thousand pounds, to build and endow an hospital for idiots and lunatics.

COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

IF longevity be the test of a salubrious climate, the British islands may be considered as more highly favored by nature in this particular, than almost any other region of the globe. We have already had occasion to notice some natives of England remarkable for length of life; we shall now produce an instance from Ireland, a country where such examples are perhaps still more frequent.

Catherine, countess of Desmond, was of the family of the Fitzgeralds of Drumana in the county of Waterford. In the reign of Edward the Fourth she married James the fourteenth Earl of Desmond, and visiting England during the same reign danced at court with the Duke of Glocester, afterwards Richard the Third. Sir Walter Raleigh assures us that in his time she was not less remarkable for sprightliness than for her age. It is probable that her dancing days were not over when a century of her life had elapsed; for, being reduced to poverty by the ruin of the house of Desmond by an attainder, she undertook a journey from Bristol to London, at the age of one hundred and forty, to solicit some relief

from the court. Sir William Temple asserts that she lived some years after this, and the celebrated Bacon informs us that she twice, at least, renewed her teeth. The year of her death is uncertain, but she was not living in 1614, when Sir Walter Raleigh published his "History."

DANIEL BRYAN.

THE character of the British seaman is compounded of undaunted courage and whimsical eccentricity. He performs the most ordinary actions in a way so peculiar to himself as to make them highly interesting, and by this singularity of manner he frequently renders the gravest subjects irresistibly ludicrous. A specimen of this singularity by which our naval heroes are distinguished is exhibited in the following anecdote of Daniel Bryan.

This veteran after a variety of services, in 1799 accompanied Sir Sidney Smith in Le Tigre to the Mediterranean. It is well known that Buonaparte, then commanding the French army in Egypt, was foiled in his reiterated attacks on the wretched fortress of Acre, principally through the intrepid resistance of part of the gallant crew of Le Tigre, who were landed for that purpose. Old Dan, as he was called, was captain of the fore-top, and during the siege of Acre made repeated applications to be employed on shore;

but, on account of his age and deafness, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it, naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulture, it in a few days became putrescent; a shocking spectacle! a dreadful memento of the horrors of war, the fragility of human nature, and the vanity of all sublunary ambition, hopes, and expectations! Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to the ship, inquiries were instantly made respecting the state of the deceased general. Dan frequently asked his messmates, why they had not buried him, but the only reply was, "Go and do it yourself." Dan swore he would; observing, that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, and did not, like the Turks, leave them to rot above-board. In the morning, having at length obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough, good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I have been burying the general, Sir, and now I am come to see the sick;"

Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, bu fearful of his catching the plague, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain enquired of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan? "Yes, he has been burying the French general." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred. The boat's crew, who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in character are ever blended the nobler and milder whose virtues, thus related its circumstances:

The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him: "No;" he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and my loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down with his implements of action on his shoulder.—His first difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs. —The French now levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero!—It was an interesting moment; but an officer perceiving he friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth.— He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at the head, and another at the feet.

—But Dan's task was not yet completed.—The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor.—Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write,—"*Here you lie, old Crop!*" He was then with his pick-axe and shovel hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. "Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?" "Yes, your honour." "Had you any body with you?" "Yes, your honour." "Why Mr. —— says you had not?" "But I had, your honour; God Almighty was with me." "A very good assistant, indeed:—give old Dan a glass of grog." Dan thanked his honour, drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He is now, laid up (as a seaman would say) in Greenwich tier; there to reap the benefit of his long and faithful services.

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

THE nobleman whose life is the subject of the following pages was fitted by nature for affairs of the highest importance. Though qualified by his talents and knowledge to have been one of

the most extraordinary men not only of the nation, but of the age in which he lived, he rendered himself remarkable only for his unexampled extravagance of conduct, which tarnished all his brilliant qualities, and at length, to the astonishment of the world, ended in a death-bed repentance almost as unexampled.

John Wilmot, son of Henry the first Earl of Rochester, who distinguished himself by his loyalty and attachment to Charles I. and II. was born in 1648, at his father's seat near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire. His education was commenced at the free school of Burford, where he made an extraordinary proficiency in his studies, and began to display those shining parts which afterwards appeared with so much lustre. He acquired the Latin language to great perfection, and, to the last day of his life, retained an uncommon relish for the beauties of that tongue, and was well skilled in the authors of the Augustan age whom he read with peculiar delight.

In 1657 his father, who had followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart, died abroad in his attendance on Charles II. and his son of course succeeded to his titles. Two years afterwards the young Lord Rochester was admitted into Wadham College, Oxford. Here he continued to make a considerable progress in his literary pursuits, from which he was, however, unfortunately diverted by falling into company with a set of abandoned young men who corrupted his morals. He was still very young when

he set out to make the tour of Europe, accompanied by Dr. Balfour, a learned physician who artfully enticed him to read such pieces as were most likely to amend his morals and improve his heart. The laudable artifices of this gentleman to excite in his pupil a thirst of knowledge and a love of books, were often afterwards acknowledged with gratitude by Lord Rochester, who used to read much in the intervals between the woeful extravagancies to which he was addicted: and though the time in general was but indifferently employed, for the choice of the subjects of his studies was not always good; yet the habitual love of knowledge, together with these studious fits, had much awakened his understanding and prepared him for better things, when his mind was so far changed as to relish them.

He returned from his travels in the eighteenth year of his age, and appeared at the court of Charles II. with as great advantages as any nobleman ever did. He was well-shaped, tall, slender and graceful; he was exactly well-bred and his conversation was easy and obliging. He had uncommon vivacity of thought and vigor of expression, and his wit was equally subtle and sublime. His style was clear and strong; when he used metaphors, they were very lively and yet far enough out of the common road. It could not be surprizing that a nobleman who had received such accomplishments from nature and education should be very acceptable in a court,

where pleasure appeared to be the primary pursuit.

The court of England was, at that time, a court of libertinism in which Lord Rochester became an adept. The debauchery of his manners which commenced at College, increased in France and Italy, was completed in London, and he became a perfect atheist in principle. Soon after his return from his travels, he went to sea, in the winter of 1665, as a volunteer in the armament commanded by the Earl of Sandwich, and equipped for the purpose of intercepting the Dutch East India fleet. He was in the Revenge, commanded by Sir Thomas Tiddiman, in the attack made on the port of Bergen in Norway, in which the Dutch ships had taken refuge.

"It was," says Bishop Burnet, "as desperate an attempt as ever was made; and during the whole action the Earl of Rochester shewed as brave and resolute a courage as possible. A person of honor told me he heard the Lord Clifford, who was in the same ship, often magnify his courage very highly; nor did the rigor of the season, the hardness of the voyage, and the extreme danger he had been in, deter him from running the like risk the very next occasion: for the summer following he went to sea again, without communicating his design to his nearest relations. He went on board the ship commanded by Sir Edward Spragge, the day before the great sea-fight of that year, in which almost all the

volunteers who went in that ship were killed. During the action, Sir Edward being dissatisfied with the behavior of one of the captains, could not easily find a person that would undertake to venture through so much danger to carry his command to the captain; when Lord Rochester offered himself for the service, and went in a little boat through all the shot and delivered his message, and returned back to Sir Edward; which action was much commended by all who saw it."

Notwithstanding these early instances of intrepidity evinced by Lord Rochester, his courage was afterwards impeached by the timid and pusillanimous spirit which he discovered in many private broils, but particularly in an adventure with the Earl of Mulgrave. This affair of honor is related by the latter nobleman in his works; and as it is a curious anecdote and serves to illustrate the spirit of the age, we think it cannot be disagreeable to the reader.

"I was informed," says he, "that the Earl of Rochester had said something of me, which according to his custom, was very malicious; I therefore sent Col. Aston, a very mettled friend of mine, to call him to account for it. He denied the words, and indeed I was soon convinced he had never said them; but the mere report, tho' I found it to be false, obliged me as I then foolishly thought to go on with the quarrel; and the next day was appointed for us to fight on

horseback, a way in England a little unusual; but it was his part to chuse. Accordingly I and my second lay the night before at Knightsbridge, privately, to avoid the being secured at London on any suspicion; and in the morning, at the place appointed we met the Lord Rochester, who instead of James Porter, whom he assured Acton he would make his second, brought an arrant life-guard-man whom nobody knew. To this Mr. Aston took exception, upon the account of his being no suitable adversary; especially considering how extremely well he was mounted; whereas we had only a couple of pads: upon which we all agreed to fight on foot. But, as my Lord Rochester and I were riding into the next field in order to it, he told me that he had at first chosen to fight on horseback, because he was so weak with a certain distemper, that he found himself unfit at all any way, much less on foot. I was extremely surprized, because, at that time, no man had a better reputation for courage; and I took the liberty of representing what a ridiculous story it would make, if we returned without fighting; and therefore advised him for both our sakes, especially for his own, to consider better of it, since I must be obliged in my own defence, to lay the fault on him by telling the truth of the matter. His answer was that he submitted to it, and hoped that I would not desire the advantage of having to do with any man in so weak a condition. I replied that, by such an argument, he had sufficiently tied my hands, upon condition

that I might call our seconds to be witnesses of the whole business; which he consented to, and so we parted. When we returned to London, we found it full of this quarrel, upon our being absent so long; and therefore Mr. Acton thought himself obliged to write down every word and circumstance of this whole matter, in order to spread every where the true reason of our returning without having fought. This being never in the least contradicted by Lord Rochester, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage (of which I was really sorry to be the occasion) though nobody had still a greater as to wit; which supported him pretty well in the world, notwithstanding some other accidents of the same kind that never fail to succeed one another when once people know of a man's weakness."

This circumstance contributed, in a great measure, to recal him to order and decency, and for some time he conducted himself agreeably to the dictates of propriety. But he soon relapsed. Before his travels, he had entered into the disorderly and intemperate way of living, which the joy of the whole kingdom upon the Restoration had introduced; and afterwards, continually keeping what was called polite company, where those excesses were constantly practised, again habituated him to them;—and the natural heat of his fancy being inflamed with wine, made him so extravagantly pleasant, that many, in order to be the more diverted with his humor, strove

to immerse him deeper and deeper in intemperance.

He aknowledged to Bishop Burnet, that, for five years together, he was continually intoxicated; not living the whole time under the visible effect of liquor, but never cool enough to be master of himself. There were, in fact, two principles in the temper of this lively and witty nobleman, which carried him into great excesses, namely, a violent love of pleasure and a disposition to extravagant mirth. One involved him in sensuality, and the other led him into many strange adventures and frolics. He was often known to run into the most eccentric paroxysms of dissipation. He once disguised himself in such a manner that his nearest friends could not know him; and set up for an Italian mountebank on Tower-hill, where he practised quackery for several weeks. He often disfigured himself as a beggar or a porter, to follow some low amours, which he affected, to give, as he said, a variety to his life. At other times to indulge his humour, he would wander about in odd shapes, in which he acted his part so naturally, that even those who knew the secret, and saw him under those metamorphoses, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered. In his sober moments he was generous and good-natured, but in his irregularities would go farther than most of his companions after any thing that might turn out a jest or matter of diversion.

The speech which he first made upon the occasion of his first turning itinerant doctor, has often been printed. It has a true spirit of satire and a keenness of lampoon perfectly conformable to the character of Rochester, who certainly had an original turn for satirical composition. Against this talent majesty itself was not secure; he more than once lampooned the king, who being a man of wit and pleasure as well as Rochester, took these effusions for the sallies of genius, and the ebullitions of an exuberant fancy rather than the efforts of malice; yet, either from a too frequent repetition, or from the too close and poignant virulence of one of his satirical compositions, Charles at length banished him the court. This piece was entitled The Restoration; or, the History of the Insipids; and contains the keenest reflections on the political conduct and private character of the prince.

About the same time, the Duke of Buckingham was in disgrace for an offence of a different nature; and being disengaged from any particular attachment in town, he and Lord Rochester resolved to set out in quest of adventures. After disguising themselves in a proper manner for supporting the characters they intended to assume, they jointly took an inn which was to be let on the Newmarket road, where each in his turn officiated as master. Here they were concerned in many ludicrous and still more scandalous transactions.

Having carefully observed the handsomest

women in their vicinity, they invited such of their neighbours as had wives and daughters of that description to frequent feasts, where the men were plied hard with good liquor and the women sufficiently warmed to make as little resistance as would be agreeable to their inclinations. By this stratagem they were frequently enabled to effect their guilty purpose, and it is difficult to say whether it be possible for two men to live to a worse end.

It is natural to imagine that this kind of life could not be of long duration. Entertainments so frequently repeated, and for which no payment was ever required or accepted, could not fail to excite a strong suspicion either that the inn-keepers would not be long able to keep their house open, or that their circumstances were greatly superior to the occupation they had adopted. Of this the two profligate noblemen were fully sensible, but they were not much concerned about it, as they had no intention long to pursue the same kind of adventures, variety being the life of their enjoyments. It was besides, near the time of his Majesty's regular visit to Newmarket, when they designed that the discovery of their real plots should clear them from the imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to the government. Before this time should arrive, they however, resolved to accomplish one favorite object.

In the neighbourhood lived an old miser who had a very pretty, young wife. He watched her

with as much care as he did his money, and never trusted her out of his sight but under the protection of an old maiden sister, who had never herself experienced the joys of love, and bore no great affection to such of her sex as were young and handsome. The noble inn-keepers had no doubt that he would accept a treat like many others, especially as he was fond of good living when it cost him nothing; and except on such occasions, he was the most temperate and abstemious man alive. But when they could never prevail upon him to bring his wife, notwithstanding they urged the presence of so many females of character in the neighbourhood to keep her company, their only study then was how to deceive the old sister at home; this difficulty they soon found the means of overcoming. For this purpose it was agreed that Rochester should disguise himself in woman's clothes, and that while the husband was feasting with the duke, he should make trial of his skill upon the old woman at home. He had learned that she had no aversion to the bottle, when she could come secretly and conveniently at it. Equipped like a country lass, and furnished with a bottle of liquor, he proceeded to the house of the old miser. It was with difficulty he found means to speak to the old woman, but at last obtained the favor. He began to tell the occasion of his coming, in hopes of being invited into the house, but in vain; he was admitted no farther than the porch, with the door ajar. He was now obliged to have

recourse to his last expedient, and pretending to be suddenly taken ill, fell down upon the threshold. The noise brought out the young wife, who with some trouble persuaded her keeper to help the stranger into the house, from regard to the decorum of her sex, and the unhappy condition she was in. The door had not been long shut before the impostor by degrees recovered, and being placed on a chair, canted a very religious thanksgiving to the old gentlewoman for her kindness, observing how deplorable it was to be subject to such fits which often took her in the street and exposed her to so many accidents; but every now and then she took a sip at the bottle, recommending it also to the old duenna who was sure to drink a hearty dram. Rochester had in his pocket another bottle qualified with opium, which he presented to the woman, who drinking of it with greediness, soon fell fast a sleep. Overjoyed by his success, and inflamed with desire, his countenance changed color, which made the artless victim of his base passion imagine that the fit was returning. He took advantage of her apprehension to ask if she would be so charitable as to let him lie down on the bed. The good-natured creature shewed him the way, and staying by him at his request, he began to make some indirect enquiries concerning her husband, whom she painted in his true colors, as a surly, jealous, old tyrant. Under the idea that she was speaking to a female, she was the less reserved in her behaviour and ex-

pressions and his lordship found that a tale of love would not be disagreeable to her. In short he revealed his sex, and without much opposition overcame her scruples and satisfied his desire. Not content with this, he prevailed on the unfortunate dupe of his artifices to embrace this favourable opportunity of releasing herself from the tyranny of her keeper, whom she robbed of a considerable sum of money, and leaving the old woman still asleep, went off with Rochester about midnight to the inn. The old man on his return home, finding his sister asleep, his wife fled, and his money gone, was thrown into a state of madness and hanged himself. Rochester was soon cloyed with the possession of his victim, on which he relinquished her to the duke, who being in his turn weary of her, advised her to go to London, where a life of infamy and a miserable death were probably the reward of the crimes which she was thus instigated to commit. This complicated villainy was one of those burdens which lay so heavy on Rochester's mind when oppressed with the horrors of a death-bed repentance.

Soon after this infamous adventure, the king coming that way, found these two profligate noblemen in their posts at the inn, restored them to favor, and permitted them to accompany him to Newmarket.

Rochester now continued the same extravant pursuit of pleasure as before, and would even indulge in freedoms with that prince whom he had

once so highly offended. He is supposed to have contrived with one of Charles's mistresses the following stratagem to cure that monarch of the nocturnal rambles to which he was addicted. He one night proposed to accompany him to a celebrated house of intrigue where the king had heard that the finest women in England were to be found. The king made no scruple to assume his usual disguise, and to go with him. While he was engaged with one of the ladies, she, having been previously instructed by Rochester, picked his pocket of all his money and watch, which the king did not immediately miss. Neither the people of the house, nor the girl herself knew or had the least suspicion of the quality of their visitor. After some time he enquired for Rochester, but was told that he had quitted the house without taking leave; but what was his embarassment when, on searching his pockets, in order to discharge the reckoning he discovered that his money was gone. He was then reduced to ask the favor of the mistress of the house to give him credit till the next day, as the gentleman who had come in with him and had not returned was to have paid for both. The consequence of this request was that he was much abused and laughed at; the old woman plainly told him that she had often been served such dirty tricks, and would not permit him to stir till the reckoning was paid. She then called one of her bullies to take care of him. In this ridiculous dilemma stood the British monarch,

the prisoner of a bawd; and the life on which were fixed a nation's hopes was thus put in the power of a ruffian. After much altercation, the king, at length, proposed that she should accept a ring which he then took off his finger, in pledge for her money, which she likewise refused, telling him, that as she was no judge of the value of the ring, she did not chuse to accept such pledges. The monarch then desired that a jeweller might be called to give his opinion of the value of it; but he was answered that the expedient was impracticable, as no jeweller could then be supposed to be out of bed. After much entreaty his majesty at last prevailed on the fellow to knock up a jeweller and shew him the ring. No sooner had he inspected it, than he enquired with eyes fixed on the man, whom he had got in his house: on which the other answered that it was a black-looking, ugly rake, who had no money in his pocket and was obliged to pawn his ring. The jeweller found the ring so immensely rich that he exclaimed: "But one man in the nation can afford to wear it, and that one is the king." Astonished at the circumstance, he went out with the messenger, in order to be fully satisfied of so extraordinary an affair; and, as soon as he entered the room, he fell upon his knees and with the utmost respect presented the ring to his majesty. The people of the house, finding the extraordinary quality of their guest, were confounded and asked pardon in the most submissive manner. The king with great good-

humor, forgave them, and laughing asked, whether the ring would not bear another bottle. Thus ended this adventure in which Charles was taught how dangerous it was to risk his person in nocturnal frolics; and he could not but severely reprove Rochester for having acted such a part towards him.

The excesses of the earl's life were not always pleasant to him; in the midst of his indiscretions he often experienced very melancholy intervals, and a number of severe reflections occurred which gave him uneasiness; but he always endeavored to secure and fortify his mind against the fears of a future state, his disbelief of which he used to say, was considerably strengthened by the following circumstance:

In the early part of his life, when he was at sea, Mr. Montague and another young man of quality, happened to be in the same ship with him. In a very serious conversation between these dissipated characters, a few nights previous to the engagement, Mr. Montague expressed his persuasion that he should never return to England, and the other was possessed with the like opinion with respect to himself, but was not so positive as Montague, who declared he was certain he should not outlive the battle. The earl of Rochester and the other youth then entered into a formal engagement, not without ceremonies of religion, that if either of them died, he should appear and acquaint the survivor with his situation in a future state, if there was any. Monta-

gue was requested to enter into the same agreement but refused. On the day the English attacked the Dutch fleet at Bergen, Montague, though he had a strong presentiment of his approaching death, yet nobly staid all the time upon deck in the place of the greatest danger. The other gentleman signalized his courage in a most undaunted manner, till the end of the action, when he suddenly fell into such a trembling, that he could scarcely stand; and Montague, going to support him, as they were in each other's arms, a cannon ball killed him on the spot, and wounded Montague so terribly in the belly that he died within an hour. Rochester afterwards acknowledged that these presages made some impression upon him, that there were separated beings, and that the soul either by a natural sagacity, or some secret notice communicated to it, had a sort of divination; but that the gentleman's not appearing to him greatly misled him with respect to his belief of a future state.

By constant indulgence in every kind of licentiousness and irregularity, Rochester wore out an excellent constitution before he had completed his thirtieth year. In October, 1679, when he was in a convalescent state, having been afflicted with some severe disorders, he became intimately acquainted with Dr. Burnet, to whom he opened all his thoughts and gave him a full view of his past life. They canvassed at various times the principles of morality, of natural and revealed religion, and of christianity in particu-

lar. The result was, that though the earl had lived the life of an atheist and a libertine, he became on his death-bed a good christian and most sincere penitent. He expired on the 26th of July, 1680, at the lodge at Woodstock Park, of which he was ranger, without convulsion or even a groan; for though he had not completed his 33d year, yet nature was so entirely exhausted as to be unable to make the least effort.

MR. MATHEW.

THE circumstance for which this gentleman has obtained a place in our collection is probably without a parallel. There are very few men who have not some hobby-horse, but yet it would be extremely difficult to find one who would, like Mr. Mathew, sacrifice the enjoyment of a princely fortune to the pleasure of riding his favorite nag.

Mr. Mathew inherited a large estate at Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary in Ireland, producing a clear rent of eight thousand pounds a year. As he delighted in a country life, and possessed in an eminent degree that spirit of hospitality for which the natives of Ireland have ever been distinguished, he resolved to build a large, commodious house for the reception of visitors, surrounded by fifteen hundred

acres of his choicest land, all laid out upon a regular plan of improvement, according to the newly adopted mode of English gardening, which had supplanted the bad Dutch taste introduced by King William, and of which Mr. Mathew was the first who set the example in Ireland.

As this design was formed in early life, in order to accomplish his point without incurring any debt on his estate, he retired to the continent for seven years, and lived upon six hundred pounds a year, while the remaining income of his estate was employed in carrying on the great works he had planned there.

It was towards the conclusion of Queen Ann's reign when Mr. Mathew returned from his long residence abroad. At that time party disputes ran very high, but nowhere did they rage with such violence as in the Irish metropolis, so that daily duels were the consequence. There happened to be at that time in London two gentlemen who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one was Pack and the other Creed; the former being a major and the latter a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved like two knight-errants, to go over to Ireland in quest of adventures. On enquiry they learned that Mr. Mathew, lately arrived from France, had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack rejoicing to find an antagonist worthy of himself, resolved to pick a quarrel

with him the first opportunity; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, he jostled the fore-chairman. Mathew, supposing this to be accidental, took no notice of the circumstance; but Pack afterwards boasted of it in a public coffee-house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman who had not the spirit to resent it.

A particular friend of Mr. Mathew's of the name of Macnamara, a man of tried courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland, happened to be present. He immediately took up the quarrel, observing he was sure Mr. Mathew did not suppose the affront to be intentional, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot: adding, that if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on Mr. Mathew's return, who was to dine that day, a little way out of town. The major said that he should be at the tavern opposite, where he and his companion would wait their commands.

Immediately on his arrival, Mathew, being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern accompanied by Macnamara Being shewn into the room where the two officers were, after securing the door, without any expostulation, Mathew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, that, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator. "So, Sir," continued he ad-

dressing himself to Creed, "if you please I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of immediately drawing his sword: and to work the four champions fell with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils.

The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds which they had received. At length quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists.

Upon this occasion Mathew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen first, on which Pack exclaimed: "Ah, poor Creed are you gone?"—"Yes," replied Mathew, with the utmost calmness, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him," at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable as he was never known in his life, either before or after, to have aimed at a pun.

The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seemed almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons seeing the desperate state of their patients would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which

they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion: "Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle." For a long time their lives were despaired of, but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Mathew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterwards ensued, as they found them men of probity and of the best dispositions except in this extravagant idea of duelling, of which, however, they were now perfectly cured.

Mr. Mathew spent some time in Dublin, and during his residence there he availed himself of the opportunity to renew the old and cultivate new acquaintance. From his personal accomplishments and large fortune, he found no difficulty to obtain access to all, whose character or talents rendered him desirous of their friendship. Out of these he selected such as were most conformable to his taste, inviting them to pass such leisure time as they might have upon their hands at his seat at Thomastown, to which he retired to spend the remainder of his days.

His house had been chiefly contrived to answer the noble purpose of that constant hospitality which he intended to maintain there. It contained forty commodious apartments for guests, with suitable accommodations for their servants. Each apartment was completely fur-

nished with every convenience that could be wanted even to the minutest article. When a guest arrived, the hospitable owner shewed him his apartment, saying: "This is your castle; here you are to command as absolutely as in your own house. You may breakfast, dine and sup here whenever you please, and invite such of the guests as may be most agreeable to you." He then shewed him the common parlour, where he said a daily ordinary was kept, at which he might dine when it was more agreeable to him to mix in society, adding: "But from this moment you are never to know me as the master of the house, and only to consider me as one of the guests." In order to avoid all ceremony at meals, he took his place at random at the table, and thus all ideas of precedence being laid aside, the guests seated themselves promiscuously without any regard to difference of rank or quality.

There was a large room fitted up exactly like a coffee-house, where a bar-maid and waiters attended to furnish refreshments at all times of the day. Here, such as chose breakfasted at their own hour. It was provided with chess-boards, backgammon-tables, newspapers, pamphlets, and all other conveniencies, that are to be found in a city coffee-house. But the most extraordinary circumstance in his whole domestic arrangement was that of a detached room in one of the extremities of the house called the tavern. As Mr. Mathew was himself a very temperate man, and many of his guests were of the same disposition,

the quantity of wine consumed in the common room was very moderate; but as drinking was much in fashion in those days, in order to indulge such of his guests as had habituated themselves to that custom, he had recourse to this contrivance; and it was the custom of all who loved a cheerful glass to adjourn to the tavern soon after dinner, and leave the more sober part of the company to themselves. Here they were attended by a waiter in a blue apron, as was then the fashion, and all things in the room were so contrived as to favor the illusion. Every one called for what liquor he pleased with as little restraint as if he had actually been in a public-house and to pay the reckoning. Here too, the midnight orgies of Bacchus were often celebrated with the same noisy mirth as in his city temples, but without in the least disturbing the repose of the more sober part of the family.

Games of all sorts were allowed, but under such restrictions as to prevent gambling, and so as to answer their true end, that of amusement, without injury to the purse of the players. There were two billiard tables and a large bowling-green; ample provision was made for all such as delighted in field sports, with fishing-tackle of all sorts, a variety of guns, with proper ammunition, a pack of buck-hounds, another of fox-hounds and another of harriers; and twenty choice hunters were kept in the stables for the use of those who were not properly mounted for the chace.

The reader may perhaps be ready to imagine that Mr. Mathew's income, considerable as it was, could not be adequate to the support of so extensive an establishment; but when he considers that the value of money was at that time more than double what it is at the present day; that his large demesne, in some of the richest soil in Ireland, furnished the house with every necessary except wine, liquors and grocery; he may suppose it to be sufficient, if under the regulation of strict economy, of which no man was a greater master than Mr. Mathew.

His plan was so well formed and he had such checks upon all his domestics, that it was impossible there could be any waste, or that any article from the larder, or a single bottle of wine from the cellar could have been purloined without immediate detection. This was accomplished partly by the choice of faithful stewards and clerks of approved integrity, but chiefly by his own superintendance of the whole, as not a day passed without having all the accounts of the preceding one laid before him. This he was enabled to do by his early rising; and the business being finished before others were out of their beds, he always appeared the most disengaged man in the house, and seemed to have as little concern in the conduct of it as any of the guests.

With a stranger, indeed, he might easily have passed for a visitor, as he made it a point that no one should consider him in the light of master of the house or pay him any civilities on that score.

This he carried so far that he sometimes went abroad without giving any notice, and staid away several days, while things went on as usual at home; and on his return he would not allow any congratulations to be made him, nor any other notice to be taken of him than if he had not been absent during that time.

The arrangements of every kind were so prudently made, that no number of guests or of their domestics ever occasioned any disorder, and all things were conducted with the same ease and regularity as in a private family. There was one point which at first it seemed rather difficult to accomplish, namely the establishing of certain signals, by which each servant might know when he was summoned to his master's apartment. For this purpose a great hall was appropriated to the use of the servants, where they always assembled when they were not upon duty. Along the wall, bells were ranged in order, one to each apartment, with the number of the chamber marked over it, so that when any of them was rung they had only to turn their eyes to the bell and to see what servant was called.

Mr. Mathew was the first that put an end to the inhospitable custom of giving vales to servants, by making a suitable addition to their wages; at the same time assuring them that if they took any afterwards they should be discharged with disgrace; and to prevent the temptation, the guests were informed that he would consider it as the highest affront if any offer of that sort were made.

The following particulars of a visit of the celebrated Dean Swift to Thomastown, will enable the reader to form a more precise idea of the interior economy of that establishment.

Swift had heard much of this place from his friend Dr. Sheridan, who had often been a welcome guest there, both on account of his convivial qualities, and as being the preceptor of the nephew of Mr. Mathew. He at length became desirous of ascertaining with his own eyes the truth of a report which he could not forbear considering as greatly exaggerated. On receiving an intimation of this from Sheridan, Mr. Mathew wrote a polite letter to the dean, requesting the honor of a visit in company with the doctor, at his next school vacation. They accordingly set out on horseback, attended by a gentleman who was a near relation to Mr. Mathew. They had scarcely reached the inn where they intended to pass the first night, and which, like most of the Irish inns at that time, afforded but miserable entertainment, when they were surprized by the arrival of a coach and six horses, sent to convey them the remainder of their journey to Thomastown, and at the same time bringing a supply of the choicest viands, wine and other liquors for their refreshment. Swift was highly pleased with this uncommon mark of attention paid him, and the coach proved particularly acceptable as he had been a good deal fatigued with his day's journey.

When they came within sight of the house,

the dean astonished at its magnitude, cried out: "What in the name of God can be the use of such a vast building?" Why, Mr. Dean," replied the fellow-traveller before-mentioned, "there are no less than forty apartments for guests in that house, and all of them probably occupied at this time, except what are reserved for us."—Swift in his usual manner called out to the coachman to stop, and drive him back to Dublin, for he could not think of mixing with such a crowd. "Well," said he immediately afterwards, "there is no remedy, I must submit; but I have lost a fortnight of my life."

Mr. Mathew received him at the door with uncommon marks of respect; and then conducting him to his apartment, after some compliments, made his usual speech; acquainting him with the customs of the house, and retired, leaving him in possession of his castle. Soon after the cook appeared with the bill of fare, to receive his directions about supper, and the butler at the same time with a list of wines and other liquors. "And is all this really so?" said Swift. "And may I command here as in my own house?" His companion assured him he might, and that nothing could be more agreeable to the owner of the mansion, than that all under his roof should live conformably to their own inclinations without the least restraint. "Well then," said Swift, "I invite you and Dr. Sheridan to be my guests while I stay, for I think I shall scarcely be tempted to mix with the mob below."

Three days were passed in riding over the demesne, and viewing the various improvements, without ever seeing Mr. Mathew or any of the guests: nor were the company below much concerned at the dean's absence, as his very name usually inspired those who did not know him with awe, and they were afraid that his presence would put an end to the ease and cheerfulness which reigned among them. On the fourth day Swift entered the room where the company were assembled before dinner, and addressed Mr. Mathew in a strain of the highest compliment, expatiating on all the beauties of his improvements, with the skill of an artist, and with the taste of a connoisseur. Such an address from a man of Swift's character, could not fail of being pleasing to the owner, who was, at the same time the planner of these improvements; and so fine an eulogium from one who was supposed to deal more largely in satire than panegyric, was likely to remove the prejudice entertained against his character, and prepossess the rest of the company in his favor. He concluded his speech by saying: "And now ladies and gentlemen, I am come to live among you, and it shall be no fault of mine, if we do not pass our time agreeably."

In a short time all constraint on his account disappeared. He entered readily into all the little schemes for promoting mirth, and every day, with the assistance of his coadjutor, produced some new one which afforded a good deal of sport and merriment. In short, never were such

joyous scenes known at Thomastown before. When the time came which obliged Sheridan to return to his school, the company were so delighted with the dean, that they earnestly entreated him to remain there some time longer, and Mr. Mathew himself for once broke through his rule of never soliciting the stay of any guest. Swift found himself so happy, that he readily yielded to their solicitations, and instead of a fortnight, passed four months there much to his own satisfaction, and that of all those who visited the place during the time.

How long Mr. Mathew continued to enjoy the pleasure arising from this establishment, as much the offspring of a genuine spirit of hospitality as of an eccentric disposition, we are unable to state. Nor can we inform the reader whether he derived from the execution of his plan all the gratification which he expected. Certain it is that his method of spending a fortune was much better calculated to afford happiness and rational enjoyment than that pursued by many, who have thrown away theirs on the turf or at the gaming table; and that it was productive of infinitely greater advantage to the community in general, than if, like others, he had locked up the receipts of his estates in his coffers, for the sole purpose of feasting his eyes on his accumulated hoards.

THOMAS BLOOD.

THIS desperado was, according to some accounts, the son of a blacksmith in Ireland; but from others his father appears to have been concerned in iron works, and to have acquired an easy fortune in that kingdom. He was born about the year 1628, came over to England while very young, and married, in Lancashire, the daughter of Mr. Holcraft, a gentleman of good character in that county.

He returned afterwards to Ireland; and though his family owed the best part of what they had to the pure favour of the crown, yet he struck in with the prevailing party, served as a lieutenant with the parliament forces, and obtained an assignment of land for his pay; besides which, Henry Cromwell, when he governed that country, had so good an opinion of him, as to put him into the commission of the peace, though scarcely twenty-two years of age. These favours, and the turn of his education, in all probability gave him such an inclination to the republican party as was not to be altered; and after the restoration of Charles II. various circumstances, contributed to increase his disaffection to the government. The Act of Settlement in Ireland, and the sub-

sequent proceedings, certainly affected him deeply in his fortune, and he believed unjustly, which easily led him to turn his thoughts any way that promised redress. He knew there were multitudes in the same condition that had been old soldiers, and were equally capable of contriving, concealing, and carrying into execution, a plot for altering and subverting any form of government, of which he had seen some examples. Upon associating a little with the malcontents, he found his notions exactly justified, and that there was a design on foot for a general insurrection, which was to be begun by surprizing the castle of Dublin, and seizing the person of the duke of Ormond, then-lord lieutenant. Into this he entered without any hesitation; and though many of the persons involved in this dangerous undertaking were much his superiors in rank, yet he was very soon at the head of the affair, presided in all their councils, was the oracle in laying their projects, and depended on for conducting their execution. He shewed his dexterity in things of this nature, by laying such a plan for surprising Dublin castle, and the duke's person at the same time, as nothing but its disclosure could have prevented; and at the same time he penned a declaration so accommodated to the humour and understanding of the soldiers, as would infallibly have drawn over the best part of the army: but, on the very eve of its execution, the whole conspiracy, which had been long suspected, was discovered; so that Blood had only the honour of the contrivance

His brother-in-law, one Lackie, a minister, who was embarked in the business, was, with many others, apprehended, tried, convicted, and executed; but Blood made his escape, and kept out of reach, notwithstanding the duke of Ormond and the earl of Orrery both laboured to have him secured, and a proclamation was published by the former with the promise of an ample reward for apprehending him. Nor was he only so lucky as to prevent confinement and punishment, but, by an audacity still more singular, had almost frighted away the guards that attended Lackie's execution, and even alarmed the friends of the lord lieutenant on the score of his safety; so high was his fame for sagacity and intrepidity, and so capable was he of undertaking any thing which passion or interest dictated, and of conducting skilfully whatever he undertook.

He staid as long among the sectaries and remains of Oliver's forces as he found it practicable to conceal himself, and then had recourse to the mountains, and the protection of the old native Irish; and the better to attach those with whom he conversed to his interests, he became all things to all men; he was a Quaker to some, an Anabaptist to others, an Independent where that would best recommend him; and to bespeak the favour of the poor ignorant natives, he took the character of a priest. By these arts he shifted about from one place to another, making himself acquainted with all parties in the island, and with all their interests and connections at

home and abroad. At last, finding all his haunts known, and that it was impossible at that juncture, to raise any insurrection, he found means to get over into Holland, where he was very well received, and admitted into great intimacy with some of the most considerable persons in the republic, particularly Admiral de Ruyter. He went from thence to England, with such recommendations to the fifth-monarchy men, and other malcontents, that he was immediately admitted into all their councils, and had a large share in all those dark intrigues that were then carrying on for throwing the nation again into confusion. In this situation he gave another strong instance of his bold enterprising genius; but finding the government apprized of their designs, and foreseeing that the persons principally concerned could not escape being apprehended, he resolved to withdraw into Scotland, where he so wrought upon the discontents of the people, that he contributed not a little to the breaking out of the insurrection there, and was present in the action of Pentland-hills, November 27th, 1666, in which the insurgents were routed, and about five hundred killed. He fled, after this defeat, back to England, and from thence to Ireland, where he landed within three miles of Carrickfergus; but Lord Dungannon pursued him so closely, that he was obliged to return very speedily into England.

Not long after this he performed a fresh exploit, which was as extraordinary, more successful, and made much greater noise in the world

than any thing he had yet done. This was the rescue of his friend captain Mason from a guard of eight soldiers, who were conducting him to his trial at the assizes; but in the desperate conflict which took place on this occasion and in which Blood, with the assistance of a friend, accomplished his purpose, after killing three of the escort, he received several severe wounds.

Before he engaged in this affair, he had placed his wife and son in an apothecary's shop, under the name of Weston, and had lived himself at Rumford, by the name of Ayliffe, and pretended to practise physic. After he was cured of his wounds, and heard that all who were concerned with him were safe, which was in about six weeks, he returned to Rumford, and lived there under the same disguise for a considerable time, without being suspected or molested, notwithstanding a proclamation was published, with an offer of five hundred pounds reward, for apprehending the persons concerned in this rescue.

It was impossible for one of his busy, restless, and impatient temper, to continue long quiet; but whether his next enterprise was entirely his own contriving, or was intended purely to serve his own purposes, is a point at present not decided: however that might be, the undertaking was in every respect more singular, and more hazardous, than any he had hitherto attempted. Since the defeat of his plan for surprizing the castle of Dublin, Blood had entertained a mortal antipathy against the duke of Ormond, and

formed a plan for seizing his person in the streets of London; but whether with a view to murder or carry him off till he had answered his expectation, is not perfectly clear. He actually put his design into execution, December 6th, 1670, and was very near completing his purpose on his grace, whatever that purpose might be.

The account given by Mr. Carte of the manner in which he conducted this daring enterprize is to the following effect: The prince of Orange being in England, was invited on the above-mentioned day to an entertainment in the city of London, to which the Duke of Ormond accompanied him. The night was dark and the duke returning homeward up St. James's street, at the end of which stood Clarendon House where he resided, was suddenly attacked by Blood and five of his accomplices. The duke always used to go attended by six footmen, who walked on both sides of the street opposite to his coach. By some contrivance they were all stopped and out of the way when the duke was taken out of the coach by Blood and Hunt, his son-in-law, and mounted on horseback behind one of the party. The coachman drove home, and alarmed the family, informing them that the duke had been seized by ruffians and carried down Piccadilly. The servants immediately set out in pursuit of them. Blood, it is said, had formed the design of carrying the duke to Tyburn, and there putting him to the same ignominious death which his accomplices had suffered for their treasonable design

upon Dublin Castle, and leaving him with a paper pinned to his breast containing the reasons which induced him and his associates to perpetrate this monstrous piece of villainy. Nothing could have saved his grace's life but this extravagant whim of Blood's, who leaving the duke mounted and buckled to one of his comrades, rode on before, and is said to have actually tied a rope to the gallows; on which he returned to see what had become of his companions whom he met riding off in a great hurry. The horseman, though he possessed great strength was embarrassed by the struggling of the duke, who at length unhorsed him and they both fell to the ground. The servants mean while overtook them, on which the villain disengaged himself, and seeing the neighbourhood alarmed, he and one of his accomplices, after discharging their pistols, without effect, rode off with the utmost precipitation. The duke was quite exhausted with the struggle in which he received several wounds and bruises.

An account of this transaction was immediately published by authority, together with a royal proclamation, offering a reward of one thousand pounds for apprehending any of the persons concerned in it, but to no purpose, though some of their names were discovered; however, Blood was not so much as thought of, or suspected.

The miscarriage of this daring design, instead of daunting him, or creating the least intention of flying out of the kingdom, put him on another

still more strange and hazardous design, to repair his broken fortunes. He proposed to those desperate persons who assisted him in his former attempt, to seize and divide among them the royal insignia kept in the Tower of London; namely, the crown, globe, sceptre and dove; and as they were blindly devoted to his service, they very readily accepted the proposal, and left it to him to contrive the means of putting it into execution.

To effect this, he assumed the habit of a doctor of divinity, with a little band, a long false beard, a cap with ears, and all those formalities of garb belonging to that degree, except the gown, choosing rather to make use of a cloak, as most proper for his design. Thus habited, he, with a woman whom he called his wife, went to see the curiosities in the Tower; and while they were viewing the regalia, the supposed Mrs. Blood pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and desired Mr. Edwards (the keeper of the regalia) to assist her with some refreshment. He not only complied with this request, but also invited her to repose herself on a bed, which she did, and after a pretended recovery, took her leave, together with Blood, with many expressions of gratitude.

A few days after Blood returned, and presented Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, with four pair of white gloves, in return for her kindness. This brought on an acquaintance, which being soon improved into a strict intimacy, a marriage was proposed between a son of Edwards, and a sup-

posed daughter of Colonel Blood; but Edwards's son being at sea, the pretended daughter was under no necessity of making her appearance.

The night before the fact was to be done, which was on the 9th of May, 1671, the doctor, for so Blood was called, told the keeper that he had some friends at his house who wished to see the regalia, but as they were to go out of town early in the morning, he hoped he would gratify them with the sight, tho' they might come a little before the usual hour. In this enterprize Blood had engaged three accomplices, named Desborough, Kelsy and Perrot. Accordingly two of them came, accompanied by the doctor, about eight in the morning, and the third held their horses that waited for them at the outer gate of the Tower ready saddled; they had no other apparatus but a wallet and a wooden mallet, which there was no great difficulty to secrete.

Edwards received them with great civility, and immediately admitted them into his office; but as it is usual for the keeper of the regalia, when he shews them, to lock himself up in a kind of grate with open bars, that those things of considerable value may be seen but not soiled, the old man had no sooner opened the door of this place, than the doctor and his companions followed him close, and without giving him time to ask questions, silenced him, by knocking him down with the wooden mallet. They then instantly flattened the bows of the crown to make it more portable, seized the scepter and dove, put the

together into the wallet, and were preparing to make their escape; when unfortunately for them, the old man's son, who had not been at home for ten years before, came from sea in the very instant; and being told that his father was with some friends that would be very glad to see him at the jewel-office, he posted thither immediately, and met Blood and his companions as they were just coming out; who, instead of returning and securing him, as in good policy they should have done, hurried away with the crown and globe, but not having time to file the scepter, which was too long to go into the bag, they left it behind.

Old Edwards, who was not so much hurt as the villains had apprehended, by this time recovered his legs, and cried out murder, which being heard by his daughter, she ran out and gave an alarm; and Blood and Perrot, being observed making off with uncommon haste, were justly suspected. They had advanced beyond the main-guard; when the alarm being given to the warder at the draw-bridge, he put himself in a posture to stop their progress. Blood discharged a pistol at the warder, who though unhurt, fell to the ground through fear; by which they got safe to the little ward-house gate, where the centinel, though he saw the warder to all appearance shot, made no resistance against Blood and his associates, who now passed the draw-bridge, and through the outer gate upon the wharf.

At this place they were overtaken by one Captain Beckman, who had pursued them from Edwards's house. Blood immediately discharged a pistol at Beckman's head; but he stooping down at the instant, the shot missed him, and he seized Blood, who had the crown under his cloak. Blood struggled a long while to preserve his prize; and when it was at length wrested from him, he said, "It was a gallant attempt, how unsuccessful soever; for it was for a crown!" Before Blood was taken, Perrot had been seized by another person; and young Edwards observing a man that was bloody, in the scuffle, was going to run him through the body; but was prevented by Captain Beckman. Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, leaped on his horse, with two more of the party, and rode away; but a cart, standing empty in the street, chanced to turn short, and Hunt ran against a pole that stuck out. On recovering his legs, he was remounting; but was known by a cobler, who was running to enquire the disaster, and who said, "This is Tom Hunt, who was in that bloody attempt on the Duke of Ormond. "A constable being on the spot, immediately seized him, and carried him before Justice Smith, who, upon his confident denial of being the same Hunt, was about to discharge him; but the hue and cry coming from the Tower, he was committed to safe custody.

Young Edwards proposed to Lieutenant Rainsford to mount some of his soldiers upon the horses that were left, and send them to follow

the rest that escaped; but he bade him follow them himself, it was his business, and led the horses into the tower as forfeited to the lieutenant.

In the struggle for the crown, the great pearl and a fine diamond fell out, and were lost for a time, with some smaller stones. But the pearl was found by Catherine Maddox, a poor sweeping woman to one of the warders, and the diamond by a barber's apprentice, and both faithfully restored. Other smaller stones were by several persons picked up and brought in. The fine ruby belonging to the sceptre was found in Perrot's pocket; so that not any considerable thing was wanting. The crown only was bruised, and sent to repair.

Upon this disappointment Blood's spirits failed him; and while he remained a prisoner in the gaol of the tower, he appeared not only silent and reserved, but ill-tempered and sullen. He soon changed his temper, however, when contrary to all reason, probability, and his own expectation, he was informed the king intended to see and examine him himself. This was brought about by the duke of Buckingham, then the great favourite and first minister, who infused into his majesty, over whom he had for some time a great ascendancy, the curiosity of seeing so extraordinary a person, whose crime, great as it was, argued a prodigious force of mind, and made it probable, that, if so disposed, he might be capable of making large discoveries. These insi-

nuations had such an effect upon the king, that he consented to what the duke desired, which in the end proved disadvantageous to them all; for it brought discredit on the royal character, an indelible load of infamy upon the duke, and this afterwards produced Blood's ruin: such are the consequences of inconsiderate actions in persons in high stations, who ought to be always jealous of their dignity, and of doing what may hazard the wounding public opinion, upon which that dignity is chiefly founded.

Colonel Blood was no sooner acquainted that he was to be introduced to the royal presence, than he conceived immediately he stood indebted for this honour to the notion the king, or some about him, had of his courage, and therefore was not at all at a loss about the part he was to act, and on the acting well of which his life entirely depended.

The cunning of this boldest of all thieves was equal to his intrepidity. He told the king on his examination, that he had undertaken to kill him; and that he went with that purpose to a place in the river where he bathed; but was struck with so profound an awe upon the sight of his (naked) majesty, that his resolution failed him, and he entirely laid aside his design: that he belonged to a band of ruffians equally desperate with himself, who had bound themselves by the strongest oaths to revenge the death of any of their associates. Though he omitted nothing that might create a belief of his contemning death

yet he expressed infinite awe and respect for a monarch who had condescended to treat him with such unusual indulgence.

It was foreseen by the duke of Ormond, as soon as he knew the king designed to examine him, that Blood had no cause to fear; and indeed such an impression had his story and behaviour made on the mind of his sovereign, that he not only pardoned, but set him at liberty, and gave him a pension of 500*l.* a year to subsist on. This conduct of his majesty towards so high and so notorious an offender, occasioned much speculation, and many conjectures. Of these some are still preserved, amongst which the sentiments of Sir Gilbert Talbot are very sensible. He seems to think the king's apprehensions determined him. Another writer suggests, that the Duke of Buckingham having put him on the first design, to prevent its becoming public, was obliged to procure his pardon for the second; but it is more probable that he insinuated his interest with some desperate malcontents then in Holland, whom he could induce to come home and live peaceably. At least this is certain, that on the breaking out of the war soon after, a proclamation was published, requiring such persons to come over; upon which Desborough, Kelsey, and many more came, surrendered, and had pardons, very probably at Blood's request; for with him they met almost every day, in a room kept on purpose for them at White's coffee-house, near the Royal Exchange.

His interest was for some time very great at Court, where he solicited the suits of many of the unfortunate people of his party with success. This weakness in the king could not fail of giving great offence and occasioned many severe censures to be thrown out against him. Among the rest it did not escape the sarcastic pen of Lord Rochester, who, in his History of the Insipids, has these lines:

Blood that wears treason in his face;
Villain complete in parson's gown,
How much is he at court in grace,
For stealing Ormond and the crown!
Since loyalty does no man good,
Let's steal the king and outdo Blood.

After the disgrace of the ministry styled the Cabal, Blood's interest at court began quickly to decline, and perhaps his pension also was ill paid; for we find him again amongst the malcontents, and acting in favour of popular measures that were displeasing to the court. In the busy time of plotting too, so active a person as Colonel Blood could not but have some share. He behaved, however in a new manner, suitable to the great change of times; and instead of making attempts on the persons of great men, took up the character of a great man himself, and expressed an apprehension that attempts might be made upon him.

In this manner he lived between nine and ten years, sometimes about the court, sometimes

excluded from it, always uneasy, and engaged in some scheme or other of an untoward kind, till at last he was met with in his own way, and either circumvented by some of his own instruments, or drawn within the vortex of a sham plot, by some who were too cunning for this master in his profession. It seems there were certain people, who had formed a design of fixing an imputation of a most scandalous nature upon the Duke of Buckingham, who was then at the head of a vigorous opposition against the court, and who, notwithstanding he always courted and protected the fanatics, had not, in respect to his moral character, so fair a reputation as to render any charge of that kind incredible. But whether this was conducted by Colonel Blood, whether a counter-plot was set on foot to defeat it, and entrap Blood, or whether some whisper, thrown out to alarm the duke, led his grace to secure himself by a contrivance of the same stamp, better concerted, and more effectually executed; so much is certain, that the duke, who was formerly supposed so warm a patron to the colonel, thought it requisite, for his own safety, to contribute to his ruin. What notion Blood was desirous that the world should entertain of this affair, may be discovered from the case which he caused to be printed of it; but the Court of King's Bench took the thing in so different a light, that he was convicted upon a criminal information for the conspiracy, and committed to the King's Bench prison; and

while in custody there, he was charged with an action of scandalum magnatum, at the suit of the Duke of Buckingham, in which the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds; but, notwithstanding this Blood found bail, and was discharged from his imprisonment.

He then retired to his house in the Bowling-ally, in Westminster, in order to take such measures as were requisite to deliver himself out of these difficulties; but finding fewer friends than he expected, and meeting with other and more heavy disappointments, he was so much affected by them, as to fall into a distemper that speedily threatened his life. He was attended in his sickness by a clergyman, who found him sensible, but reserved, declaring he was not at all afraid of death. In a few days he fell into a lethargy, and expired August 24th, 1680. He was privately, but decently, interred, in the chapel in Tothill-fields.

Such was the notion entertained by the generality of the world of this man's subtlety and restless spirit, that they could neither be persuaded he would be quiet in his grave, nor would they permit him to remain so; for a story being spread that this dying, and being buried, was only a new trick of Colonel Blood's, preparatory to some more extraordinary exploit than any he had been concerned in, it became in a few days so current, and so many circumstances were added to render it credible, that the coroner thought fit to interpose, ordered the body to be

taken up again, and appointed a jury to sit upon it. But so strongly were they prepossessed with the idle fancy of its being all an amusement, that though they were his neighbours, knew him personally, and he had been only a few days dead, they could not for a long time agree whether it was or was not his body. An intimate acquaintance of his reminded them of looking at the thumb of his left hand, which, by an accident that happened to it, grew to twice its natural size, which was commonly known to such as conversed with him. By this, and the various depositions of persons attending him in his last illness, they were at last convinced, and the coroner caused him to be once more interred, and left in his vault in quiet.

RICHARD DART.

WE have already had occasion to observe that no country affords so many instances of eccentric humor as the British islands, where it is to be found equally among the lowest as among the highest classes of society. The reason of this undoubtedly is, that each feeling himself perfectly independent of all others, gratifies the propensities and indulges the caprices peculiar to himself, heedless of the censures or approbation of all the rest of the world. The example we

have now to produce is taken from the humbler walks of life.

Mr. Richard Dart, more generally known by the name of *Dicky Dart, the wooden grocer,* resided in Saint James's Street, Portsea. He derived his additional title from his having apparently a very large stock of sugar, which, however, consisted only of blocks of wood, covered with paper, and corded. His habits were those of the utmost penury and sullen seclusion from all social intercourse. Though possessed of property amounting to three thousand pounds, in deeds, money, and stock, yet he was so miserably avaricious, as to deny himself the proper sustenance which nature requires, and the cleanliness which health and decency indispensably demand. His bedding was rotted with filth, vermin and negligence. He had only two shirts, and those were in the most tattered condition, and there were no other signs of any other linen about himself or his dwelling. His dress was remarkable, for he wore in all weathers five or six waistcoats, a close coat, and an old threadbare spencer. With all this shabbiness of attire, he had, however, some pretensions to *beauism,* for he constantly wore hair-powder, or rather flour, which he put on with a sheep's tail instead of a puff. He was seldom seen to eat, and his food was never known to be any kind of meat, or scarcely any thing but dry crusts, biscuits, raw turnips, radishes, and such articles as required little or no cooking. Though he would

not suffer any female to come near his house, he had a warm attachment for the sex, and to indulge himself in this propensity, he for several years spent the greatest part of the night in walking about the street, in search of female companions.

This strange system of living adopted by Mr. Dart, is by many ascribed to his having, in early life, been disappointed in his honourable overtures. From that time he lost all his accustomed spirit, became sullen, retired, and selfish, and abandoned himself to the lowest state of degraded humanity.

The fate of this singular man was as melancholy as his life had been extraordinary. On the morning of April 21st, 1800, he was found murdered behind the counter of his shop, in which he used to sleep. The perpetrator of the deed has, we believe, never been discovered; but it is supposed that he was followed home the preceding night by some person or persons, too well acquainted with his secluded situation, and considerable property.

VALENTINE GREATRAKES.

WE have in our own times seen a wily American gulling the good people of England with an infallible remedy for every kind of disease, and when their credulity had filled his pockets

re-crossing the Atlantic to enjoy the fruits of his successful appeal to the credulity of John Bull. This empiric of *tractorizing notoriety* seems nearly to have adopted the principle acted upon more than a century ago by the subject of this article, and merely to have made a slight modification in the practise by substituting the friction of a solid substance for that of the hand. This serves to prove that there is in truth nothing new under the sun, not even in the art of medical imposture. Greatrakes, however, was not so fortunate as his transatlantic successor, perhaps, because his contrivance was not so far-fetched; for though he enjoyed for a time a prodigious reputation, yet we find no *Greatrakian Institution* established to honor his extraordinary qualities and to sanction his pretensions. Our foolish ancestors wanted the discernment and the spirit to afford their patronage to this species of merit; and it was reserved for their wiser descendants to shame their ignorance and the narrowness of their minds, by shewing in the *Perkinean Institution* the high sense they entertain of the benefits conferred on the world by the tractors of the American adventurer.

Valentine Greatrakes was the son of William Greatrakes, Esq. of Affane, in the County of Waterford, by a daughter of Sir Edward Harris, Knt. one of the justices of the King's-Bench, in Ireland. He was born at Affane, in 1628, and received a classical education at the free school at Lismore, where he continued till he

was thirteen years of age, when he returned home, in order to prepare himself for entering Trinity College, Dublin. At this time the rebellion broke out, and owing to the distracted state of the nation, he was obliged, with his mother, who had several other smaller children, to fly for refuge into England, where they were relieved by his uncle, Mr. Edward Harris; after whose death, young Greatrakes was committed to the care of Mr. John Daniel Getseus, a German, and then minister of Stoke-Gabriel, in the county of Devon, who for several years instructed him in theology, philosophy, and other sciences. About the year 1634, he returned to his native country, but was so exceedingly affected by the miserable and reduced state it was in, that he retired to the castle of Caperquin, where he spent a year in serious contemplation on the vicissitudes of state and fortune. In the year 1649 he became lieutenant in the regiment of Roger Lord Broghill, afterwards earl of Orrery, then acting in Munster against the Irish papists; but when the regiment was disbanded in 1656, he retired to his estate at Affane, and was soon after appointed clerk of the peace for the county of Cork, register for transplantation, and justice of the peace.

About the year 1662, Mr. Greatrakes began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary virtue, in being able to remove the king's evil, or other diseases, by touching or stroking the parts affected with his hand. This imagination

he concealed for some time, but at last revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea. Resolved however to make a trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil, but as it was reported, was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes laying his hands on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to be cured in the same manner, of different disorders, he acquired considerable fame in his neighbourhood. But being cited into the bishop's court at Lismore, and not producing a licence for practising, he was prohibited from laying his hands on any person for the future, but still continued to do so till January, 1665-6, when he went to England at the request of the Earl of Orrery, in order to cure the lady of the Lord Viscount Conway, of Ragley in Warwickshire, of a continual violent head-ach. He staid at Ragley about a month, but failed in his endeavours to relieve this lady, notwithstanding he is said to have performed several miraculous cures in those parts, and at Worcester, and was sent for to Whitehall by his majesty's orders; and is likewise said to have wrought many remarkable cures there in the presence of several eminent and skilful persons.

An account of his cures in Warwickshire, was

published at Oxford, by Mr. Stubbe, who maintained "that Mr. Greatrakes was possessed of a peculiar temperament, as his body was composed of some particular ferments, the effluvia whereof being introduced, sometimes by a light, sometimes by a violent friction, restore the temperament of the debilitated parts, re-invigorate the blood, and dissipate all heterogeneous ferments out of the bodies of the deceased, by the eyes, nose, mouth, hands, and feet." This publication was a "Letter, addressed to the Hon. Robert Boyle," who, in a *private* letter to the author, expressed his displeasure at being thus publicly addressed on such a subject, particularly as Mr. Stubbe endeavoured to shew that Mr. Greatrakes's gift was *miraculous*. Mr. Glanville also imputed his cures to a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; and others (perhaps with greater probability) to the force of imagination in his patients. Mr. Boyle, having seen Mr. Greatrakes's performances in April, 1666, attested some of his remarkable cures.

This extraordinary man afforded much matter for the press, and various pamphlets were published *pro* and *con.*; particularly one in quarto, supposed to have been written by Mr. David Lloyd, reader of the Charter-house, under the title of "Wonders no Miracles, or Mr. Valentine Greatrakes's Gift of Healing examined, upon Occasion of a sad Effect of his Stroking, March the 7th, 1665, at one Mr. Cressell's

house, in Charter-house-yard, in a Letter to a Rev. Divine, living near that place." This attack obliged Mr. Greatrakes to vindicate himself; and accordingly he published a list of his "Strange Cures." It is a truth that this man's reputation rose to a prodigious height, but afterwards declined almost as fast, for the expectations of the multitude that resorted to him were not always answered.

The Rev. Mr. Granger observes, and it might be supposed rather significantly, that "his manner of stroking some women was said to be very different from his usual method of operation."

The same writer seems inclined to attribute the wonderful cures reported to have been performed by Mr. Greatrakes to the force of imagination, and to corroborate his opinion mentions the following facts; "I was myself a witness," says he, "of the powerful workings of the imagination in the populace, when the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring there were supposed to be supernatural and to have been discovered by a revelation made in a dream to one Matthew Chancellor. The people did not only expect to be cured of such distempers as were in their nature incurable, but even to recover their lost eyes and their mutilated limbs. The following story which scarcely exceeds what I observed upon the spot was told me by a gentleman of character. An old woman in the work-

house at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the Glastonbury waters, which she was assured would cure her of her lameness. The master of the workhouse procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch and not long after the other. This was extolled as a miraculous cure; but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and fetched the water from an ordinary spring. I need not inform the reader that when the force of imagination had spent itself, she relapsed into her former infirmity."

Mr. Greatrakes possessed a high character for humility, virtue and piety, and died about the year 1680.

The history of Mr. Greatrakes reminds us of an impostor who not many years before deluded the public in a similar manner. In the reign of Charles I. an accusation was brought before the court of star-chamber, and afterwards before the College of Physicians, against one John Leverett, a gardener, who undertook to cure all diseases but especially the king's evil, by way of touching or stroking with the hand. He used to speak with great contempt of the royal touch, and grossly imposed upon numbers of credulous people. He asserted that he was the seventh son of a seventh son, and profanely said that he felt virtue go out of him; so that he was more weakened by touching thirty or forty in a day

than if he had dug eight roods of ground. He also affirmed that he was much more affected if he touched a woman than if he touched a man. The censors of the College adjudged him an impostor.

THEODORA GRAHN.

CONCERNING this female, whose extraordinary appearance in male attire attracted considerable notice for many years in the streets of the British metropolis, various and contradictory accounts have been given since her death. We profess not to decide which of them is correct, but shall submit to the reader that which appears most probable.

Theodora Grahn was the only daughter of an architect, who after residing for many years at Berlin, where he erected several edifices and particularly the church of St. Peter, died at Bayreuth. After his decease she returned to Berlin, where she lived with one of her relatives. Possessing an excellent capacity, she made herself mistress of the mathematics, and of the French, English and Italian languages; but with these accomplishments she combined extraordinary eccentricity of manners. On the death of her aunt in 1758, she left her a legacy of one thousand six-dollars, and to improve this little fortune Theodora immediately commenced busines-

as an exchange broker. This was during the period of the seven years war, which was, extremely favorable to the occupation she had adopted. As it required her daily attendance in various parts of the city, she began in dirty weather to wear boots, and with these and other accoutrements she cut a remarkable figure, though she had not yet relinquished the female dress.

On the conclusion of the war, by which she had more than doubled her little capital, she removed to Bayreuth where she made her appearance in male attire, assuming at the same time the title of Baron de Verdion. She did not, however, attract much notice, till in 1769 Mr. Basedow commenced his scholastic reforms in Germany, in which he was warmly supported by the self-created baron, who, at length, engaged with him as his secretary and amanuensis. The secret of her sex was suspected, and scandal did not hesitate to insinuate that she served Basedow in another capacity, so that, he was at length obliged to dismiss her, though he persisted in asserting his belief that she was not a woman. She betrayed herself by the indulgence of a vice to which she appears to have been addicted through life. The public curiosity was so far excited that some young men formed a plan to invite her to an inn and make her intoxicated. This they accomplished with such success as to ascertain her sex beyond the possibility of doubt.

This unfortunate exposure disgusted her with her native country, which she quitted for ever, and proceeding to England, fixed her residence in London. Here she assumed the appellation of Dr. John de Verdion and gave instructions in the German language. She is said to have been patronized by many persons of distinction, and if this were the case, it is more than probable that she lost their favor by her singularities, for we find her after some years principally employed in dealing in second-hand books purchased chiefly at auctions.

Her figure was striking and grotesque. She always wore a bag wig, a large cocked hat and boots; and was never seen without a cane and an umbrella which she carried in all weathers, and generally had her pockets filled with books.

For upwards of twenty years she was in the habit of frequenting Furnival's inn coffee-house, where she freely indulged her love of good living, and gratified her propensity to drinking to such a degree that she was often seen rolling upon the floor. Notwithstanding her sacrificing so frequently and so copiously at the shrine of Bacchus, it is remarkable that her imprudence never led to a disclosure of her sex, though various circumstances, and her timidity in particular, excited suspicions in many on that subject. At home she never employed a servant, but performed all the domestic offices with her own hands, and it has been said that while engaged in the occupations, she always wore a woman's

cap and bed-gown. Another of her singularities was, that neither in winter nor summer was she ever known to have any fire in her apartments.

Soon after her arrival in this country, de Verdion became acquainted with Madame Schwellenberg, who is supposed to have been informed of her circumstances and her sex, and to have occasionally assisted her with pecuniary aid. She is also said to have been at that period of her life, a constant attendant upon the drawing-room at St. James's, appearing in full dress and with a very elegant sword.

With respect to religion she is reported to have been an extraordinary admirer of the celebrated John Wesley. Such was the strength of her attachment to him that she was one of his most constant attendants, and has often been observed to follow him and kiss the skirts of his coat with enthusiastic delight.

In consequence of her extravagant mode of living, and perhaps also the failure of some of her sources of income, she became toward the latter end of her life much reduced in her circumstances. This caused her to intrude upon her acquaintance for eating and drinking, to whom she gave indirect promises of making them amends and remembering them in her will.

The disorder which terminated the life of this singular character was a cancer in the breast, occasioned by an accidental fall down stairs. This circumstance she concealed as long as she could, but was at length compelled to communi-

cate it to a friend, a medical practitioner and a countryman of her own, who lived in the same house with her; a dropsy supervening in addition to her former disorder, baffled all his endeavours, and she expired at her lodgings in Upper Charles Street, Hatton-Garden, on the 15th of July, 1802, aged about sixty years.

By her will she bequeathed all her property to Mr. Denner, the master of Furnival's inn coffee-house, from whom she had always experienced great kindness, but on his taking possession, it was found inadequate to discharge his bill against her, as very little remained except her wardrobe. Till the last she had no expectation that her dissolution was so near at hand, for she ordered some new clothes, saying that she was going out, and they were sent home to her only the day preceding her death. She was so terrified at the idea of being interred alive, that in her will she gave an injunction to be kept above ground eight days, but with this desire the state of her complaint rendered it impossible to comply. Her motive for laying aside the habit of her sex is a secret that is buried with her.

—— SCHROPFER.

THIS was one of those extraordinary characters which occasionally appear in the world and may be aptly compared to meteors which blaze for a

while in the atmosphere, and then vanish from our view, and of which no one can say with certainty whence they come or whither they go. The catastrophe which terminated the life of Schröpfer is indeed known, but the motives and the means that induced and enabled him to practise his system of imposture are buried in the profoundest obscurity.

Nothing is known concerning his origin, but he was for a long time waiter in a coffee-house at Leipzig, and nobody observed any thing extraordinary in him. He disappeared of a sudden, and it was not till several years after that he again made his appearance at Leipzig, in the character of baron Schröpfer. He took a large house, hired a great number of servants, and puffed himself off as a sage, to whom all nature, and even the world of spirits, were subject.

By pompous promises of splendid discoveries he allured a multitude of credulous people, and pupils thronged to him from all quarters. Some actually expected to learn things of him, that cannot be acquired at any university; others were delighted with the excellent table he kept. He frequently received by post large parcels, addressed to baron Schröpfer. Several bankers received orders to pay him large sums. He spoke of his secrets, which he pretended to have learned in Italy, with a seductive eloquence; and he shewed people the spirits and shadows of their deceased acquaintance. When he had heated the imaginations of his hearers, "Come

and see!" he cried to all who were inclined to doubt; they came, and actually saw shadows, and various terrible sights, which made the hair of timorous persons stand erect. It must be observed, that his warmest adherents were not men of learning, or such as were accustomed to logical deductions; for people who placed more reliance on their understanding than on their senses, would not at all suit Schröpfer's purpose. Thus his pupils consisted entirely of noblemen and merchants, who were totally ignorant of the sciences. He exhibited the wonders of his art to others, but he taught them to none, and at last, he only performed his miracles at home, in private apartments prepared for the purpose. The means which he took to restrain the inquisitiveness of such as pried rather too closely into the secret of his machinations will appear from the following anecdote. A gentleman whose courage and resolution were equal to his curiosity, likewise came in company with his friends to Schröpfer, to see his apparitions. He found a great number of guests there before him, who were incessantly plied with punch. He refused to drink any thing, but Schröpfer pressed him very much to drink at least a glass, which he as firmly refused. At length they were all conducted into a large hall, hung with black cloth, the window-shutters of which were closed. Schröpfer placed the spectators together, and drew a circle around them, beyond which he

strictly enjoined them not to stir. At the distance of a few paces a small altar was erected, on which the flame of burning spirits gave the only light that illumined the room. Schröpfer, uncovering his breast, threw himself on his knees before the altar. He held in his hand a large glistening sword, and prayed with a loud voice, and with such earnestness and warmth, that the gentleman who had come with the intention of unmasking the impostor, felt in his heart a pious awe, and sentiments of devotion. Fire flashed from the eyes of the supplicant, and his breast was powerfully agitated. He was to call the shade of a well-known character lately deceased. After having finished the prayer, he called the ghost with the following words: "Oh! thou departed spirit, who livest in an immaterial world, and invisible to the eyes of mortals, hear the voice of the friends thou hast left behind, and who desire to see thee; leave, for a short time, thy new abode, and present thyself to their eyes!" Hereupon the spectators felt in every nerve a sensation, similar to an electric shock,—they heard a noise like the rolling of thunder, and saw above the altar a light vapour, which grew thicker by degrees, till it assumed the figure of a man. However, it was observed, that it was not a striking likeness of the deceased. The phantom hovered over the altar, and Schröpfer, pale as death, flourished the sword over his head. The gentleman resolved to step out of the circle

and to go up to Schröpfer; but the latter, perceiving his intention, rushed towards him, holding the sword to his breast, and crying with a terrible voice, "You are a dead man, if you stir another step!" He was so terrified at the dreadful tone in which Schröpfer uttered these words, and at the glistening sword, that his knees shook under him. The spectre at length disappeared, and Schröpfer was so exhausted that he lay extended on the floor. The spectators were conducted into another room, where they were served with fruit. Many of the more sensible people went to Schröpfer's house as to a theatre; they knew that his boasted art was nothing but imposture, yet they were delighted with the tragi-comedy which he performed.

This continued for some time; but Schröpfer all at once got into debt with several trades-people of Leipzig, and unfortunately of that class who did not wish to see his ghosts; but were extremely importunate for their money. He received no more bills. The bankers would not advance him a penny; and the miserable magician, worked up to the highest degree of despair, shot himself through the head, in a park near the city, called Rosenthal. Nobody knows to this day how he obtained his money; and for what purpose he played off his phantasmagoria.

According to the Berlin literati, he was an instrument of the secret Jesuits, who by his means expected to enslave the human under-

standing; as they afterwards attempted by Cagliostro. It is but reasonable to suppose that Schröpfer received pecuniary support from his adherents; but nothing certain is known respecting the quarter from which he derived it.

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Printed by James Cundee,
London.

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